THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

OCTOBER
1931

"Canada's Greatest Magazine"

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THE MONTHLY «GOES NATIONAL»

SEE PAGE
FACING «CONTENTS»

More call for
ETHYL
than for any other gasoline

IT'S not by chance that one pump in five bears the Ethyl emblem. More people call for Ethyl Gasoline than for any other fuel.

U S 61

For instance: on Route 61 between New Orleans and Baton Rouge there are 75 Ethyl pumps out of a total of 351 pumps. Surveys on 23 highways throughout the country bear out this average.

Anyone who tests Ethyl Gasoline in an almost empty tank (so it won't be diluted) knows immediately that it's more than gasoline. It's good gasoline *plus* Ethyl fluid.

Inside the engine, Ethyl fluid prevents the uneven explosions that cause power-waste, harmful "knock" and overheating. It *controls combustion*, developing power with a smoothly increasing pressure that brings out the best performance of *any* engine.

Ninety-seven leading oil refining companies testify to the value of controlled combustion. They have spent millions of dollars to mix their good gasoline with Ethyl fluid and sell Ethyl Gasoline.

You can get controlled combustion for your car at any pump that bears the Ethyl emblem. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

WITH ETHYL [TRADE MARK] REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION NEW YORK, U.S.A. Controls Combustion

The Ethyl emblem on any pump stands for tested gasoline of Ethyl quality. Constant inspection of gasoline from Ethyl pumps throughout the country guards this standard. Ethyl Gasoline is always colored red.

ETHYL GASOLINE

GOOD GASOLINE + ETHYL FLUID = ETHYL GASOLINE

The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead.

© R. G. C. 1931

What's the good of gargling if bad breath still stays bad?

We've made a breath taking discovery for taking bad breath away

3 out of 4 gargling uselessly while bad breath {halitosis} continues to offend*

THREE people in four add water to their mouth wash. They don't know that most antiseptics lose germ-killing power unless used *full strength*. That's why we say: Stop fooling yourself with weak antiseptics.

If you want to check bad breath due to unhygienic mouth conditions you must destroy the germs that cause it—especially those present in fermenting food particles, ordinary mouth irritations, coated tongue. Do not depend on covering up breath odors with the odor of a mouth wash.

A new formula

Now there is a new and revolutionary antiseptic. Unlike any other on the market. One that really checks bad breath 1 to 2 hours longer.

You can mix it with twice its own volume of water and still kill germs within 10 seconds.

It is Pepsodent Antiseptic, new and radically different. So *safe* and so gentle that it can be used full strength without the slightest irritation . . . but from 3 to 11 times more powerful in killing germs than are other leading mouth antiseptics, depending on which one you have been using.

So now you may heed the plea of great medical and dental authorities to keep a cleaner, more hygienic mouth. And remember it is through your mouth most germ diseases enter. Immediately after using Pepsodent Antiseptic, 95% of germs on mouth surfaces are destroyed. Two hours later, the number of germs is still reduced by 75%. For greater safety use Pepsodent Antiseptic every morning and every night.

$3 worth for $1

Compare Pepsodent with ordinary antiseptics. They *must* be used full strength to kill germs effectively. So when you add water to them, you're just gargling money away.

But Pepsodent Antiseptic mixed with twice its own volume of water *still kills germs in less than 10 seconds.* That means every $1 bottle does what 3 bottles of other antiseptics do. Goes 3 times as far. Actually saves you $2. And that's real money in your pocket.

Some 50 different uses

To fight bad breath, use this new, more powerful antiseptic. Use it as a potent weapon against head colds, throat and mouth irritations. Use it for loose dandruff. To reduce under-arm perspiration and odors. For anything in which a safe, effective antiseptic is required.

Again we say: Quit being good to germs. They've laughed at you long enough. Play safe. Buy an antiseptic that really kills germs even when mixed with water. Pepsodent Antiseptic diluted gives safe and sure results—you get $3 worth for $1. Remember: You can fool yourself but you can't fool the germs.

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern Antiseptic

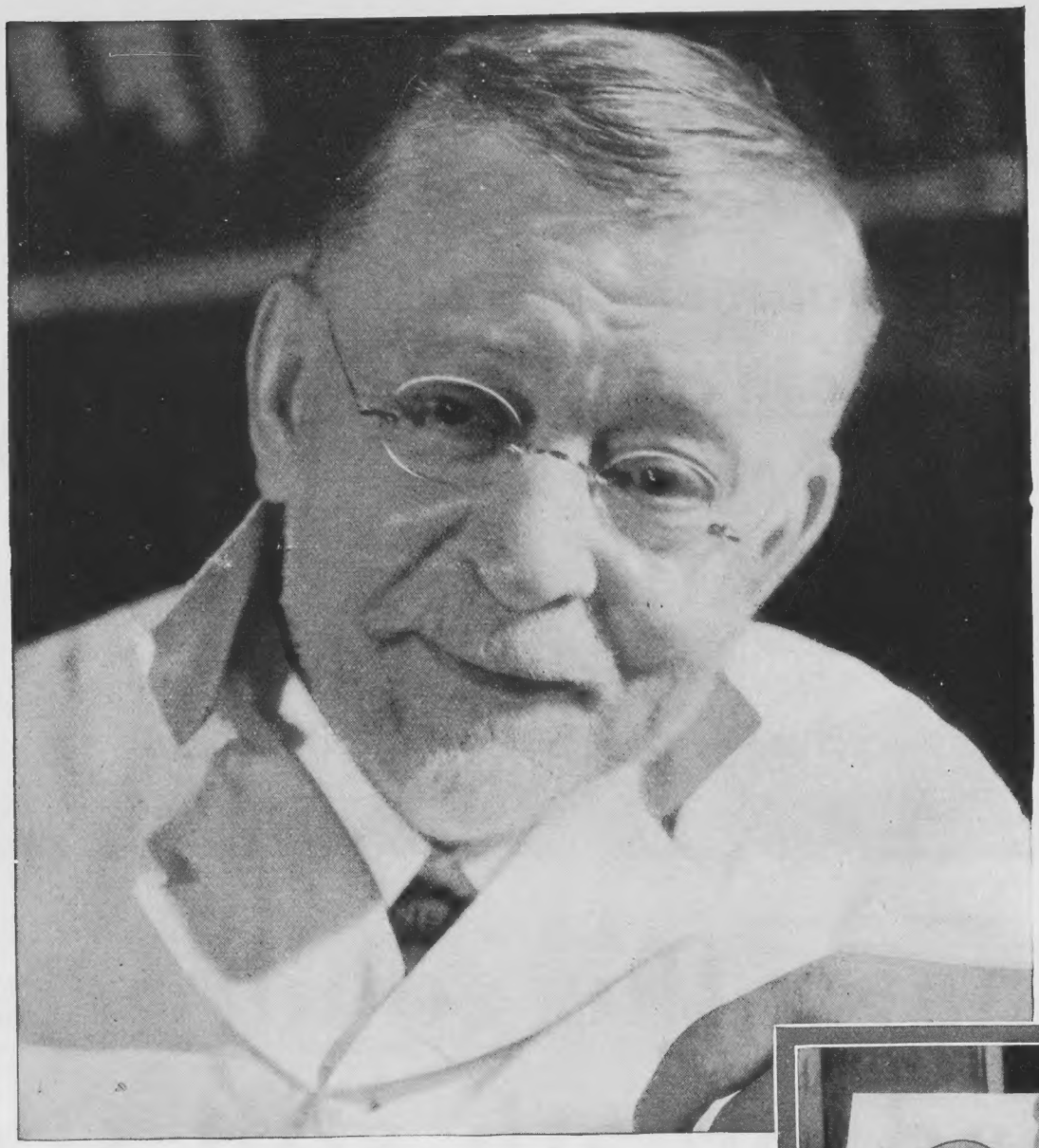
Throat Irritation
Checks Under-arm Body Odors
Bad Breath
Cold Sores
Canker Sores
After-Shaving
Minor Burns
Athlete's Foot
After Extractions (Pulling Teeth)
Mouth Irritation
Colds in Head
Mosquito, Chigger Bites
Artificial Teeth
Minor Cuts
Voice Hoarseness
Blisters
Poison Ivy, Oak
Loose Dandruff
Tired, Aching Feet

New Standard Dictionary Definition:
***Halitosis**—a malodorous condition of the breath.

Pepsodent Antiseptic

PROF. DR. EMIL FRONZ

Official physician to the Emperor and entire Imperial Family of Austria. Hofrat Professor Dr. Fronz is one of the best-known medical men in Central Europe. His medical textbooks are widely used in universities throughout Europe.



The Physician to the late
EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH
of Austria says:—

"I know no better way to keep internally Clean"

JUST think what this means . . . this emphatic statement by one of Europe's most eminent physicians. Think, for a moment, what it means to *you*.

What Dr. Fronz is referring to is a simple corrective *food* . . . a food that excels all other methods of clearing away the poison-forming wastes that daily accumulate in your body!

Here, in his very words, is what Dr. Fronz says about this remarkable food, fresh yeast:—

"It is sometimes difficult for a physician to admit that a simple, home-like remedy has a greater value than drugs bought at a much higher price.

"During my career as a physician, I have always prescribed natural remedies. In the front rank of these I place fresh yeast.

"My experience is that yeast will make elimination regular and restore digestion to normal.

"By keeping the system free of poisons, yeast will keep the skin clear of pimples, boils, etc. It has a marked tonic effect . . . I know of no better internal regulator than fresh yeast."

So why go on dosing yourself with weakening cathartics and violent laxative pills . . . when for a few cents you can get this pure, fresh food that corrects constipation more permanently than anything else you have ever tried?

Go to the nearest grocery store, restaurant, drug store or soda fountain today and get two or three days' supply of Fleischmann's Yeast. Eat it regularly, three cakes a day—before or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in a third of a glass of water (hot or cold) or any way you like. Each cake, you know, is rich in *three* vitamins—B, G and D.

And write for free booklet. Standard Brands Limited, Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal, P.Q.

• • •

Buy Made-in-Canada Goods.

(Left) "My blood was in bad condition. I suffered from insomnia, severe headaches and sick stomach," writes Mrs. H. F. Beaven, Ottawa, Ont. "My doctor told me Fleischmann's Yeast would do me good. Now my headaches are a thing of the past. I sleep well and feel fit for my daily tasks."

(Left) Here's the way thousands combat internal sluggishness! Before each meal they eat a cake of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast.

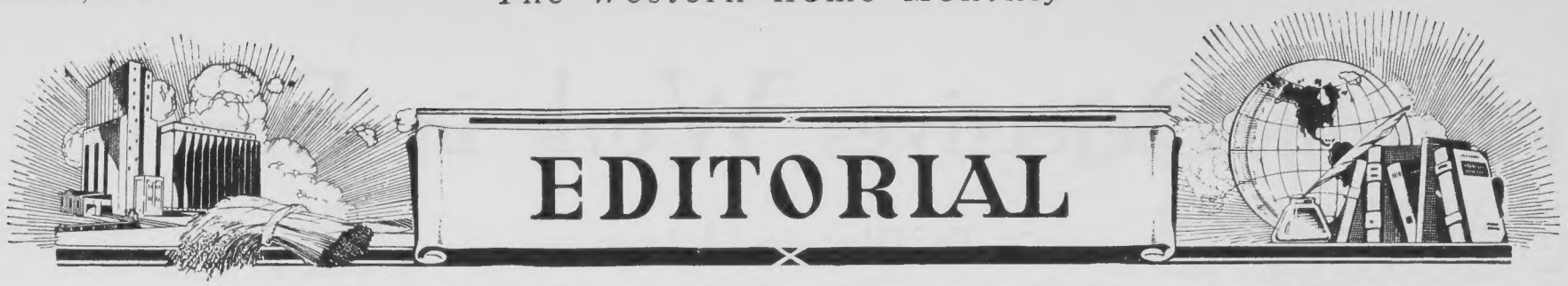
(Below) Poisons that form in sluggish intestines undermine health! Headaches, poor digestion, skin troubles, etc., result. Fresh yeast keeps intestines clean by natural means.

What Noted Hospital Authorities Say:

Dr. Carl von Noorden, founder of the world-famous clinic in Frankfort, Germany, reports: "In my clinic yeast is used constantly. It can, in a short time, bring about normal functioning of the bowels."

Dr. Albert W. Bauer, Vienna hospital authority, states: "To correct constipation permanently there is nothing better than yeast."

You get real benefit only from fresh yeast • Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh • Be sure that's the kind you get!



VOLUME XXXII WINNIPEG, CANADA NUMBER 10

A Fine Spirit

NOBODY outside of Great Britain is qualified to suggest a solution for the problems that now confront the Motherland, but it is not impossible for anyone in the Empire, or out of it, to appreciate three short sentences in the address of Premier Ramsay MacDonald, in which he sought to justify his action in uniting with others to save the credit of the nation. The three sentences are these: "It has been said I have no Labour credentials. I have credentials from much higher authority. My credentials are those of national duty."

He may have been wrong in his judgment or he may have been right. Time alone will tell. He may have been unduly panic-stricken when he found that British resources were not equal to British expenditures, or he may have been wisely cautious. It may be that because of his decision the pound sterling will for the time being retain its value, but it may be at the cost of social disintegration. Temporary relief may not be a cure. It may be that hereditary wealth, foreign investments, interest-bearing capital, money-making industries and undertakings should first have been taxed to the uttermost, and that those under the dole should have been spared. It may be, too, that this would spell only temporary deliverance, for there is a limit to the taxation of capital. Perhaps, because the aggregate dole is so great and the cost of living has declined a trifle, the country on the verge of collapse might claim the advantage of that trifle. Indeed it may be that unless everybody, from the richest to the poorest, joins in sacrifice there is no hope of avoiding disaster. It may be that the Socialists' hour has not come, and it may be that even now Capitalism as represented by the custodians of the world's gold is making its last stand. We who are far away and who do not understand all the circumstances can scarcely judge wisely in such matters.

Yet we can admire the sublime heroism of a man who is willing in emergency to sacrifice position, prospects, friendships and nearly everything else that he holds dear, in order that what he conceives to be a higher good may be achieved. It is this spirit of noble self-sacrifice that all men must approve.

It is a great thing in the life of any man when he can subordinate a lower to a higher loyalty. Should Ramsay MacDonald lose everything in a personal way because of his action; should he even be wrong in his conclusions and right only in intention he will have taught the world a needed lesson. He has done in a fine way what the great spirits of earth have done before him. In the political field Sir Thomas More and Sir Robert Peel; in the religious field Paul, Luther, Newman and above all the Man of Nazareth; in social-moral endeavor Grenfell and Gandhi and Jane Addams; in education Socrates, Pestalozzi, Horace Mann and the hundreds of women all over Canada who in outlying districts are finding their souls in losing them—all these have been martyrs for conscience' sake.

Nor can anyone realize the best that is in him in any other way than by yielding as circumstances demand, the lower to the higher loyalty. "Not myself only, but my family; not my family only, but my community; not my community only, but my country; not my country only, but humanity." The higher loyalties give the lower a greater significance. "Not my clan, but my race; not my set, but my city; not my union, but my neighborhood; not my church, but the church universal."

Canada today is cursed with narrowness of many kinds—racial, geographical, social, political, religious. The call is to a higher loyalty; a finer conception of brotherhood. We can do no better than to begin with Kipling's verse, and broaden it in our thinking till it reaches all callings, all classes, all races, all creeds.

"Oh, East is East and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet,
'Till earth and sky stand presently
At God's great judgment seat.
For there is neither East nor West,
Border nor breed nor birth,
When two strong men stand face to face,
Tho' they come from the ends of the earth."

Ramsay MacDonald! we may not know enough to agree or disagree with you, but we honor you because of your unselfish courage. We shall remember your words: "My credentials are those of national duty."

Federal and Provincial Responsibility

THE provisions of the British North America Act enable the Federal Government to collect enormous sums to pay the expenses of administration. The provinces have no income commensurate with expenditure for provincial undertakings, particularly for road-building and for education. If the Fathers of Confederation had been able to foresee Canadian development they might have legislated differently. What seemed reasonable enough as applied to the Eastern provinces of 1867, will scarcely satisfy the West and New Ontario with their great stretches of territory and their widely-scattered population.

Two sensible suggestions are, that the full cost of transcontinental and arterial highways be borne by the Dominion, and that the extra cost incurred in opening and operating schools among New Canadians be met by the Federal treasury. These arterial highways connect province with province and, in these days of travel, the Dominion with the world. They are in no sense of merely local importance. As to difficulties in educating newcomers the story is briefly told. In its anxiety to get settlers the Federal Government rushed people of all types into the newer lands and hived them in great constituencies. It never stopped to consider that this would embarrass the provinces financially, when educational facilities had to be provided.

It goes without saying that in times of emergency the whole nation should act as a unit. The emergency just now is unemployment. Municipalities and provinces should not be asked to assume the main responsibility in this case. Speaking generally, the cause of misfortune is not local mismanagement or neglect.

Salesmanship

IN 1928 a committee was set up in England to consider the problem of salesmanship. It was a committee that represented the Empire, and the scope of its enquiry was very wide. The matter that concerns us now is its main conclusion, for it has a marked bearing upon our Canadian trade.

First it declares that general education is the best foundation for salesmanship. Too early concentration on vocational subjects is bad. Particularly important is a knowledge of the English language and power to express one's ideas. "What strength produces, articulation and not dumbness must sell."

Then it is declared that we have apparently poured our best brains, our initiative and pride of achievement into production. Commerce has taken a poor second place. The manner of a commercial traveller is less easily adjusted than a mechanical improvement in a small machine or a method for handling empty bottles. Even in salesmanship in a small way, as in a corner grocery, is it not the culture, the poise, the manner of the salesman that sells the goods?

Lastly, salesmanship is not so much a scramble for markets as a careful study of needs, and power to modify tastes and direct custom.

Perhaps the report of the committee has as much value for Canadians as for the people of Britain.

Lenders and Borrowers

GOVERNMENTS, corporations, private interests of all kinds have difficulty these days in making their budgets. A very common practice is to reduce salaries of all workers. In a great American hospital it is said the doctors and others have had to accept a cut of fifty per cent; in many places of business workers have been dismissed or the wage reduced from ten to fifty per cent; civil servants in some provinces have suffered a reduction of from ten to twelve per cent; teachers have been compelled to submit to even a greater reduction than this; in many manufacturing concerns part-pay for part-time has become the policy.

These wage earners in many cases have been borrowers of money. They borrowed to erect or furnish homes, and were able in good years to pay interest and a little of the indebtedness. Now that their incomes have been reduced, they cannot pay back any of the principal and sometimes they cannot pay even the interest. Their income has been reduced but their indebtedness remains the same. With the lender it is different. His income from investment is not affected. It is "the under-dog that receives all the punishment."

It would seem only fair in these days that the rate on mortgage indebtedness should be reduced. If the rate on borrowed money were reduced by one cent, the saving to those who have been compelled to borrow, including the governments of the country, would be enough to meet a great part of the cost of the public improvements and undertakings that are now being projected to meet the problem of unemployment. This may be an overstatement, but anyone is at liberty to investigate. Generally speaking, those who can lend are in a much better position to pay than those who borrow. Even should they get very little they are yet not in trouble. Why should people be taxed and capital go free? It is the same old question that came up during the war when conscription was enforced. It is quite certain that if another war should arise the first conscription would not be men.

Now this suggestion may seem to be wildly radical but it must be either this or something else which need not be mentioned. And it may be that one on fair salary can better bear a reduction than one with meagre salary, which is supplemented by interest from a small investment. But this special case may be ignored. Conditions in the financial world seem to illustrate the scriptural saying, "Unto him that hath shall be given, but unto him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." Over against it might be written another saying, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

The Problem for the Church

IT IS quite true that people do not go to church as regularly as they did twenty-five years ago. The chief explanation is not that many non-English have settled in Canada. Probably these are more careful of church observances than the people who have been born and brought up in Canadian homes. Nor is it that the radio is making church attendance unnecessary. There is a social element that can never be supplied to radio listeners. Perhaps the general use of the automobile will account in part for the general falling away. It will at least explain the empty seats in city churches and the closing of not a few churches in the country.

The main explanation, however, is that people are losing confidence in the church as a practical helpful institution. It does not appear to meet their personal needs, and does not appear to aid in solving the problems of society. There are people who will not accept as authoritative views and opinions that were formulated centuries ago; there are others who find no religious satisfaction in ceremonies and in ritual; still others who object to semi-philosophical discourses or emotional appeals. The fact is that in a science-ruled world that approaches all things in a spirit of doubt and that seeks to base its findings on reason there is impatience with a philosophy that has its roots in authority and faith.

"The contemporary world seems to have reverted to boyhood. It is energetic, materialistic, quite self-confident. It has life on the surface." Soon adolescence or the period of storm and stress will arrive. The church should be able to help mankind through this era. It would be fitting that at a time when science is beginning to doubt even its wisest conclusions and is beginning to look upon human consciousness as something unique in the universe, that the church should be able to give the leading that is required. It must be alive to the problem it has to face. The old wine—of theories and methods—cannot be put into new bottles—a totally-changed world.

How Detectives Work in Europe

By Blanche Holmes

TO THE admittedly inadequate measures in force for dealing with crime throughout the United States, and the constant prison uprisings, the different measures adopted by the leading European countries offer a striking contrast. Until the Crime Commission Association of Chicago came into existence, inaugurated in 1909 by some thirty-four prominent citizens to cope with the criminal element of Chicago, no accurate records or statistics were available, nor are they now obtainable in most of the States, but taking those of a recent year, in Chicago alone 260 murders were recorded. Less than half this number were brought to trial and only six were convicted.

That same year the murders committed throughout England and Wales totalled eighteen, of persons over one year old. There were also in this year—1928—six cases of the murder of infants. In each of the eighteen cases the murderers were arrested. Eleven were tried and duly executed while the remaining seven committed suicide. In 1928 the total number of cases tried for drunkenness were but 26,057, a decrease of 4,066 from the previous year, and this in a country where liquor is freely bought and sold. Within the last four years two of England's most famous prisons—Holloway and Reading jails—have been discarded, no further use being found for them.

The yearly steady decrease in crime in most of the European countries corresponds with the ever-increasing efficiency of the police in Europe, for not only has Great Britain scored heavily in the reduction of crime within her borders, but France, Germany and Austria have accomplished much in this direction. The police regulations and the detective tactics in these countries differ very greatly.

English detectives owe their efficiency in a great measure to their co-operative policy of working together in harness. The French, on the other hand, resort to a very different procedure for capturing their man. In place of the co-operative method, when French detectives are called to a case, each detective is given a complete resume of the known facts and is then ordered to go out and gather all the information he can obtain. He works out the problem on his own initiative, reporting the result of his efforts at Headquarters.

In one particular, however, the police of Europe are united, in their acceptance of the fact that the habitual criminal has certain individual mannerisms, and usually conforms to a specific means of carrying out his designs. This predilection for a special *modus operandi*—in the execution of a crime has been the undoing of many a criminal, not only in the case of homicides but also in the detection of house breakers, thieves and common burglars.

The measures pursued by Scotland Yard in the notorious case of the wholesale murder of brides by drowning, not only aptly illustrates the special significance of the criminal's "favorite method," theory, but also indicates the dissimilarity of the French and English detective methods. In the Bath Murder Case, George Joseph Smith, alias John Lloyd, alias Henry Williams, made a practice of murdering his wives after each had duly executed a will in his favor. For preference he selected middle-aged women.

Invariably Smith rented rooms or a house where a bath was conveniently handy. Under the name of John Lloyd he married the daughter of a clergyman, one Margaret Lofty, and after occupying an apartment for one day with his wife she was found drowned in the bath. The husband evinced deep grief, and a sympathetic jury returned a verdict of "accidental death" from heart disease while taking a hot bath.

In 1914 a similar death occurred in a bath tub. In this instance the "accidental death" was ascribed to a fit. To eliminate any possibility of suspicion, the husband had called in a doctor some days prior to the murder, stating his wife was subject to fits and that he was concerned about her health. But George Smith had reckoned without a knowledge of the deductive skill of Detective Arthur Neil. Two such parallel accidental deaths could not be overlooked by so astute a sleuth. On reading the newspaper report of the second "accidental death,' Inspector Detective Neil having previously heard of a similar case, lost no time in ferreting out the particulars of both deaths. In each instance the husband had shown the same marked solicitude when engaging rooms as to the bath accommodation. Both of the deceased had only recently been married and each had died shortly after making a will leaving the husband the sole beneficiary.

Photo By Underwood & Underwood

Viscount Byng of Vimy, hero of Vimy Ridge, former Governor-General of Canada, now Commissioner of Metropolitan Police and head of Scotland Yard.

How many women were thus duped into marrying George Joseph Smith and then killed was never definitely determined. Only the names of three victims were positively verified, those of Alice Burnham, Margaret Lofty and Beatrice Munday. An investigation which disclosed twenty-one bank accounts in various names, indicated the probability of there being other murdered brides. Had Smith not invariably selected the same method of conveniently disposing of his wives, so great was his cunning that the deaths might have baffled the police for many a long year.

Since this characteristic selection of the same means to an end is so general among the Underworld, the police chiefs of the leading European nations have classified the various features to be noted by the detective. The specifications of Scotland Yard therefore furnish a typical example of the detailed report called for by other European police officials. The detective is required to tabulate the particular objective of a burglary or crime, whether the perpetrator confines his activities to the burgling of private houses, hotels or stores; by what means he effected an entrance—at the rear or in front; by the removal of window panes or by forcing locks.

The tools chosen for an unlawful entrance are considered important in aiding in the identification of a housebreaker. The official sleuth must also determine whether the act was committed by one person or with the assistance of confederates; the time chosen; if admission was gained by a spurious story—the thief passing as the representative of a firm, a gas, plumbing or telephone company. Finally the distinguishing marks of the criminal's activities—if any—are recorded, such as the leaving of false clues to mislead the police, notes, or his resorting to facial or other personal disguises.

But while each and every one of these apparently minor details are carefully tabulated for future reference, the most significant factor remains—the nature of the crime itself. Was it that of a skilled or inexperienced operator; what particular weapon was employed and any other such tell-tale indications. Outside of these specific tabulations, however, a great divergence in the actual process of capturing the criminal is disclosed, as is also the marked contrast between the latitude accorded to the police in the various European countries.

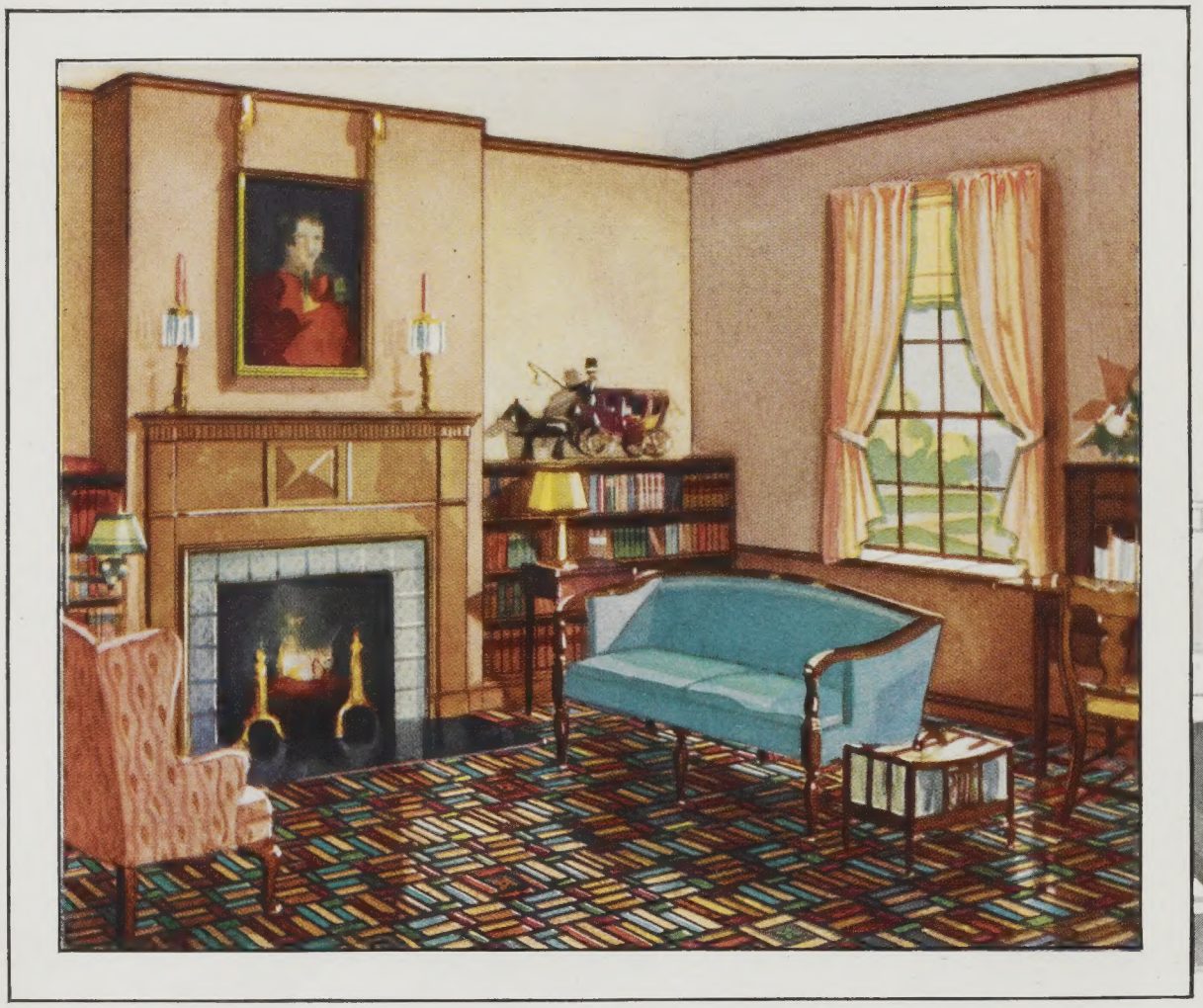
WHAT has been termed the "almost despotic sway of the American police over the American public" does not pertain in Europe. Outside France, no nation sanctions the employment of the Third Degree, and in Europe only the French police are permitted to arrest a citizen on mere suspicion. The Italian Government does, however, resort to the reconstruction of the crime being staged for inducing a murderer to confess.

For any member of the English police force to arrest a man without evidence, or a warrant, would be almost equivalent to his dismissal from the service—he would at least incur a very severe reprimand. The police of England are severely handicapped by the stringent laws regulating their activities, laws framed to guarantee the personal rights and liberties of the British subject. The French regard the restrictions imposed on the police of England as misplaced sentiment—mere quixotism—and have no use for such limitations. While in England every man is accounted innocent until his guilt has been clearly established, with the French, the opposite supposition is assumed, and it rests with the suspect to prove his innocence.

The licence accorded the French detective includes the right to tempt a suspect. If a man under suspicion but against whom no evidence has been obtained, cannot be brought to account by fair means, temptation may deliberately be placed in his way. The assumption is that if by any chance the man is wrongly suspected, he will not fall into the trap, but if guilty he will repeat his offence. Indeed, with the exception of the American police who are given a free hand to act as they please, no nation other than the French accords its detectives such latitude.

The French detective greatly favors the skilful laying of clever schemes and ingenious wiles, rather than open measures, for such ruses as he employs he rightly claims are the means of saving the lives of many of the police, lives which would otherwise be sacrificed in the attempt to capture dangerous criminals. This plotting and planning nets a rich harvest. An instance given by Post, in his "Man Hunters," affords an excellent example of the ruses to which the French detective resorts in order to trap his quarry.

Among certain dangerous suspects in a big robbery, one had been [Continued on page 32]



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EMBOSSED
Inlaid
LINOLEUM

A New Type of Floor
In LOW RELIEF TILE
Low in Cost . . . . . Old in Charm

Something new . . . Something different . . . Something distinctive—yet the effect of floors laid with Dominion Embossed Inlaid linoleum is charmingly old.

How many times have you visioned floors of stately English manor houses in your own home . . . Floors of ceramic tile with the beauty of their low relief, rich colourings and artistic patterns. Yet how many times has the vision been dispelled by the thought of cost, coldness and noise.

To-day the vision may become a reality. Dominion Embossed Inlaid linoleum allows light to dance and play on richly coloured tiles with all the beauty and charm you so much admire in European homes. Dominion Embossed Inlaid linoleum is surprisingly moderate in cost. It has the inviting warmth and quiet so characteristic of Dominion Inlaid linoleum. Naturally the surface of Embossed Inlaid is finished with Domolac, which helps to retain the lustre of beautiful colourings for years. Ask your favourite store to show you the attractive patterns in this Canadian-made product.

DOMINION OILCLOTH & LINOLEUM COMPANY LIMITED - - MONTREAL

PATTERN SHOWN IN LIVING ROOM ABOVE IS DOMINION EMBOSSED INLAID NO. 9011.
THAT SHOWN BETWEEN TYPE COLUMNS IS DOMINION EMBOSSED INLAID NO. 9002.

DOMINION OILCLOTH & LINOLEUM CO. LIMITED · MONTREAL · MADE IN CANADA

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF DOMINION BATTLESHIP LINOLEUM AND DOMINION INLAID LINOLEUM

WHAT DO MEN THINK *when They look at You?*

MEN SAY many flattering things to you. But you can't help wondering whether they *think* the things they say! . . . When men look at you, do they really see—the kind of girl they want to marry?

In the last few months I've asked 100 men what they think about girls. These men described their ideals; and 94 of them said, "The wife I'm looking for is *natural*."

What does your mirror say to that? Have *you* natural charm to meet the keen eyes of men—a clear, fine-textured complexion? Or is your skin a little coarse, or dry, or oily, so that make-up shows too plainly?

Don't be discouraged! There's a lovely, different kind of soap that's designed to cultivate *natural* complexion beauty—Calay.

73 Dermatologists approve Calay

73 dermatologists, ardent advocates of soap-and-water cleansing, approve Calay as an ideal soap for delicate skins. Calay is so gentle and soothing, these doctors find, that they can safely prescribe it even for the extra-sensitive skins of their own patients.

No soap except Calay has ever received such medical approval!

Test Calay's smoothness for yourself. See how instantly it bubbles into deep-piled velvet lather. Calay leaves your skin soft and glowing, seductively fragrant . . .

That's the kind of complexion men think of when they say so longingly, "My ideal girl—is *natural*."

Helen Chase

A POLO STAR, bronzed and handsome, grinned when I asked him about the girl he'd like to marry. "That's a tough one!" he declared. "I've never met her. I know this, though—whoever she is, she's not just an ornament. She's *doing* things—working, probably. Good-looking? Sure—her eyes and skin especially. She's *natural*—not a hothouse daisy or a tea-party tulip!"

© 1931, P. & G. Co.

CALAY

10¢

For the fresh natural skin men admire

The grizzled old man shut one eye and stared hard with the other. "Was I dickering with you last Thursday?" he said.

"For This Relief Much Thanks"

By Francis Lynde

Illustrated by John H. Paul

IT WAS the third day after the tragedy of the $10,000 and Tenbroeck was still treading the wine-press of perplexity and wretchedness; otherwise tramping the floor of his office in the Baralone Building, and wishing in his soul that the earth might yawn for him before it should become necessary to report the tragedy to his principal.

It had been a thunder-clap out of a clear sky, and it was the more grievous because he had latterly come to believe that his shallop was well out of the storm zone. His life voyage had not been a summer yachting cruise by any means. There had been difficulties and tempest tossings; as when his father's death left him to get his degree at the University as best he might, and again, when Kate Winton refused to set the day so long as her invalid mother needed a nurse. But these obstacles had been surmounted. The degree was won by sheer hard work and rigid economy, and the winner of it had come home to find his father's friends willing to help his father's son. Kate Winton had taken her mother to Colorado to try what virtue there might be in the clean air of the altitudes, and thither Tenbroeck had betaken himself, armed with a diploma, a light heart, and sundry business commissions from his father's friends.

As a matter of course, Colorado made instant room for a man who was an expert mining engineer, and whose opinions were backed unhesitatingly by eastern capital; and up to the day of the $10,000 tragedy the sun shone brightly and the wind set fair for the young man whose office was on the fifth floor of the Baralone Building. He earned money and saved it, paid his university debts, and made his calling and election so sure that the informal syndicate of New York investors presently came to honor his drafts unquestioningly. Moreover, Colorado sunshine and the clean, crisp air of the altitudes had done for Kate's mother what they could not do for Tenbroeck's father; and when Mrs. Winton's recovery was a fact assured, Kate rewarded the waiting one by naming a certain day in June when they two should forthfare as one.

This was the blissful status of affairs one short week before the prefigured chiming of the wedding bells. Then came the tragedy and three days of undivided wretchedness; and in the afternoon, when Tenbroeck was tramping out his sentry-beat of despair and longing for the obliterative earthquake, it wanted but four double sweeps of the clock-hands to the appointed morning of fruition.

"Three whole days, and no sign of a clew yet," he groaned. "I shall go stark, staring mad if I have to carry this thing much longer without telling somebody. And yet if I raise the hue and cry I'm done for, world without end. Nobody will believe the truth; shouldn't believe it myself if the saddle were on some other fellow's horse. If I could only

"Oh, I've got to do it, I suppose," said the scrupulous one. "But I shall shake in my shoes till it's all over."

talk it over with somebody—" There was a hesitant tap at the door and he stopped in mid-flight to say: "Come!"

It was Jamieson, his neighbor across the corridor, and the manner of his entering accorded perfectly with the hesitant tap. He had an open letter in his hand.

"Excuse me," he said, and there was meek apology in every line of the womanish face. "I found this in my box a few minutes ago, and was thoughtless enough to open it and read it without looking at the address on the envelope. It's for you."

Tenbroeck took the letter and read it absently. It was from one of his New York patrons announcing that the expected party of English investors had come over in one of the Cunarders, and would presently arrive in Denver with a note of introduction from the writer. "I have given you a good send-off," wrote this father's friend to his friend's son. "I have told Mr. Montague that you probably know more about the Vindex property than any other man in Colorado; that your opinion may be taken as final; and that your fee will be proportionately high. They have plenty of money and will be prepared to buy on the spot for cash. They will want to use you in the double capacity of expert and solicitor, English fashion, and you needn't scruple to ask your price. They won't stick at a couple of hundred pounds."

Tenbroeck tossed the letter upon the pile of unopened mail on his desk and said: "Much obliged. It's merely a bit of routine, as you doubtless saw. Won't you sit down?"

Jamieson slid into a chair, and the movement was as apologetic as his incoming.

"I oughtn't to trespass on your good nature," he protested. "But it does get pretty lonesome sitting in there day after day, waiting for something to turn up."

Tenbroeck twirled his pivot-chair, opened a drawer and found a box of cigars.

"Have a smoke," he said, hospitably. "You look hacked, Jamieson. Are they coming hard for you?"

The despondent one clipped the end of the cigar as one who makes the most of luxuries few and far between, and his smile was wan. "No, they're not coming hard; they're not coming at all."

Tenbroeck smoked reflectively, tilting his chair to the appraisive angle. Jamieson was an old acquaintance—and a new. He remembered the man dimly as a senior in his college when he himself was a freshman, and the memory had for a nucleus Jamieson's capital gift for acting in the college theatricals. Some years afterward some one had told him that Jamieson had gone on the stage, but he had never met the histrionic senior until one day Jamieson turned up in Denver, took the room across the corridor, and lettered his door, "Mining Expert and Consulting Engineer." It was in view of the memory that Tenbroeck said:

"Whatever set you in the scientific field, Jamieson? As I recollect them, your gifts were of another kind."

"What sets a man at anything? I'm afraid I'm a sorry failure all around."

"Don't get anything to do?"

"Not enough to keep body and soul together. You tossed that letter aside just now and said it was merely a matter of routine, and the phrase went through me like a knife. Two hundred pounds, he says; a thousand dollars. I could live two years on a thousand dollars, Tenbroeck."

Now Tenbroeck was of those who weep with the mourners, and he was cudgelling his brain to devise some way of helping the workless one without flaying him alive with the whip of charity. He was not good at such devisings, and the upshot of the matter was that he took a bank-note from his pocket, crumpled it and tossed it across to the confessed failure. It fell on the floor, and Jamieson picked it up and put it on the desk.

"Thank you, Tenbroeck, but I haven't come to that. I know what you're going to say—that it's a loan and all that. But I can't take it; and when I tell you that I've gone on one meal a day for a week you'll understand that I know how to starve like a man."

Tenbroeck's chair came upright with a crash.

"Jamieson, old fellow, I'm ashamed of myself! I didn't stop to measure the crass brutality of it. Fact is, I'm so desperately mired in a puddle of my own that I'm not quite myself."

"Mired!—you! From my dismal point of view you seem to be the luckiest man under the sky. Health, strength, youth and a business in which thousand-dollar fees are matters of routine. And—and you're to be married next week, aren't you?"

Tenbroeck nodded. "Yes, I'm to be married next week—if I can keep out of the penitentiary in the meantime. Listen, and you shall learn that you haven't a monopoly of the world's visible supply of trouble. You know something of my business; that I've been buying mines here and there for Eastern investors. Three days ago an old fellow came here with a piece of property for which I've been trying for a long time to find an owner. It was a good thing, worth more than he asked for it, and I closed with him on the spot. He came back in the afternoon with his deed, and I offered him a draft for $10,000 on my principal, who in this case happened to be a New York banker. He is an ignorant old fellow—it's Jack Hargin; maybe you know him?—and he shied at the draft; wanted it in cash. At that I made the draft payable to my own order, told him to wait a moment, and

went around to the bank to get the money for him. Am I boring you?"

The visitor's lips were dry, and he moistened them to say, "No; go on."

"Well, I explained the situation at the First National and got the money all right. It was in five-hundreds, most of it, and I rolled it up, snapped a rubber band on it, and dropped it into my pocket. I was in a rush, and in that dark place in the corridor just this side of the elevator I ran into somebody and nearly knocked him down. It must have been Hargin, though I didn't recognize him at all. When I got back to the office the door was open and Hargin was gone. And when I felt in my pocket for the money that was gone, too. I tell you, Jamieson, it came pretty near wrecking me."

The dry-lipped one rose unsteadily and thrust his hand into his pocket.

"It was enough to wreck anybody; ten—thousand — dollars," he weighed the words each by itself as if they were so many pieces of coin. "And you have no clew?—no theory or anything?"

"Not the flimsiest thread of a clew; that's the maddening phase of it. Of course, the first thought was of pickpockets and the fellow I stumbled over in the corridor; but that is blankly incredible."

"Quite incredible"—Jamieson's hand began to come out of his pocket by quarter inches, and the parched lips were tremulous—"quite incredible, one would say. But you were very careless—terribly careless." The inching hand came forth with a little jerk at the last word and he laid a compact roll of bank-notes on Tenbroeck's desk. "There is your money. I found it on the floor in the corridor late that night when I came up to go to bed. I sleep in the office to save room-rent, you know."

Tenbroeck's heart skipped a beat, and for a moment his sight failed and the air was full of black notes. Then the pivot-chair righted itself with a crash again, and he sprang up to wring the hand of restitution.

"Great Heavens!" he burst out; "and you've been going around here hungry with ten thousand ownerless dollars in your pocket! By Jove, Jamieson, it's the finest thing I ever heard of. Of course, you couldn't say a word; there would have been a hundred claimants in as many minutes. You've saved my life, old man, and you've simply got to let me help you now. Tell me how I can do it without making a brute of myself—as I did a few minutes ago."

"I don't know that anybody can help me, Tenbroeck. All I need is work, and work doesn't come to me as it does to others—as it does to you."

He was staring absently at the letter from the New York capitalist, and, following the eye-trajectory, Tenbroeck had an inspiration white-hot from the forge of generous impulse. These Englishmen who were coming to buy the Vindex; the investment was perfectly safe at the price asked by the Vindex owners. Why not let Jamieson earn the two-hundred-pound fee?

"What do you know about the Vindex, Jamieson?" he asked abruptly.

"A good bit more than the owners, themselves, I fancy. I've worked in the mine with a pick and shovel."

"The dickens you have! Now that's what I call a stroke of Providence. I'm going to give you a note of introduction to Mr.—er—what's his name?—Montague, and turn the job over to you, lock, stock, and barrel. Don't say you won't take it; it's a case of must."

Jamieson was shaking his head and raising objections.

"I need it bad enough, God knows; but it wouldn't work. They wouldn't accept me as your substitute."

"Why wouldn't they? They don't know me from Adam's off ox."

"You forget that your friend in New York has already nominated you. Unless I could pose as Mr. Charles Tenbroeck for the time being, they wouldn't have anything to do with me. It's quite hopeless, you see."

"I'll be hanged if it is. Let's see; they'll be here tomorrow morning, and will probably want to go right on up to the mine. Suppose I give you my card-case and take a day off. You used to be pretty good at impersonations in the old days. If I can't lend you money, I can at least lend you my identity for a few hours. Don't say no; I'm bound to get even with you, some way, or the obligation you've just piled on will smother me."

But Jamieson still made difficulties, and Tenbroeck had to go over it again, smoothing away the most trivial of the obstacles before he would consent. At the end of the ends there was the difficulty reluctantly admitted by Jamieson, of a lack of ready money to defray the expenses of the one-day trip to the mine, and Tenbroeck cut this knot by taking a hundred-dollar bill from the roll on the desk and fairly forcing it upon the reluctant one.

"Not a word; I sha'n't listen. You can pay it back out of the thousand you're going to earn tomorrow, you know. And now go right away up to Tortoni's and let the cook put a little heart into you. I'd make you go with me, but I have a luncheon engagement. By Jove! I'm fifteen minutes overdue now. Meet me here tonight and we'll go over the details again to make sure."

WHEN Jamieson was gone, Tenbroeck shut his desk with a cheerful bang, buttoned the recovered treasure into the inside pocket of his waistcoat and went to

[Continued on page 71]

"I hope it will come out all right," Kate said, a little dubiously, "but I wish it could have been something else."

First Call for the

Ralph Adams, member of the 1928 Olympic team who recaptured his 220-yard Dominion crown at Winnipeg.

IN THE tree-dotted rolling hill country of western Ontario a lithe-limbed lad milks fourteen cows before hurrying off to school each day. Daily, too, a sun-bronzed blonde giant strides to his heavy farm-chores in the blue foothills of southern Alberta. Two thousand miles separate the slender Ontario lad from the six-foot western farmer, but the two are joined by the Olympic urge—the urge that will bring crack athletes by the score to Canada's defence in another year.

The seventeen-year-old boy who tends his father's cows is Canada's half-mile champion—Fred Shaver of Hamilton. He took the Dominion title at 880 yards, left undefended by dusky Phil Edwards of Hamilton, by virtue of a stout-hearted drive down the wind-raked stretch of Winnipeg's Polo Park oval. In 90-degree heat on a miserably soft track, Shaver was clocked in two minutes flat—almost eight seconds short of record time, but a sensational performance in the face of disheartening handicaps.

On the same September day, the Alberta farmer — brawny George Sutherland of De Winton—was winning for the foothills province two Canadian titles, and missing a third by an unlucky three-eighths inch. The good-natured agrarian smiled when he took the javelin-throw and the hammer-toss and laughed at his hair-breadth defeat in the running hop, step and jump by tall Jack Portland, fond high-jump hope of Collingwood, Ont.

In the title-wins of Shaver and Sutherland is an object lesson bearing directly on Canada's hopes for the Olympic games in 1932. Trained with the delicacy of micrometer-adjustment, the Hamilton high-school lad ranks definitely with Phil Edwards, Alex Wilson, Brant Little, Mickey MacBeth and Percy Pickard among the quarter and half-milers in line for berths on the Maple Leaf's Olympic squad.

But Sutherland's double-victory tells another story. Virtually untutored in the intricacies of field events, Sutherland took a week-end holiday from his foothills farm and came to Winnipeg to make a surprising showing in the field, ranking as the highest point-winner by far in the championship tests. Captain J. R. Cornelius, twice coach of Canada's Olympic team, scanned Sutherland's marks and promptly labelled the Albertan as "a real prospect," though he shows general proficiency — not an Olympic quality — rather than excellence at any single event. Yet, how much better would Sutherland rate with the benefit of concentrated coaching?

Tossing the hammer, javelin and discus and putting the shot are just hobbies for Sutherland, who is 28 years old and of a marvelous build. Occasionally he dabbles at the hop, step and jump to keep his legs from hardening. He has a training-space all his own at the De Winton farm and eggs the arduous hurling of the weights as an old fogy glories in his checkers. "It is the farm-work," comments wide-shouldered George with his infectious smile, "that is the chore."

TWO factors prevented the Canadian championships at Winnipeg from going far toward listing the Dominion's prospects for the track and field team that is to invade Los Angeles for the Olympic tests in 1932. First of all, too many champions left their titles undefended—the unequalled Percy Williams and his lieutenant of the sprints, Johnny Fitzpatrick, were missing; Wilson, Edwards, Jimmy Ball and too many others failed to seek the pre-Olympic crowns. Besides, the yielding layer of inch-deep dust on the horse-race oval placed consideration of times out of question as a measure of excellence.

Probably never again will Canadian track championships be run over so heart-wracking and leg-tiring a course. It seems certain that amateur officials will be led to stipulate, hereafter, that titular events must be staged on a track affording contestants at least an even chance of measuring up to the records set by their predecessors. Refusal of Jimmy Ball to seek once more the 440-yard title and Captain Cornelius' order that Shaver and

Ralph Adams, Hamilton, winning the 220-yard final Powell, Toronto; Vincent Forbes, Vancouver; Jimmy

Percy Pickard pass up their entries in the same event stand as an unqualified condemnation of the intolerable track conditions.

The sum total of it all is that no definite indication of the Maple Leaf's Olympic-team make-up will be afforded until the trials next summer. The tests are billed for Vancouver, but there is reason to believe they may be held instead at Hamilton, venue of the 1928 trials. Undoubtedly a roar of indignation will mark any step to move the meet to Hamilton, but more straws than one show that the wind blows toward the Ambitious City for the next Olympic trials.

Hamilton still stands supreme as fertile garden of track-hopefuls, if the Winnipeg championships tell any story at all. The impressive showing of Captain Cornelius' kid proteges on field as well as track outdid the achievements even of the rest of the competitors combined. Ten of the 19 championships went to Hamilton. Seven others were snapped up by the east, divided among Montreal, Collingwood, Goderich, Coburg and Galt, leaving only George Sutherland's twin titles to the west.

But the west will not be overlooked as a source of 1932 Olympic material. At the last Olympics, two-thirds of Canada's points were won on the track, if first, second and third places only are considered. More remarkable still, western athletes—Williams

Bert Pearson, sensational young Hamilton sprinter, who holds the Canadian 100-yard title and who ploughed to a striking victory at Winnipeg.

Arthur Ravensdale, promising hurdler from Coburg, Ont., who has thrived during the past year on capable coaching at Marquette University.

Olympic

By Stephen Ford

and Ball—either won or aided in winning every point for the top three places. And the west is still producing athletes.

At the present, the fondest hopes of the west centre about its best bets at the 1928 games—Williams, Ball and Little. In each case, the spectre of doubt hangs over the chances of title-form a year from now, but the odds are about even that two of the trio will show top-notch class.

If Williams, only 23 years old today, can regain the meteoric brilliance that won him the 100 and 200 metres at Amsterdam, Canada will be off to a flying start in the Olympic chase. Those who bemoan the fact that peerless Percy has been far off-form for more than a year may find consolation in the words of a friend of Williams, himself a track-star, who foresees a come-back for the Vancouver boy next year.

"Percy's leg is right again," comments this observer. "It was not the notorious sprained tendon which prevented him from running in the Vancouver meet in August, but an abrasion on his leg affecting only the surface, yet making competition out of the question. Percy is saying nothing, but I am confident

at Winnipeg. Runners are (left to right): George Ball, Winnipeg; Adams and A. Bryner, Winnipeg.

and certain he will be the 'Vancouver flash' of old at the Los Angeles games."

Scarcely less ardent than the prayers for Williams' come-back are Canada's hopes that Jimmy Ball may find himself in the coming year. If the Winnipeg quarter-miler, who ran second by an inch to Ray Barbuti, United States, in the 1928 Olympic 400-metre final, returns to his old form—and he feels sure he can—Canadian fans will breathe a lot easier. Besides, the brilliant showing of Brant Little, another Winnipeger, in middle distance events and relays at Notre Dame in the past two years has indicated he may be counted on confidently in the coming Olympic tests.

ON LESS brilliant athletes, as result of the Winnipeg meet, the west's eyes are centred in the inevitable quest for new material. All four western provinces contributed entries who will bear watching, and whose showing could undoubtedly be greatly enhanced by intensive coaching and practice in the next twelvemonth. The west's best prospects are in the middle distances—440, 880 and a mile.

Champion of the west's universities at the mile, Harold MacMahon of Saskatoon plodded into high-class company when he ran a bang-up second to Eddie King, Canadian champion, in the gruelling title event at Winnipeg. King collapsed at the finish and was helpless for almost half-an-hour, but the awkward-running Saskatchewan boy finished in good shape. Moreover, he nosed out 18-year-old Earl Moore of Hamilton, classed as one of the best milers in the country, and forced Coach Cornelius to admit he looked "very good."

From British Columbia, two sprinters came to Winnipeg to force their way into the lime-light by iron-hearted performances. After two tiring 100-yard runs and a heat in the 220, Vincent Forbes of Vancouver raced bravely to third place ahead of Jimmy Ball in the furlong final, close up on fleet Ralph Adams of Hamilton and George Powell of Toronto. Husky Fred Martello, of Trail, placed second in the 440-yard dash over the soft track, yielding only to Maurice Hughes, Montreal stripling who ran an heroic race.

Another westerner who will bear watching is slender Wally Bain, of Port Arthur. Just off the train after winning the half-mile Ontario school-boy title in the east, Bain stepped to third place in the Canadian championship 880-yards, forcing young Shaver and Les Wade, of Montreal, into a driving finish. Only 17-years-old, Bain may safely be ranked as a promising comer.

But the east appears destined to bear the burden of Canada's track hopes at the Olympics, due both to uncertainty on the chances of western favorites and to the fact that the Hamilton mill is still grinding out crack runners. Montreal's Alex Wilson is hailed by many as the surest bet for Canada on the basis of his victory in the 400 metres and bare defeat in the 800 at the British Empire games last year. And wiry-legged Johnny Fitzpatrick is ready for a hurry call if Williams' shoes must be filled.

Blonde Bert Pearson, school-boy marvel, who ploughed to striking victory for the 100-yards title at Winnipeg, and Ralph Adams, whose fast finish won the stiff 220, are a couple of athletes from

Two Montreal title-winners: Maurice Hughes, left, champion at 440 yards and Tom Coulter, holder of the quarter-mile hurdles crown.

Hamilton whose Olympic-team chances are good. Toronto looks with confidence on lean George Powell, second by a yard in the 220 and twice clocked at a dead heat for third place in the 100 with Adams. Other prospects in the sprints, on the valued authority of Captain Cornelius, include Bill Robinson, Hamilton lad; Laurie Cohen, Winnipeg veteran; Bill Christie, of Toronto; and a host of lads who might be picked from handicap sprints at school-boy races throughout the country.

The list of half and quarter-milers shows more of a touch of experience, but then experience and timing become the imperative as the race-distance lengthens. Sprinters are liable to flash from nowhere and beat the world, but the success of middle-distance men is invariably built up on experience as well as ability. Canada's hopes in this line—Wilson, Edwards, Shaver, Little, Pickard, MacBeth and the rest—are a crew [Continued on page 49]

Harold Webster, veteran Hamilton distance-man, more than ever an Olympic threat for next year, finishing the gruelling six-mile 1931 title race.

Eddie King, crack Hamilton miler, near collapse after successfully defending his Canadian title on the heavy dirt track at Winnipeg.

A few minutes later her neighbour entered and just ahead of him walked a small boy.

The Reign of Molly Anne

By Blodwen Davies

Illustrations by R. G. Herbert

ANNE sank gratefully into her chair at the little table by the window. She was early, as usual. As she lifted her napkin she paused to to look at her fingers, nails chipped, the skin stained.

"Garden fingers," she thought and spread the linen over her knees. "That's what it is to be a householder and a gardener."

When the girl slipped a plate onto the table Anne smiled, a smile of goodwill, because she was happy.

She glanced around the room at the other occupants. Exactly the same as they were every evening at six-fifteen.

Anne chose the obscure little pension, first because it was so conveniently close at hand when the day's gardening was done, and then because its gravely conservative air had amused her. Sometimes it soothed her too. Everyone here moved quietly and slowly. The girls were deft and gentle. The conversation seldom rose above a well bred murmur. There was never the rattling of dishes even from the faraway kitchen.

They were nearly all of middle age. Some few of them were actually very old. Some of them lived in the house, in rooms furnished from the remnants of their family possessions. There was a beautiful old woman who might easily have been a duchess of tradition, slender, tall, white haired, in garments that always trailed with a suggestion of courts and drawing-rooms. One or two of them were pathetic old ladies holding tenaciously to things of long ago, spinster women, obviously with small incomes and big traditions to keep up. They were painfully genteel. The old fashioned word suited them and their old jewelry.

Of the men Anne liked the man with the pointed waxy moustache who talked with the red faced colonel about old armour.

Anne really knew nothing about them but she had hours of amusement in reconstructing their lives on the evidence that each one unconsciously presented before the court of her imagination. The habitues never became familiar. Neither were they frigid. They came and went like marionettes, each issuing from his own little world, eating and drinking together, and retiring into it again, leaving no vestige of impression upon his neighbors. Anne was never tired of watching and speculating about them. Unknown and without a circle of her own yet, they became her diversion. She felt a sad affection for them, these lonely individuals who came singly, without partners or companions, living little isolated lives, the remnants of families once proud, prosperous and important. She sometimes felt something a little ghostly about the diners in the old fashioned room.

The only one that she saw there approximating to her own generation was the man who sat across the room, at another small window table. He was the greatest puzzle of them all. He was not old enough to be one of the ghostly crew. He was almost a handsome man, with fine traces of grey through his hair, a healthy tan on his face and hands. He had a habit of sitting down with one elbow on the table, his chin on his fist, and the other hand thrust into his trouser pocket. There was alertness even in those moments of thought. Anne wondered whether he saw the garden that he stared at.

She discovered, too, where he lived and was not a little astonished at it. Once he had passed out into the street a little ahead of her and walked on in her own direction. She saw him turn in at the big house, the place that had intrigued her curiosity ever since she came to live around the corner from it. It was a great place, built perhaps forty or fifty years ago. It was conspicuous because of its meticulously well kept air. Even the dropping leaves were not allowed to mar its lawns, smooth as green baize. There was a big piece of property about it though the land was growing in value almost daily. One great apartment house had gone up beside it and doubtless another would like to demolish the tidy house and the enormous elms and take their place. But the tall trees shut out the sight of the ubiquitous yellow bricks from the house. By day the snowy lace curtains of another generation flowed sedately downward behind the glass, at night the great bay windows were securely shuttered from within. The whole place was painted and mowed and polished so frequently and so systematically that Anne sometimes longed to find them out with a smeary window or a fallen flowerpot. But she never did. And then she discovered the man turning in toward the porch and opening the door with a latch key.

"Queer," she said, drawing down her eyebrows. "Fancy living in a great house like that, with a staff of servants to keep it in the pink of condition, and eating out at a little restaurant—just like his neighbors."

SHE had been his neighbor for three months now, a fact, she pointed out to herself, of which he was doubtless unaware. Anne Chiswick, for the first time in her thirty- odd years of life, had a home of her own. That she owed to her godmother. Mrs. Northrup was one of those ghostly people such as haunted the pension. She too belonged to a day and generation that was gone. She had clung to her little raft of Victorianism until the last. Then she had no one but Anne to leave the house to. It was one of a terrace on a quiet side street, as forlornly Victorian as Mrs. Northrup. The red bricks were mellow with years and sufficiently weather-beaten to be distinguished in spite of their architectural middle age. Anne enamelled the door white and kept its great brass knocker shining. She put window boxes in all the narrow, small paned windows and now that summer had come their red geraniums and blue lobelia gave the old house a quaintly rejuvenated air. But it was in the garden that she had worked her miracle. Just yet she refrained reverently from disturbing too much in the crowded rooms, those repositories of family acquisitiveness. But a garden is a new thing every year and there, in the spring sunshine, she threw herself into the joy of creation. And now the place glowed. Looking at it from her bedroom window it was like a gorgeous piece of Dresden silk. In the lower part of the garden she discovered an

old pool, stone paved and stone rimmed, long filled in as a flower bed. She restored it and now it shimmered with dozens of red gold fish that turned and twisted under the placid water. She found a quaint garden piece, a small fat child struggling with a great fish.

After each long day in the garden Anne loved the quiet, the stilled, mute air about the old dining-room, at the pension. It, too, had survived out of those other days.

Ann walked on home and sat in her garden until the dusk had descended upon her like a blessing. All thought, all effort, seemed suspended. The trees were under a spell. Nothing stirred. Countless blossoms opened their secret hoards and poured out their perfume and they blended into a fragrance that lapped about her. Every night she felt the same mysterious ease and detachment. Sometimes as she leaned back in her chair she felt as if this sweetness, this scented solitude, was a preparation, a novitiate. The garden was a shrine.

As she rose at last to go into the house she was surprised to see a light in a window on the second floor of her neighbor's great tidy house. The lower end of her garden was divided from the garden of the big house only by a low red brick wall overgrown with vines. As much as she could see of the back of the house was always in darkness. Idly she wondered what had occured to disturb the orderly life of her neighbor.

AT SIX-FIFTEEN next evening Anne dropped as usual into her place at the table. She almost betrayed herself in her surprise when a few minutes later her neighbor entered, because just ahead of him walked a small boy, not more than ten, perhaps not more than nine years of age. He sat down opposite the man, beside the window He slid into his seat gently, a bit timidly. His brown hair was well trimmed. He wore a tweed jacket and knickers of faultless cut and good brown shoes. The man spoke to him and he answered with a quick little quirk of a smile and when it faded his long, oval face was wistful. He had the look of a sensitive, loveless lad, reluctant even to let his curiosity show itself. Obviously the man was having difficulty in getting him to express an opinion on the menu. He tried to make conversation but the child reserved himself behind his shy air. Presently he must have hit upon a subject that roused the lad for his face lightened and he talked rapidly, animatedly for a while. Then he lapsed again into his gentle timidity as if surprised into a volubility that was unseemly.

Anne glanced around at the others in the room. He had caused a flutter. Some of them actually frowned a little. Only one or two melted perceptibly. The armour man did. She frankly watched the child. She was not sentimental about children but she felt a curious yearning over the unnaturally gentle boy.

Thereafter the boy was in his place when the man arrived. But their progress was slow and each night the effort at conversation began all over again. Sometimes the boy's eyes lighted on Anne, shyly, but he always turned away when she looked at him.

'OH! I say! I am *awfully* sorry! I've knocked your flowers over!"

Anne looked in dismay at the broken stems and the very dirty ball that lay among them, but she turned to see a flushed face of the boy above the grape vines on the brick wall.

She smiled. He looked astonished. A momentous look of inspiration and longing crept into his eyes.

"May I—*may* I come over and fix them for you?"

"Do you think you could?" Anne's swift appeal satisfied his eagerness.

"Oh! rather! In a jiffy! Just you wait and see." He drew himself up to the top of the wall and springing lightly to avoid the vines, he landed on the turf beside her.

"Oh! what a *lovely* garden!" He turned slowly, surveying it from end to end with nods of satisfaction. "I've watched you working in it, you know," he confessed, "ever since I came home. But from up there it isn't half so nice as when you're right here in the middle of it." He went down on his knees beside the gold fish, rapturous.

"Here," said Anne, "give them some of this." He held the bits of wafer toward them and chuckled with delight when they came to his fingers to nibble daintily.

"Oh, I say, isn't this just all right! Aren't they whoppers!"

He got up from the rim reluctantly.

"But I came over on purpose to fix your flowers. I must do that and go home again."

"That's not very neighborly. I don't think you like my garden so very well after all."

"I adore it," he said a little breathlessly, "but I daren't stay."

"Why?"

"Because I'm being a nuisance to the neighbors."

"Who told you that?"

"Molly Anne did. She said I must be. She said it over and over again."

"But Molly Anne didn't ask the neighbors about it, did she?"

"She said small boys are always a nuisance—to everybody."

"I don't think Molly Anne knows much about neighbors or small boys," said Anne gravely.

He looked at her hopefully.

"Doesn't she? Do you suppose any of the neighbors might like

[Continued on page 67]

"May I come over?" he called.

Once again, one of the long rakish-looking "four point sevens," now plainly visible, puffed smoke, and this time a large column of water shot up within fifty feet of us.

The Ship of Missing Men

By Maurice W. Deed

Illustrated by Newton Brett

I WAS sitting on one of the balconies of the large boarding house, overlooking the bay, which Jim and I had made our headquarters during our short stay in Valparaiso, Chile, when he came along carrying a pair of binoculars.

"Take a look at that barque lying out there, Shorty," he said, "the one nearest us."

"What about her?" I asked, as I dropped my paper to raise the glasses.

"She's a Britisher," he explained, "and every trip she makes out here she loses a couple of men, and for all I know may lose a couple more on the passage home, but—"

"Washed overboard?" I questioned.

"No! that is, nobody knows how it happens, but it has happened for the last five trips, and that represents a bunch of men.

Jim leaned back on the settee as if he had the responsibility for the whole affair on his shoulders.

"Who told you that yarn?" I asked.

"Bill Lawson, proprietor of the 'Seamen's Rest'."

"Where did he get it?"

"He supplies the men to fill the gaps every trip, and he says Captain Kane seems as much puzzled as anyone. But he's superstitious like all seamen."

"Looks queer," I said, "I wonder the Captain is able to get a crew at all."

"Why not, Shorty? They don't know anything about it. It's a fresh crew every time, that's the way with all these sailing ships. They reach their home port, the men are paid off, blow their money in a week or less, and are off again in another boat long before their last vessel is ready for sea."

I could see that Jim was deeply interested. I did not wonder, for his father who was Captain of a vessel trading in these waters had disappeared ten years before, after an accident, and nothing had been heard of him since. Jim who was living with an aunt in Toronto during the whole period of school and college, did not remember his father very clearly, but he knew that his mother had never given up hope that her husband might some day return, and had continued to reside in Halifax for that reason.

As I took a second and more careful look at the ship I was wondering what bond it was that held Jim and me such close friends. We appeared to have nothing in common. He was big, I was little, hence my sobriquet of "Shorty;" though I never felt quite sure whether I had earned this on account of my lack of stature, or because of my short temper. In any case, Jim Richey was just the opposite, and was blessed with a quiet, genial, unassuming disposition that was refreshing to say the least. On the other hand his obstinate curiosity, which when once aroused had to be satisfied at any price, usually resulted in him getting his own way.

And that was the way it worked this time, for before the evening was out I had actually consented to ship with him as a foc'sle hand for the homeward voyage of the "Ship of Missing Men," and help him solve the mystery if mystery there was.

Bill Lawson, proprietor of "The Seamen's Rest," was to arrange it all and take us aboard an hour or two before she sailed for Tocopilla, where she would load nitrate for her home port. Any misgiving I may have had on the matter of being green to the job was swept aside by Bill declaring he had often shanghaied men aboard sailing ships who didn't know the stem from the stern!

As for Jim, he was as happy as a sand-boy at the prospect of having an opportunity to solve the mystery surrounding the Britisher.

And so, towards the end of December '97, the barque rigged "Ship of Missing Men" slid gracefully out from Tocopilla, Chile, bound for Falmouth, England; loaded to her plimsoll with nitrate, and with two green hands on board, camouflaged by Bill Lawson, the boarding house master at Valparaiso, to look like the genuine article.

I learnt quite a lot during our short run up the coast, and was already beginning to feel at home with my new environment (the gastronomical side being excepted), while as for Jim, he found so much to pique his curiosity that I knew he must be living in a sort of seventh heaven.

When I realized what a thrill he was getting out of it all I felt amply repaid for having given way to his hare-brained proposition.

WE WERE placed in different watches, he in the mate's, I in the second mate's, but we usually managed to get together in the second dog-watch (6 to 8 p.m.), when we were able to compare notes. The crew were a mixed lot, but we found them sociable enough with perhaps one exception; a great big fellow we shipped in Tocopilla, to replace a hand that had gone on the spree and not returned. He was agreeable enough when spoken to but did not seem to mix like the rest. However, we soon found the cause; the man had lost his memory. After that he was christened "Blankie."

I was taking my regular wheel with the rest of the crew and had ample opportunity for studying Captain Kane, as he took his sundry constitutionals up and down the poop.

A somewhat dark-featured, middle-aged man of heavy build, and wearing a large moustache which he kept well trimmed, he looked the typical master-mariner, but his dark piercing eyes which he never seemed to focus in any one direction for more than a second or two, conveyed an impression of intense restlessness.

Jim said he was of Latin extraction.

Whatever his nationality he was certainly an enigma to both of us.

That he was a man of iron nerve to stay with the mystery ship, we felt sure. Either that or some dreadful complication was drawing him. We heard somewhere that he had a wife and large family.

I was at the wheel one morning shortly after leaving port, when Blankie happened to come on the poop.

Much to my astonishment, Kane, who was standing close to me at the moment, seemed to catch his breath, turned pale and then hurried below.

Blankie came towards me rubbing his head in a puzzled way, and asked, "Who was that?"

"Captain Kane," I said, surprised that he did not know.

"Captain Kane, Captain Kane," he repeated, "seem to have heard the name somewhere;" but memory would not come to his aid.

It was summer time, and we bowled round Cape Horn in great style with a moderate westerly gale behind, and on the thirty-sixth day out from Tocopilla were about six hundred miles north-east of the Falkland Islands; according to Jim who got his information from the steward.

I had already reached the conclusion that we had come on a fool's errand, and for the sake of a few dollars Bill Lawson had slipped it over us; so one Sunday morning when we were alone I rubbed it in to Jim accordingly.

"You're too impatient Shorty," was all he said.

It was his watch on deck, but there was nothing stirring, so I sat down beside him, looking him up and down.

"Then you think it is all worth while?" I said, as I called to mind the squirming maggots I had endeavored to entice from a piece of hard-tack that morning.

"Sure, it is worth while," was the reply.

Four bells had just struck (10 a.m.), and I was preparing to go into the foc'sle in a not very cheerful frame of mind when there came a shout from aft.

It was the mate, wanting to know why the wheel had not been relieved. I looked enquiringly at Jim. "It's Anderson's wheel," he said, "perhaps he is sick."

We went to the foc'sle together but Anderson was not there. Jim looked bewildered, but a cold shiver ran down my spine. By this time the mate had come forward to investigate for himself.

Anderson was nowhere to be found!

In the meantime the watch on deck had been set to make a thorough search. Fore-peak, chain locker, sail locker, paint room, carpenter's shop and life-boats, even the lazarette was invaded; but no Anderson!

Jim and I met again in the dog-watch that evening.

"Any news?" I asked. He shook his head, pulling his pipe in silence.

"You didn't notice anything unusual during the middle watch?" (12 to 4 a.m.) I said.

"No," he replied, "there was nothing doing, and we didn't have to touch a rope, but I—" here he hesitated and then continued, "I did see the mate prowling around forward, and soon after saw him trying the lock of the carpenter's shop."

"Did he get in?" I asked.

"Don't know, didn't wait to see."

"What would he want in there during his watch on deck?" I remarked.

Jim shook his head.

"Well," I continued, with a good deal of irritation, "this is one time Jim when your insane curiosity is not going to be satisfied."

"Certainly looks like it, Shorty," he replied good-naturedly.

IT WAS the second evening after this when Jim came to me all excited.

"Look here Shorty," he said, holding up a couple of letters, "read that."

"Captain Percy Richey, Box 65, Valparaiso, Chile;" I read it slowly, wondering what it could mean.

"That's my mother's writing," said Jim, "and I found them in Kane's room!"

"Have you read them?" I asked.

"Not yet," he said, "I had no time. I was taking out the little stove in the saloon for the steward and had to go into the Old Man's room to take down the last two lengths of pipe. The soot fell out and went all over some books and papers that had either fallen or been thrown into a corner. I was lifting some of them to shake the soot off when I recognized that handwriting, even before I saw the name."

"Better read them," I said.

He went into the foc'sle to escape observation, and in a few minutes I joined him.

"Both are ten years old," he said, "and both name the enclosure of a bank draft; in one case to pay for a couple of operations, and the other to cover the cost of a law-suit for damages."

"Now listen to this," he continued, taking up one of the letters. " 'I shall be so glad when you can use your hand again; your typed letters do not seem the same thing to me. A change seems to have come over you since your accident; why not come home and let me do the nursing?' "

Jim restored the letter to its envelope with a frown.

"I don't understand why Kane should have these letters in his possession," he remarked.

"That is something we've got to find out," I said.

WE crawled through the Doldrums with its baffling calms, nursing every available puff of wind.

There was no lack of work; everything had to be looking as if it had just come out of a glass case before we reached port.

Jim had become a general favorite with all hands, even the man with the unknown past had thawed somewhat and had actually made advances in his direction.

As I was going below one afternoon I noticed that Blankie had the job of scraping down the main t'gallant mast, and was slung in a bosun's chair for the purpose. (A narrow piece of wood suspended by a single rope, much like a swing).

I had just stepped inside the foc'sle when I heard a shout, the rattle of a sheave as a rope tore round it, then a crash! Blankie was down! The rope on which his life depended had parted!

We laid him out and looked him over. All kinds of cuts and bruises, but nothing broken as far as we could tell.

We got him to his bunk, still unconscious, and the steward was called upon to render first aid, or last aid, as the case might be.

Jim and I met again that evening. There was a grim look on his face. Taking me by the arm he led me to the fore-hatch.

"I brought this here," he said, picking up one end of a small coil of rope, "look at it."

It was the piece of gantline that had let Blankie down from aloft. I examined it carefully.

It was an old piece of stuff at best, but it was perfectly clear that two of the strands had been cut, and the third had naturally parted!

"It's a clean cut," I said.

"You're damned right," said Jim hotly, "d'you think it was the mate? he was around at the time."

I called to mind Kane's strange behaviour at Blankie's first appearance on the poop, shortly after leaving Tocopilla.

"I don't know," I said, deeply puzzled; "there's something queer going on all right."

The following evening I was watching some flying-fish do their stunts when I received a blow in the back that gave me good reason to believe my spine and ribs had short-circuited!

It was only Jim. "Blankie has gone," he said.

"Why take it out on me?" I exclaimed, as I wriggled my spine into place again.

His looks belied his words, and I knew he had something of importance to tell me.

"Yes," he repeated, trying to keep a straight face, "Blankie has gone, but—" and here he came closer, lowering his voice, "Old King Neptune has supplied a new 'hand' in the person of Captain Percy Richey!"

[Continued on page 46]

He crashed the whole weight of his big frame against the door

Mrs. Hoffman and pony.

"Tales of Hoffman"

By R. W. Hardy

THE following record of adventure and what the reader will call coincidence or the hand of God, depending upon his religious convictions, could scarcely be mistaken for fiction. It is all too obviously impossible. In this sophisticated and somewhat incredulous age, everyone knows that the pieces in the jig-saw puzzle of life do not fit together with such miraculous exactitude. Such things could not occur in real life, we say; and so they do not occur—except in real life. Truth is indeed stranger than fiction.

The events to be related centre around the person of Rev. Frank Hoffman, LL.D., B.D., sometime college professor, war prisoner, Bolshevist fugitive, transcontinental tramp, stowaway, gate-crasher extraordinary on three continents and in eight languages, or what have you. At present he is acting as missionary at large under the United Church of Canada to seventeen Hungarian settlements scattered over an area of sixty thousand square miles in Saskatchewan. In his spare moments —one can guess how spare they are—he is editor-in-chief of "Az Otthon"—"The Home," a small magazine published for, and in the language of the same people. Should you be fortunate enough to find him at home when you call at his attractive residence, in the shadow of the University in Saskatoon, you would be greeted with a gracious courtliness that would make you feel like royalty; and at the same time painfully aware of our native Canadian lack of manners. Dr. Hoffman's charm of address is not at all Canadian—alas for Canada! You would receive an impression of unlimited vitality from his magnificent physique, radiant with health, the result of years of participation in wrestling, swimming, fencing and field sports; in short, an impression of something like perpetual youth. Only afterward would you remember that the hair and close-cropped moustache are quite grey, and in the smiling eyes are strange depths, as of one who has looked on life—and death.

To understand later events, the outline of Dr. Hoffman's early life must be known. The story begins in far-off Hungary, and in the orthodox way. Born of humble parents in the village of Kummodaras, young Frank burned to possess an education. The details may be imagined, of how this talented, persistent Magyar lad, with little assistance apart from earned government scholarships, finally graduated from the agricultural college at Keszthaly; became manager of a model farm at Kolozsvar; completed the course in Law leading to the Doctor's degree; and was appointed to the chair of Economics and Statistics at Kassa Agricultural College. He had also completed two years of military training, receiving a lieutenant's commission in a cavalry regiment. In 1907 he was sent by his University on a two year's tour to study conditions in other lands. This included visits to Switzerland, Germany, Holland, United States, and in 1909, Canada. He spent considerable time in the large Hungarian settlement near Yorkton, and formed an acquaintance with Dr. T. Patrick which was destined to have far-reaching consequences just ten years later. On his return home, he became secretary to the Lieutenant-Governor of Esztergom in addition to carrying on his professorial work. In 1913, his home was broken up by the death of his wife, and his only son, Frank, a twelve-year-old lad, came to New York to be educated at the Presbyterian College at Manhattan. A year later, the boy went to friends in California, and by a catastrophe, father and son were lost to each other. That catastrophe was the outbreak of the war, which ran a ring of fire and steel between them; Austria found herself in need of a great many soldiers in something of a hurry; the fatal declaration of war occurred on July twenty-eighth; four days later, Dr. Hoffman had been metamorphosed into Lieutenant Hoffman; and he was riding north with the Hungarian National Guard, without having received his son's new address. That ride was the beginning of a journey around the globe.

SOMETHING of ancient romance was in those early days of open warfare. They rode through the pleasant country-side as though on manoeuvres of peace-time. They crossed the Vistula River into Russian territory at Pacanova. His squadron was immediately detached for service as an advance guard. Nothing was seen of hostile forces for several days, and the advance continued without incident. Finally, on September seventeenth, word reached them that Russian troops had just evacuated some trenches close ahead at Lublin, and the advance guard was ordered to occupy the position. It was a dirty night; black as pitch and raining pitchforks. It was not exactly a night one would choose for a pleasure trip, but the prospect of shelter in snug Russian dug-outs was consoling. As horses are *de trop* in the best trench circles, the Hussars had dismounted and were plodding forward on foot. At last the faint irregularities of earthworks appeared; only a little farther now; someone even saw the gleam of a rubber cloak. So thoughtful of the retiring Russians to leave them; rubber groundsheets would be most acceptable on a wet night. The foremost cavalryman reached the trench and prepared to clamber down; what luck! There seemed to be plenty of cloaks for everyone, and then things began to happen! There was a startled yell that ran quickly the whole length of the trench. There were plenty of cloaks, but each one was sheltering a surprised and exceedingly belligerant Russian trooper. The rumor that they had evacuated the position was, like the report of Mark Twain's death, grossly exaggerated. [Continued on page 28]

Left—*Mr. Hoffman is snapped while partaking of refreshment during the building of a community hall at Mistatim, Saskatchewan.* Right—*A photograph of the Reverend Frank Hoffman taken while a Siberian prisoner of war.*

The Spirit of the Valley

By C. B. Robertson

Apple Picking in the Okanagan Valley

THERE was an Irish girl on the Observation Platform on the Kettle Valley train with me. There were others, of course, but not particularly interesting individuals. As for this girl, she won my heart. She was crying. She wept big, round, tears which rolled down her chubby cheeks, and off the end of her shiny nose.

"Makes you feel that way—does it?" I enquired. She put out her hand—a rough, hard-working hand—and squeezed mine. "It's so beautiful that it catches my breath, and makes my nose tickle, and makes me want to howl like a banshee!" she said, with a gulp.

We were travelling from Penticton to Vancouver —through the Okanagan Valley and the Cascade Mountains. We clicketty-clacked over the rails up to nearly four thousand feet above the sea, and then down again from the snow and rugged grandeur of the heights, through the tall timbers and rocky cliffs of radiant color, where snowy waterfalls rushed and splashed to the rivers below. For nine hours we sat on the dinky little chairs on the platform, deserting them only to go to the diner for food; and, once, to leave the train when it stopped at a little settlement, that we might pick some wild flowers.

Tacked up against the small station was a large, lettered proclamation: "DON'T MISS THE GREAT EMPIRE DAY CELEBRATION AT HOPE! RACES! FIREWORKS! GOD SAVE THE KING!" I read the thing casually, and was surprised to see that it affected the girl from the Old Land, so deeply that I hustled her back on the train for fear that she would break down and sob on my chest! Her eyes were shining like small bonfires! "Think of it," she said. "Away off here in the mountains, surrounded by all this marvellous beauty which is Canada—they're thinking in terms of Empire!" I suppose that I looked a bit blank, for a rush of words followed in explanation: "Oh, no doubt you take it all as a matter of course. You're used to it—but I'm just a few weeks out from Home, and it's all so wonderful to me—the knowledge that I haven't really left Home at all—the warm friendliness—the feeling of Empire-unity which is so little understood in the old land. Then all this beauty—and loving it so—and the conviction that it is mine, too, because, although I am not a Canadian, I am a part of the Empire, though I've never realized it before!"

She talked on, eagerly: "I expected to find it a 'new country,' as they say, but the glory of the lakes and rivers and these magnificent mountains which take my breath away in big gasps, is that they are timeless—ageless—enfolding in their mighty hearts the little towns and settlements—which are young, perhaps, but also expressive of the timeless things—man's conquering spirit—his courage in wresting from Nature a living for his loved ones!"

"Hold on a minute," I told her. "That 'wresting a living' expression is altogether too significant of conflict—which is the spirit of older civilizations. This thing isn't a fight with Nature; it's a co-operation with Nature, the Great Giver. Make no mistake about that. Human creatures don't love an enemy who strives to thwart them, and we of Canada love Nature, which may *test* all our courage and faith, sometimes, but never strives to *thwart* a man who loves her."

I TOLD her of the building of Penticton, that beautiful town in the Valley, where over four thousand people now live. There are no magnificent "residences" there, no stately Cathedrals, such as express the Church for this Dublin girl, no great riches—but no great poverty either; and homes—such lovable little homes, each with its garden, and fruit trees and hedges. Lovely little churches, their spires pointing to the sunny blue skies. Banks and fine shops, and a hotel which, like so many of the homes, looks out across the Okanagan Lake to the mountains beyond the Valley. And everywhere about the town orchards—orchards—orchards!

Twenty-five years ago, I told her, Penticton consisted of a ranch, a village store, a few little cottages, and about twenty-five people—employees of the ranch which was owned by an Irishman by the name of Ellis. Yes—the population consisted chiefly of the ranch's five thousand head of cattle. However—Ellis planted an orchard on that ranch of his, forninst his big, log ranch house. (You should see those old apple trees today! I know that they have souls, and memories—and they will never grow really old. They are like some of the people whom I met in the Valley—blossoming with new faith with each coming year.) After a time, Ellis sold out his ranch to the Southern Okanagan Land Company; and many of the great acres were sold in lots, of about ten acres each, for fruit growing—and that was the beginning of one of the most famous fruit-growing developments within the British Empire. The B.C. Government later took over all the lower part of the Valley, planted, irrigated, cultivated—and that is the famous Oliver District which has brought opportunity, and made possible homes and families for many young men, including war-weary young veterans who asked of life only peace and security, and the right to earn a living far from the industrial conflict of big cities.

It was M. C. Kendall (Land Agent of Penticton, and one of the Old Timers), who told me of the settlement as it was when he first came to Penticton from England as a young chap, to ranch. He told of the talks around the stove in the village store on winter evenings, in the old [Continued on page 60]

Spraying the Fruit Trees

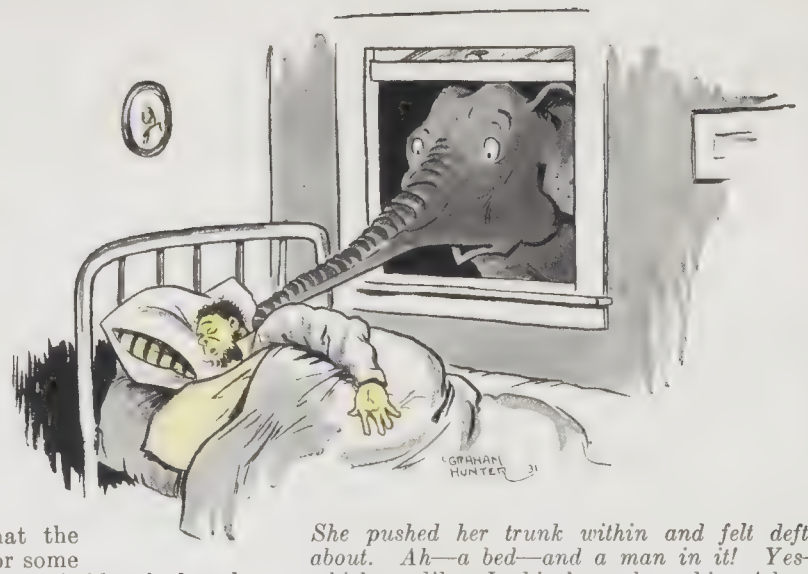
Okanagan Lake, British Columbia

The Truancy of Nellie

By Norman H. Crowell

Author of "The Sportsman's Primer," Etc.

Illustrations by J. Graham Hunter



She pushed her trunk within and felt deftly about. Ah—a bed—and a man in it! Yes—whiskers like Jenkins'—and a big Adam's apple!

THROUGH the midnight shadows of a narrow street moved a lumbering mass—huge, slow and noiseless. Beside it, the dim figure of a man staggered along with uncertain steps, mumbling occasional low words to his towering companion to which she answered by gentle puffings indicative of her absolute trust in him.

Jenkins was on his way to the loading switch but, unconsciously, had been bearing away strongly to the left for upwards of a half hour. Several blocks behind his charge had hesitated in her gait upon hearing the deep bass voice of old Nero, the lion, far to her right, but Jenkins had urged her on. Young and innocent, she had rolled her nine thousand odd pounds of bulk along uncomplainingly, happy so long as Jenkins was at hand to protect her.

The street grew darker and Nellie, in consequence, kept her eye closer upon the laboring form beside her. When Jenkins lagged, she lagged; when he made speed, she quickened her pace. Presently Jenkins stumbled at a crossing and fell heavily. Nellie stopped and waited for him to rise. After a reasonable time, she reversed herself and extended an inquiring proboscis toward her prostrate keeper.

In a pocket of his coat she located a strange glass affair with a cork in it. She tossed it into a vacant lot near by. She next inserted the tip of her trunk beneath Jenkins' collar and blew down his spine—a favorite performance with her. This time, however, he did not respond with the accustomed caress.

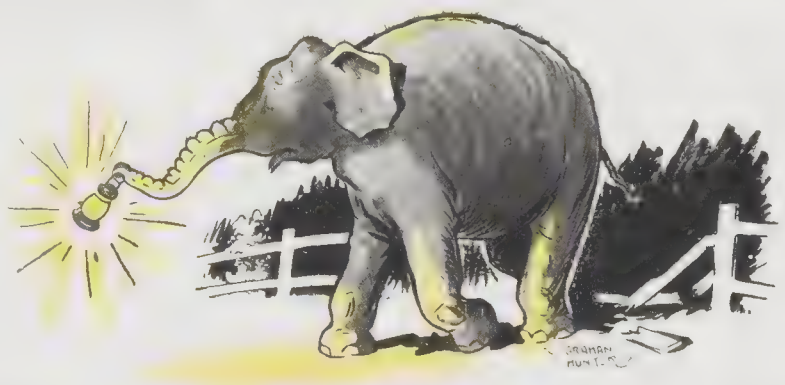
Coiling her trunk into the slack at Jenkins' waistline, she gently shook the man. He swore with a heavy lisp and struck out with his clenched hand. Nellie stood flapping her ears thoughtfully, a feeling of loneliness stealing over her. She glanced up at the dark houses that loomed sepulchrally on either hand and again tried to rouse her lord. He was, however, blissfully at sea and her efforts went unrewarded.

Nellie crooked her right hind knee in a studious attitude and pondered. She felt deserted, and blinked bravely to keep back the tears as she thought of her comfortable car and the society of little Pete, her chum.

As she was turning the matter over in her mind an intruder came upon the scene. A small whiskered muzzle appeared at a crack in the rough boards, followed immediately by two beady black eyes. A tiny scratching and the animal came out to view, its twitching nostrils focussed intently upon the giant bulk before it. Nellie was so absorbed in her thoughts that the newcomer was not observed for some seconds. Then suddenly, her cheek blanched and her knees smote together in a frenzy of horror.

A mouse! Alone at midnight with a mouse!

Nellie's heart beat furiously, and she lifted her trunk in a panic of fear. The mouse advanced two inches—it was too much for mortal elephant, and with a shriek of fright Nellie wheeled and sped from the scene. Hysterical and ready to drop from exhaustion, she at length relaxed her pace. The tall buildings had given place to broad fields, and she felt easier in consequence. The narrow street was now a wide, comfortable highway, bordered by trees and hedges. Nellie drew a shivering breath and glanced backward to make sure she was not being pursued by the enemy. Hearing nothing, she began plodding on, talking to herself in a strange African tongue and longing for Jenkins.



She had often carried a lantern for Jenkins, and was femininely proud of the accomplishment.

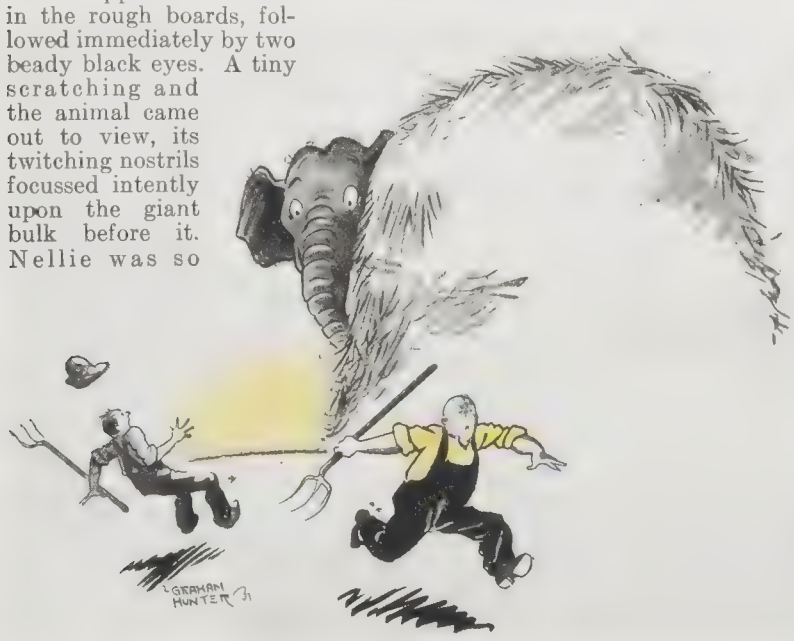
Presently her quick ear caught the sound of voices—someone was approaching. The rattling of loose spokes told her that some sort of a vehicle was abroad, and she hoped it would be one of the bright yellow Roman chariots that she had often admired. As the cart came nearer she edged up to the hedge on her right and paused, thinking to pass unobserved. She beheld two men behind lighted cigars, punctuating a rather verbose conversation by strenuous whacks across the ribs of a decrepit white horse.

"Git up there, Bill! Be you dead?" Evidently this was to the horse, thought Nellie. Another voice laughed hoarsely.

"Too old, Col! Can't 'spect that an'mal to be no racehoss at his aige!" said the laugher.

"No-o, of course! But he orter—say, whoa! What's th'—whoa there! Bill, whoa-oa-oa!"

But Bill had regained his youth like the eagle, and was annihilating distance like a conflagration. Nellie turned her head and listened. From the rattling distance a dull crash, with yells, came dimly back—Bill had been obstructed in his flight.



Nellie proceeded around the stack to investigate the mystery. The men faded like morning mist.

NELLIE rubbed gently at a ticklish spot on her shoulder before stepping gingerly out into the thoroughfare to resume her way. An hour went by and the pangs of hunger manifested themselves. She stopped and studied. Hunger suggested hay — hay suggested Jenkins—should she return and try to find her master? She pondered the question a moment before she remembered the danger, then, with a quick toss of her head she told herself that not for gold would she face the hideous monster that lurked near her fallen keeper.

Five minutes steady plodding and her eye lit on a barn close by the road. Rich, succulent hay protruded from a lower window, and Nellie's attention was arrested instantly. She spent some time analyzing the gate, then, giving it up, stepped on it and passed through. Sidling up to the barn she began stowing the juicy edible down her pink mouth in supreme content.

Inside the barn arose strange sounds—snortings, pawings, stampings — Nellie wondered why horses behaved so badly at night when they ought to be soundly sleeping.

She reached in through the window, gathered a wisp and started to bring it back. It resisted—she pulled harder, and a wild panic ensued within, mingled with piercing squeals. Suddenly realizing that she had grasped a whisp of a horse's mane, Nellie relaxed her grip in extreme mortification. The pandemonium inside increased—Nellie felt dubious, and crowded up to the barn timidly.

A door slammed viciously and excited voices became audible. Nellie thought of Jenkins, far, far away, and little shivers of fear shook her frame. She wondered if she was doing wrong.

Two forms appeared around the corner, one swinging a lantern.

"See anything, Bud?" remarked the taller.

"Nope, not a darn—Great Scott! Yow-oo!"

The forms vanished, leaving the lantern, which Nellie at once picked up. She had often carried a lantern for Jenkins, and was femininely proud of the accomplishment. She sought the gate and wended her way off up the inky lane, swinging the lantern in broad waves before her.

A mile brought her in range of a seductive smokehouse, and she paused to inspect it. A broad door permitted her entrance, and, aided by the lantern, she was industriously creating havoc among rows of cured hams, when she distinguished rapidly approaching footsteps.

"Up with your hands, Jim Higgins!" called a rude voice close by.

Nellie wheeled about quickly. The result was disastrous—the walls burst to right and left, leaving the roof nestling cozily about Nellie's broad back. Picking up the lantern she raced madly many rods ere she could shake the roof off. How her pulse throbbed as she waved the crushed lantern, wondering why it gave no light.

THE air grew chilly, and Nellie thought wistfully of her warm berth in her private car. Her eyelids grew heavy and, after heroic efforts, she decided to seek out a place and sleep. A narrow lane presented itself, and Nellie entered it. A low-roofed house close at hand attracted her, and she approached. Suddenly she stopped—her heart beating hopefully. There was a window in the house exactly like the one in her car—perhaps Jenkins was inside!

She drew nearer and examined the window—it was open just as the one in the car always was. Then she pushed her [Continued on page 56]

The Mighty Hunter's Bride Rebels

Showing How a Woman Looks at the Duck Shooting Season

By Isabel Turnbull Dingman

Illustrations by Charles Thorndike

I found him in the basement, sitting on a box, oiling a gun and crooning softly to himself. Nearby was a shabby trunk with the world's worst collection of old clothes trickling from it.

WELL, my dear, I'm sure I hope you'll be very happy, and I think Jack's a very lucky boy. But darling, I seem to have heard—do find out one thing before you go any farther—does he go duck hunting, and if so, how? You may not think this has much to do with wedded bliss, but take it from one who has been through the mill, it's a very important question. Let's drop in here for tea and I'll explain.

In the good old days when man's chief vocation was to sally forth with bow and spear and secure food for the family, there was a certain magnificence in the gesture when he came home and threw his gory burden in triumph at the feet of his women folk. And it was quite in keeping for the women folk to murmur the prehistoric equivalent of "How wonderful you are!" and set to work skinning the creatures and preparing them for consumption, while the lordly male went off to enjoy the prehistoric equivalent of a pipe and easy chair. It was their job. But times have changed. Not one city man in a hundred ever kills anything to eat now, and not one city woman in a hundred knows anything about getting it ready for the pot. Especially a city woman who has just graduated from a business career to being first lady of the kitchen. Don't I know it! Thanks to a mother-in-law complex and a strong stomach I came through the ordeal all right. But believe me, there isn't going to be any next time!

When I married Jim last year, I knew vaguely that he liked duck shooting and had a lodge with some other men up north, but I scarcely gave the matter a thought, until in early September he disappeared to the basement one night. I found him down there sitting on a box, oiling a gun and crooning softly to himself, while behind him was a shabby trunk with the world's worst collection of old clothes trickling from it.

"Whatever are you doing?" I cried. "Have you forgotten that the Smith's are coming over for contract, and it's time you were dressed?"

"That's all right, baby," he said. "You just send Frank down here when they come. He belongs to the lodge outfit too; there are several things I want to talk over with him."

Before I could register a protest, the phone called me upstairs, and the Smiths arrived early. I told Frank that Jim was in the basement oiling his gun, and at once a bright smile spread over his face.

"I'll go right down. Just be a minute, girls," he promised. And that was the last we saw of either of them until 10.30, though we stood at the top of the steps at regular intervals, and coaxed, wheedled, commanded or dared them to come up.

HOWEVER, that was only the early stage of the disease. Next week Jim presented me with a grocery list to fill for him. On it was a ham, quantities of tinned goods, pounds of butter, pails of jam, really enough food to keep a family for a month.

"Whatever is this?" I cried. "Are you undertaking to provide for a widow and ten orphans?"

He looked so surprised. "No, that's my share of the grub for the shooting trip. That is, what I'm to look after bringing. We keep track of the cost and divvy up evenly." And he went on to explain that the same gang which had shot together for five years were going out to the lodge the following Thursday, returning some time on Saturday.

"And what about me?" I asked, dismayed. I'd never stayed alone a night before.

"Oh, get one of the girls in," he said airily. Never a word about being sorry to leave me or anything like that!

Came the afternoon they took off, and honestly, I never saw him so excited before. His demeanour at our wedding was comparatively calm and cool. He rushed in and out of the house, put things down and forgot where he laid them, then had to unpack the rumble seat three times to make sure he had put everything in. Dozens of little boys appeared on the scene, as little boys will, and I heard some of them say "Look at the funny men." It was no wonder—both he and Frank wore such awful looking outfits—I wouldn't insult the Salvation Army by presenting them with anything twice as good, and when I tried to imagine the effect of their

"We had four duck dinners within the next week, and Jim was so disappointed that I wouldn't eat any. My dear, I couldn't!"

waders on top—well, I was glad for the sake of Romance that I wouldn't be there to see.

But I wish you could have seen them when they staggered into the house Saturday night. No cat would have bothered dragging them in, no self-respecting tide would have touched them. The clothes were worse than ever, their faces were all sunburned, their eyes bloodshot, and you'd never believe anybody could grow as much stubbly beard in two days. Each man carried a grain sack over his shoulder, and at sight of Marge and me, they threw out their chests and grinned triumphantly.

"Enter the mighty hunters!" sang Jim. "Boy, didn't we have a trip, though!" He gave me a peck on the cheek, said "All right?" in a lukewarm tone, and then, without noticing how the indifference wounded me, marched right through to the kitchen and flung his sack down.

"Look at that!" he gloated. "Fifty birds, and I shot every one of them myself. Frank did pretty nearly as well. Boy, it was a great trip." Then he knelt beside the sack, undid the string around its top, and while Marge and I clung together, out dropped a huge pile of ducks in a cold, wet, bloodstained heap all over my nice clean floor. Then he began sorting them out, putting them in little clusters of two or three, chanting happily to himself and Frank.

"Those mallards will do for Uncle Alex — can't send him anything less," he began. "And look at those redheads—pretty birds, aren't they? — yes, I'll send them to old Bill. He couldn't get away this time. There's a widgeon and a spoonbill—guess we'll keep them—and yes, we'd better keep the teal. Sort of hate to give away anything so small. We'll have to keep a few mallards for yours truly, though —look, aren't they beautiful?" And he held up a big duck with a crimson splash on its breast, and its head hanging limply like a weight on the end of a rope. "'Member how I shot that one, Frank?" And he told a long-winded yarn about almost upsetting the boat, and what Frank said, and what he did, and the narrow escape Charlie Burns had from shooting Teddy Ash, and a lot more stuff that I couldn't follow. All the while he continued laying out ducks in little piles, leaving a lot in one big heap.

Finally he went around with more string, and tied those in the small groups together by their necks. "There—I'll deliver those after supper—and say, old girl, the snappier with the food the better I'll like it. While I'm doing the Santa Claus stuff you can deal with these," and he waved to the monstrous mound. "You'll have lots of nice feathers for pillows when you get through picking that bunch."

"Picking them? Me?" I asked, stunned with surprise. "Why, I thought you men would finish the job you started!"

You should just have heard those two goofs roar. "We pick them?" they shrieked between gusts of mirth. "That sure is a good one! Expect us to provide food and prepare it too? No, that's the woman's job. If you don't know how, call up mother. She always did it. Should have seen the way the feathers flew when she got busy, too."

I guess I had turned white around the gills, and I was all set to say I'd never touch his nasty old ducks, when that crack about his mother came along. You can imagine how that made me feel, and I decided I'd die before I'd confess that I wasn't up to anything my dear mother-in-law could manage.

It seemed no time till the two brutes had wolfed down a lot of food and gone out into the night with their ghastly burden, leaving me and Marge to face that pile of twenty-odd cold, wet ducks.

"Have you ever picked one?" I shivered.

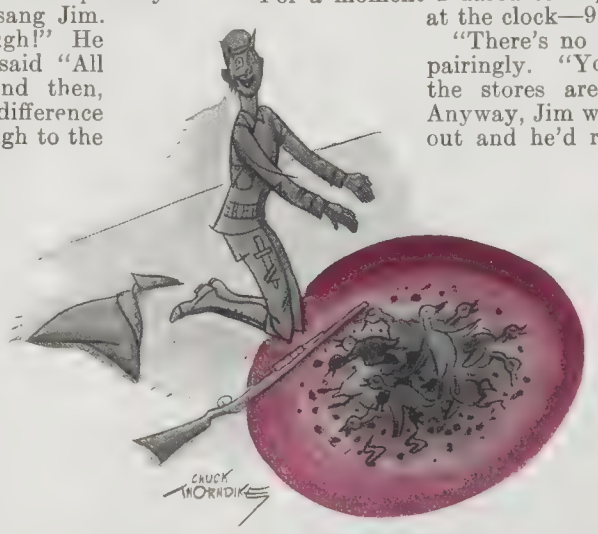
"No," she replied.

"Neither have I—let alone take the inside out of one," I muttered through set teeth.

"Well, why not take them to the butcher?" she suggested helpfully. "He'll dress them very reasonably. Seems to me I'd rather do without any new hats for a year than tackle that job."

For a moment I dared to hope. Then I looked at the clock—9.30 p.m.

"There's no time!" I cried despairingly. "You know how busy the stores are Saturday nights. Anyway, Jim would be sure to find out and he'd razz the life out of me. As it is, he can't understand why I don't know as much as his mother does about the tricks of running a house. I'd like to see her turned loose in the office where I used to earn a nice taxable income!"



He dropped a huge pile of ducks in a cold, wet, bloodstained heap all over my nice clean floor. Then he began sorting them out, chanting happily to himself and Frank.

"Well, old pal," said Marge, "this is plainly a case of the new woman forced to show

[Continued on page 56]

The Black Box of Silence

An Exceptional Story Containing Thrills, Mystery and Romance

By Francis Lynde

Illustrated by Herbert Rudeen

AS THE curtain fell upon the first act of George Bernard Shaw's *Candida*, Betty Lawson, daughter of the Professor of Physics in the local college at Carthage, and most captivating of *Candidas*, was obliged to respond to several calls before the applause would permit the orchestra to play for the intermission.

The right hand proscenium box, on this occasion, was occupied by two young men, Owen Landis and his friend Walter Markham, son of the city's leading banker. Landis sat in the shadow of the box draperies with what appeared to be an overgrown camera on his knee and as soon as the orchestra was in full swing he drew an electric extension cord from his pocket and connected the box on his knee with a light socket in the wall. Focusing the box on the musicians he pressed a switch and immediately all sounds from the orchestra ceased and the musicians appeared to be making gestures in a pantomine. Quickly Landis pressed the switch and at once the music flooded the theatre again.

Back in his laboratory after the show, Landis explained to his friend the principle of his invention which, instead of transmitting and amplifying sound, as was done by radio, had the opposite effect, and neutralized sound waves. After a long talk on the possibilities of the new scientific marvel Markham said good-night, but before leaving he took Owen to task for the way he had been neglecting Betty Lawson, and warned him that a rival had appeared in the person of Bert Canby, a newcomer who was engineering a development scheme for the city.

"I'm no alarmist," he said, "but are you gentlemen 'heeled,' as we say out in this part of the world?"

Early next morning Markham was called to the telephone and a strained voice which he barely recognized as tnat of Landis came over the wire: "Is that you, Wally? For heaven's sake come around here to the house as quick as you can. *My safe's been opened and the black box is gone!*"

Markham hurried over to the Landis home, and there a careful search revealed only one clue, the print of a woman's golf shoe in the soft earth outside the laboratory window. Markham knew, from a peculiar mark on the sole, that the shoe belonged to Betty Lawson, and while he felt sure that she was innocent he suspected that Bert Canby, her escort to the theatre the previous night, might bear watching.

In spite of all their carefully guarded efforts, no trace of the black box was to be found, and then, a few days later the morning newspapers carried the account of a mysterious bank robbery at Perthdale, where a violent explosion had wrecked the premises, yet, strange to relate, no one had heard a sound. The theory was advanced that a new explosive, noiseless in its operation, had been invented. But Owen Landis knew that there was another explanation of the phenomenon.

Hastily packing a few necessaries, Landis and Markham jumped into the latter's car and headed for Perthdale, to learn that the only suspicious circumstance was the presence in front of the bank earlier in the evening of a black touring car, with two men ostensibly working on the engine, and a third man in the car.

A second noiseless bank robbery, this time with a murder added, led the two friends to Smithbury, only to find that the three men in the black touring car had been seen again, but had identified themselves as business men from Louisville on a trip to Colorado. Later in the day the car itself was found at a small town garage, where it had been sold to the garage owner, the two occupants declaring their intention of continuing their journey west by train. Later it was learned that a man answering the description of the third man of the trio had purchased a new car from a dealer in the same town and had driven away in it.

Next morning came the news that a bank in a small town some fifty miles west had been blown up early in the night, and again, so the wire report said, the explosion had not awakened the people sleeping directly across the street.

Part II

"WELL, I guess that knocks the last, lingering doubt for the count," was Markham's comment upon the railroad telegrapher's story of the latest foray. "Here's about the way it shapes up. The two who took the train dropped off at the agreed-upon place, and the other drove the new Fleetwing. Finish your coffee and we'll check up on the guess."

A ninety-minute run brought them to the scene of the latest raid, the market town of a farming community. Pausing only long enough to get the facts of the bank wrecking, they drove to the railroad station and questioned the agent. The man's answers confirmed Markham's guess. Two men, carrying suit cases and something that the agent thought was a camera, had arrived on the local train of the previous afternoon, and, instead of going up-town, took a waiting auto and drove away. Asked if he had noticed the auto particularly, the agent said he hadn't; just saw that it was a closed car.

"This was late in the afternoon, wasn't it?" Markham asked.

"Along about dusk. Forty-three was held up by a freight wreck and she was away late." Then

came the usual query: "You fellows detectives?"

Markham denied, with a shake of his head and a good-natured laugh, and they took their leave. When they were again whipping the miles to the rear, he said, "Simple enough, isn't it?"

"Perfectly. They drove away and waited until the town was asleep."

"Check," said Markham. "And afterwards?"

"Their job done, they went on west—for a guess. That's the way they've been heading all along."

Silence for another mile, and then Landis spoke again.

"We've been missing one bet as we came along, Wally: the names of these three men. We could have got them from the Terre Haute sheriff, or yesterday from the garage man and the auto dealer in Chillicothe."

"Nothing to that. If they're the crooks we think they are, they'd use *aliases*, of course; and different ones in different places."

"No, you're wrong there. So far as we've been able to learn, they have been posing consistently as three business men from Louisville right from the beginning. And you'll remember that two of them gave the Chillicothe garage man a Louisville address to which he could wire."

"That's so; I'd forgotten that. It's either a clean slate, or the nerviest bluff that was ever put up, Owen—and I'm still believing it's a bluff."

Inquiring as they went, they heard no word of a Fleetwing Eight until they reached the eastern suburb of St. Joseph. But here, at one of the "chain" filling stations, the submerged trail came to the surface again. The night man's memoranda showed that a new Fleetwing Eight had stopped for gas. Driving on into the city, and to the principal hotel, they found that three westbound tourists, hailing from Louisville, had come in shortly after midnight and had gone immediately to bed. They had checked out after breakfast and had resumed their journey; or so the hotel clerk inferred.

Looking up the names signed in the register Markham made a note of them; and a little later a wire of inquiry went to the cashier of a Louisville bank with which the Carthage Savings Bank & Trust had had business dealings. The answer, which came while Landis and Markham were eating luncheon, was in the nature of a sudden bucketing of cold water.

"Here's where we get it in the nose,' said Markham with a sheepish grin, as he handed the telegram to Landis. "Read that, and then say we're not needing somebody to kick us around the block for a couple of boneheaded amateurs!"

Landis read the few typewritten lines:

To Walter Markham,
St. Joseph, Missouri.
Parties named are prominent business men this city Stop They left for Colorado, driving, some days ago Stop Understand they are interested in Western mines.
A. J. Westover.

and he was matching Markham's grin when he passed the square of yellow paper back across the table.

"I guess that settles it definitely. We might have saved a good bit of gas if we had got these names in Terre Haute and wired from there. You said, in the beginning, it might turn out to be a wild-goose chase, and it has."

"I'll say it has!" Markham grunted. "Just the same, there are still a few things that need explaining. These men started from Louisville for Colorado: why are they taking this roundabout route when it's shorter by way of Vincennes, St. Louis and Kansas City?"

"I don't know. But there may be a dozen perfectly good reasons."

"All right; we'll cross that off. Next comes this shifty bit of business in Chillicothe yesterday; selling one car and buying another; and the split and pick-up at the town where the last bank blast was touched off. And, back of that, there's the fact that we trailed them out of two other towns where smashes occurred. Rather too many coincidences, don't you think?"

"Nothing to that, either. Coincidences are as common in real life as they are in novels. We may as well turn around and go home, Wally."

"Oh, hold on. We may have been chasing the wrong bunch; I'll admit it looks that way now. But the fact remains that we've been right on the heels of *some* bunch that has been raising Cain with these country-town banks, and doing it with the help of something that blots out the noise. And the last of these Cain-raisings is only a few miles—and hours—behind us right now."

"Well, where does that leave us?"

"Pretty well up in the air, I'll have to admit. We've been concentrating so pointedly upon these three Louisville chaps that we haven't been able to see the wood for the trees. We may have to turn around and go home, as you say, but we'll do a bit of thinking first."

A few minutes later, when they were settling their bill, the clerk said: "You were inquiring about those three Louisville gentlemen who left this morning. Are they friends of yours?"

"Not exactly friends," Markham evaded. "But we thought we'd like to meet them. We are both slightly acquainted in Louisville."

"I see," said the clerk. "You may overtake 'em yet. They're making their first long motor trip, I imagine. Somewhere east of this their car gave out, and two of 'em decided to quit and take to the railroad. But the other was game; sold the disabled machine, bought another, and wired the train-takers to stop off and let him pick 'em up—which they did. They were talking about it this morning when they paid their bill."

"That's that," said Landis, as they turned away. "Simple as twice two when you know the circumstances."

"One little flaw in that story," Markham criticized. "It was the two train-takers who sold the disabled auto; not the one who bought the new one."

"I noticed that; but I guess it merely means that the clerk didn't get the story quite straight. Let's have a smoke."

When they found chairs in a quiet corner of the lobby, Markham passed his cigar case and they lighted up. After a thoughtful interval, Landis said:

"I'm on the fence again, Wally. What you said—that we've been right on the heels of some bunch that is pulling off these mysterious burglaries—is the one fact that can't be ignored. But I don't want to drag you into it any farther. As it is, I've let you stretch friendship to the cracking point. Suppose you turn me loose and go on back home."

"Say the rest of it," said the son of small-city money shortly.

"Why, it's like this: these bank-blasters, whoever they are, have my black box; I'm confident of that. The chances are they'll keep on going west—over the Pike's Peak Highway, if they're driving. I can't quit while there is a chance of catching up with them; that's my responsibility. If you go home,

There was a gun fight in which the two commissary guards were killed.

I'll take the railroad that parallels the Pike's Peak and go on."

"Huh!"—disgustedly; "think I'd let you do that? Not much! We'll stick it out together, and, that being the case, we may as well go get the car."

The garage where the blue roadster was stalled was at the rear of the hotel, and as they were turning the corner, Markham saw a handsome limousine pull up at the hotel entrance. As the man who was driving climbed out, Markham caught a fleeting glimpse of his face. He said nothing until they were passing the other entrance in the side street; but by that time he had found the excuse he needed.

"You go on, Owen, and let me go back and get some more cigars. I forgot."

Landis walked on slowly, and in a few minutes Markham reappeared, saying, "You can't guess what I went back for."

"Cigars, you said."

"I got the cigars. But did you see the car that came up as we came out?"

"I saw there was one, but didn't notice it particularly."

"I'll bet you didn't. If you had you'd have recognized it."

"Was it the Fleetwing?"

"No; it was Canby's Nordyke. Thought I recognized him as he got out and I went back to see if I was right. I was."

"Canby? What is he doing here in St. Joseph?"

"That's what I wanted to know. I bought some cigars at the stand and then went to one of the windows so I could see when he left. He was talking to the clerk when I slipped in, and neither of them saw me. Canby didn't stop for more than two or three minutes, and when he went out and got into his car I saw that he had two passengers."

"People from home?"

"Very much people from home; Betty and her father, if you'll believe it."

Landis stopped short and faced about. He would have gone back to the hotel if Markham hadn't caught and held him.

"No use; you're too late. They've gone. After Canby drove away, I crossed the lobby and asked the clerk for a match. He said, 'By George! I thought you and your friend had gone. There was a gentleman here just now asking for you, and I told him you'd left not five minutes before. He said he was sorry, and then he asked about those three Louisville men you were inquiring about; when they came, and how long they'd been gone.' I could see he had his curiosity aroused, but I didn't say anything; just thanked him for the matches and came along."

"What does Canby know about the Louisville men, Wally?" Landis asked as they entered the garage.

"That's just what I'd like to know, Owen. And, added to that; how he knew they'd been here in St. Joseph, and how he knew *we'd* been here."

"He didn't look at the register?"

"No; it was only talk, and precious little of that."

Landis' eyes, the dreamy eyes of the inventor and research student, grew thoughtful. "I think we are justified in going on," he said; and, as the blue car turned into the main street: "I wish Betty and the professor had turned that fellow down when he asked them to drive with him. I don't trust him, Wally."

Crossing the river to Elwood, on the Kansas side of the Missouri, they soon learned that a Fleetwing had gone west earlier in the day; also that a Nordyke limousine had followed within the last half-hour.

So it came about that, later in the afternoon, three cars might have been seen speeding over the Pike's Peak Highway. Well in the lead was a Fleetwing, with two men in the rear seat and a third at the wheel. Far in the rear were a Nordyke limousine and a blue roadster. And though the two in the blue car thought they were following the Nordyke, this order was reversed: it was the limousine that was following the roadster.

EVENING found the blue roadster at Maryville, Kansas, where a stop was made for dinner. Inquiry along the way had proved that the Fleetwing was still on ahead; but of the limousine with the Ohio license tags they had heard nothing.

Confident, however, that theirs was the rearmost of the three cars, they pushed on after dinner, covering another hundred miles before stopping for the night in a small town where they had to rout the proprietor of the single tavern out of bed to give them lodgings. Since there was no public garage in the town, they put the roadster under a shed in the tavern yard, where the sleepy innkeeper assured them it would be safe, and went to bed.

The next morning, while they were at breakfast, the innkeeper burst in upon them to ask if they had locked the car before leaving it.

"I did," said Markham promptly. "Why?"

"'Cause it's gone, slick and clean! Whadda you know about that?"

"I know it's going to make a lot of trouble for you if we don't find it!" Markham exclaimed angrily. "You told us it would be safe in your yard."

"My land! Nothin' like that's ever happened here before. You go on and finish eatin' and I'll get to work on the telephone."

"Which means?" Landis queried, after the landlord had gone.

"It may mean nothing more than an ordinary car theft."

Landis shook his head. "I'm afraid not. I'm thinking it means that somebody wants to leave us stranded."

"The three men in the Fleetwing?"

"Hardly, you'd say. Apart from the fact that they've been identified as respectable citizens, unless everybody has been lying to us, they are hours ahead of us—and have been ever since we left St. Joseph. Canby is the man we haven't been able to locate."

Markham, notwithstanding he had better reasons for distrusting Canby than Landis had, thrust in an objection. "Oh, no; not Canby. You are forgetting that he has Betty and her father with him."

"I know. But, in spite of that, he is keeping tab on us, or trying to. Otherwise he wouldn't have asked about us in the St. Joseph hotel. That looks as if he might have been following us, doesn't it?"

"Why should he follow us?"

Landis shrugged. "I'm no mind reader. There are times when I wish I were—and this is one of them."

Since the perturbed tavern keeper was likely to do everything possible to trace the car stolen from his premises, they took their time over the breakfast, and when they re-entered the tavern office they found him still busily telephoning in all directions. Markham cut in to say that he would pay a liberal reward for information; after which they went to sit on the tavern porch and smoke and wait for results.

"Not that there are likely to be any results," Markham offered, as he filled his pipe and lighted it. "I've a hunch that we've lost the roadster for good and all."

"Then we are ditched?—out of the fight?"

"Not by a damned sight!" was the snappy denial. "We are going to see this thing through now if it takes all summer! There will be a train along here in an hour or so; and if we don't hear anything from the lost car before that time, we'll take the train and ride it until we reach some place where I can buy another."

"But, see here, Wally—I can't let you do anything like that! As it stands, I'm owing you the price of a car, right now."

"Nothing of the sort. You may be calling this jaunt your funeral, but if it is, I'm driving the hearse and we won't stop short of the cemetery gate, at least. Here comes a boy running. Maybe he has turned the trick for us."

The boy, a bare-legged youngster of twelve or thirteen, came panting up to the porch, fairly bursting with his news.

"I've f-f-found your car!" he stuttered. "It's in a gully on our farm! C-c-constable telephoned, and Dad said, right away, 'at he thought he heard somethin' go 'squoosh' in the night. It's in a deep place where it had tumbled off the road."

"Good boy," said Markham. "The reward is yours. How far is it?"

"'Tain't far. C'me on and I'll show you."

A short half-mile from town, by the side of a little-used country road, they found the blue roadster. They did not go down into the gully into which it had fallen. There was no need to make a close examination. From where they stood they could see that it was a wreck. Two wheels were smashed, and the front axle was bent like a bow.

"A clean job," Markham grunted morosely. Then, stripping his pocket roll for the boy: "Here is your reward, son. You needn't go back to town with us."

"What do you think?" Landis asked, when they had walked a full half of the returning half-mile in silence.

"Deliberate, of course. The tire tracks in the road showed plainly enough that the car had been stopped, backed and turned quarter way around to head it for the ditch."

"But who did it?"

"I'd be willing to pay another reward to find that out. There's something doing, either ahead of us or behind us; something we're not to be allowed to mess in, if a wrecked car will stop us—which it won't."

At the tavern Markham arranged to have the car salvaged and held subject to his order, and when the westbound train came along they boarded it. Markham consulted a time-card folder and passed the towns ahead in review.

"Colby, at two-fifty this afternoon," he said. "Don't know anything about the place or its car stocks, but it's a junction point, and if we can't find what we want, we can get a train from there to Denver. Colby's our drop-off."

Accordingly, after a monotonous five-hour train journey, they debarked at Colby, where, somewhat to his surprise, Markham found he was able to replace the wrecked roadster with a later model of the same make. Starting without loss of time, they reached Limon, the point at which the two main auto roads, coincident west of Colby, split—one leading southwest to Colorado Springs, and the other northwest to Denver—in something less than five hours.

At the few stops they had made west of Colby they got no news of the Fleetwing or of Canby's car. But at Limon the lost trail reappeared. The Fleetwing had passed through some six hours earlier on the way to Denver; and Canby's limousine had taken the same route three or four hours later.

Markham looked at his watch. "Both parties are probably stopping overnight in Denver. If we push along we can be there by midnight. What do you say?"

"I'm with you. I can spell you at the wheel when you are tired."

For the good reason that they were both sufficiently motor wise to know that it isn't good practice to push a new car too hard on its first long-distance run, it was well past midnight when the lights of Denver came in sight over the bare plain. Reaching the city, Markham turned in at the first all-night garage he came to, and they forthfared, stiff, tired and dusty, to put up at the nearest hotel. It was too late to make a round of the hotels in search of the other newcomers, so they turned in at once.

The attempt to trace three newcomers—or at most six—in a city the size of Denver is much like looking for a needle in a haystack; and though they went short on sleep and were up early the next morning, eight o'clock found them still driving from one hotel to another, drawing blanks and losing time.

"There is simply no end to this, Wally," Landis protested. "We might keep on all day in a city with as many hotels as there are here. Our best chance is the open road. We know where Canby is

Autumn Holiday

By Mary R. Funk

October's in the mountains once again!
Beloved, is there remembering where you are?
Is there some vast, eternal calendar
That tells you when earth's seasons wax and wane?

There have been other autumns—did you know?—
Since that October day when blue-green pine
And golden aspen wove a huge design
As we stood wordless hand in hand below.

I shall go back ere aspen leaves have flown,
But just a bit too late—or else too soon—
Oh, never when October's at its noon!
I could not bear perfection all alone.

dragons die hard

Dragons around in *this* day and age? Yes, indeed. For a belief in something that isn't true is just as much a dragon as though it had wings and breathed fire. Like those imaginary monsters of old! And we know there's a washday dragon lurking under many a washtub.

And this is how it got there. Years ago, when Fels-Naptha was introduced, women had to heat their wash-water on cookstoves, which was a lot of bother. So when they discovered that Fels-Naptha did a better washing job in cool water than most soaps did in hot, they naturally used it that way.

The result was a "dragon"—the mistaken belief that Fels-Naptha was only a "cool water soap." And even today, when hot water is no longer a luxury, some women still have this mistaken belief. So let's kill that washday dragon right here.

It doesn't matter to Fels-Naptha what temperature of water you use. If you prefer hot water, use it—Fels-Naptha will do an excellent job. If you like to boil your clothes, Fels-Naptha works beautifully that way. In fact, *any* way you use it, Fels-Naptha makes washing easier! For it is more than "just soap." It is unusually good soap combined with *plenty* of naptha. Working together, these two cleaners wash clothes sweetly, thoroughly clean, without hard rubbing.

Fels-Naptha works so quickly you don't have your hands in water so long, which helps keep them nice. For even water alone may make finger-tips "shrivel."

Get Fels-Naptha from your grocer in the handy 10-bar carton, and try it. Once you've seen how beautifully it washes in hot water, you'll never be frightened again by that cool water "dragon"!

Special Offer—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper and a sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha into their washing machines, tubs, or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon, with only four cents in stamps enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send you the chipper and sample bar without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now!

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FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. W.H.10-31

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper and the sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap offered in this advertisement. I enclose four cents in stamps to help cover postage.

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Please print name and address completely

headed for—that is, if he is meaning to take his two passengers through to their destination—and if we trail him, maybe we'll find the Fleetwing in the same gallery."

"You didn't beat me to it by more than half a minute," Markham returned, spreading the well-used road map on his knees. "Here's the nearest cut to the Timanyoni," he pointed out, tracing a red line running to the westward in apparent disregard for the sky-pitched mountain barriers lying in that direction. "We'll get the grips and try our luck in the open, as you say."

For a short run over the red-line highway the trail refused to reveal itself. But later they came to a filling station whose keeper told them he had helped change an inner tube on a Fleetwing Eight between six and seven o'clock that morning. Upon further questioning, he said there were three men in the car, and he also recalled that the one he had helped with the tire had said they were from Louisville, Kentucky; he remembered this because he had noticed that the car carried a Missouri dealer's license tags, and had wondered how that came about if the car had come through from Kentucky.

Questioned again, he said he had no recollection of seeing a Nordyke limousine. Asked if there was much travel, he said there was—a lot of it—and that the Nordyke might easily have gone by without his noticing it.

Markham glanced at the clock on the dash as he shifted gears and flung the new roadster at the mountain grades.

"Three hours ahead of us; we're gaining on them, in spite of the Denver delay. Where do you suppose this chase is going to wind up, Owen?"

"I'm not so much concerned about the 'where' as the 'how.' I may as well confess that I'm on the fence again. There haven't been any bank blastings this side of the Missouri River."

"No; but there was a perfectly good roadster wrecked back there in Kansas," Markham put in pointedly.

"Yes, but nothing in the wide world to connect the wrecking with these men we're chasing. Why would a trio of bank burglars, if that's what they are, pass up all the chances in six or seven hundred miles and go streaking off up here in these mountains, heading, you'd say, for nowhere in particular?"

"Just so," said Markham with a short laugh. "It isn't decent. But there is something else I'd like to know. What has become of Canby and the Lawsons?"

This question was answered late in the afternoon, after they had crossed the Continental Divide and were running down the valley of the Pannikin toward Copah—still gaining upon the Fleetwing, as they learned by inquiry as they had come along. It was at a water-tank station on the Pacific Southwestern, well down toward Jack's Canyon, that they first heard of the Nordyke limousine. It was ahead of them; had apparently been ahead all day. They had stopped at the single filling station in the isolated mountain hamlet to get gas, and to ask about the Fleetwing, and the gas man grinned.

"You'll have to step on it some to catch up with them fellers in the Eight," he told them. "They pulled up here coupla hours ago and told me they'd made it from Denver since mornin'." Then: "What's the matter with that bunch? Ever'body seems to be askin' about 'em."

"Who else, besides us?" Markham wanted to know.

"Three folks in a Nordyke limousine; right handsome young feller drivin' and doin' the talkin', with a girl pretty enough to wake the dead settin' in with him, and an oldish man in the back: didn't see much of him but his specs."

"About how long ago was this?" said Landis.

"I disremember; about an hour, I reckon. I told 'em what I'm tellin' you—that it'll take some runnin' to catch that Eight, lessen it stops overnight in Copah."

Markham was putting the gears in low for the start when Landis halted him to ask another question of the garrulous gas man.

"Did the limousine driver ask about anybody else?"

The man scratched his head as if trying to remember. Suddenly he looked up with the wide-mouthed grin again in place. "Why, yes—come to think. Wanted to know if anybody else had been along askin' about the Eight; two fellers, he said, but he couldn't tell me what kind of a car they'd be drivin'." Then, as if his slow wit was beginning to catch up with the fact: "Say, by jing!—you must be them two fellers! Are yuh?"

"I shouldn't wonder," Markham answered, and then the roadster slid away, leaving the gas man to make what he could out of the indefinite response.

It was Landis who spoke first when they were once more on their way.

"Wally, how is Bert Canby mixed up in this thing?" he demanded. "What is his connection with these fellows? And why is he keeping tab on us?"

"Why do you ask me?" Markham shirked.

"Because I've had a feeling all along that you know more about this mystery than I do; more than you are willing to tell me."

"If you put it on the ground of knowledge, I don't Owen; I'm just as much befuddled as you are. I can say that honestly."

"But you are suspecting something that you won't talk about."

"That may be."

Silence for more of the fleeting miles, and then: "You are trying to shield somebody, Wally: who is it?"

"Wait," said Markham shortly; then: "As I say, I'm just as much in the dark as you are. There are too many gears that won't mesh. But, casting out the obstinate gears, there are still enough to keep the suspicion machinery grinding. Take the known facts in their order. On the night when you show me what your black box can do, you lose it and the circumstantial evidence indicates that a man and a woman raided your shop. Next we hear of a bank wrecking that made no noise; then we get on the trail of these three men from Louisville and run into two more of the no-noise wreckings. Farther along, we discover that Canby is following us, or the Louisville bunch, or both. Next—"

"You needn't catalogue the twists and turns; I've gone over them until my head swims. Here we are, fifteen hundred miles from home, and still chasing nothing, so far as we can prove. If you know anything more than you've told me, you ought to turn it loose, Wally.'

"I don't *know* anything—more's the pity; and that's the stubborn truth. But I'm going to know, before we quit and call it a day."

By this time the road had left the narrow valley of the Pannikin to climb in a series of zigzags and loopings to a height enabling it to dodge a canyon through which there was barely room for the railroad to find a narrow footing, and no room at all for a paralleling highway. The sun was sinking to its disappearance behind the western ranges as the new car stormed the grades and swung, with its non-skid tires screeching, around the short hair-pin curves.

Knowing from the itinerary in the route book that there were hazards ahead on the descent to the Red-Desert-edge mining town of Copah, and hoping to be able to have daylight for the negotiating of them, Markham did not spare the car on the way up. Nevertheless, it was coming on to dusk when after a short run over the level mesa at the top of the climb, they found themselves entering upon the hazardous descent, with the lights of Copah winking in the distance as the roadster flicked around the reverse curves.

It was while they were sliding silently down the steep grades on compression and the brakes that they passed a large closed car stopped midway on one of the tangents, as if its occupants had halted to view the sunset glories fading from scarlet to purple over the western mountains.

"Sightseers," said Markham; and then, suddenly: "Say, Owen; wasn't that the Nordyke—Canby's car?"

What Landis might have answered was lost in the limbo of things unsaid. As they rounded the next "hair-pin" and shot away down the succeeding tangent they could see the stopped car high above, standing behind the row of great stones set up by the road builders to guard the down-mountain side of the highway. All at once one of the huge guard rocks heaved itself from its place to come tumbling over and over down the thinly forested declivity, timed as if by some calculating agency to reach the lower tangent coincidently with the racing roadster.

Fortunately, Markham was one of the comparatively limited numbers of drivers whose reactions in an emergency are so instantaneous as to seem purely automatic. Disregarding the natural impulse to try to stop, he did the only thing there was to do—released the brakes and jammed the foot throttle open to its limit.

It was all over in a moment. With only a fraction of a second to spare at the point of intersection, but that fraction on the side of safety, the flying car shot fairly under the hurtling menace and went racing on to the next doubling curve, while the menace itself came to rest in a denser thicketing of the forest half-way down to the next lower tangent in the descending road.

WHILE the roadster was flying down the two remaining switchbacks, Landis was bracing himself against imaginary brake pedals, and it was not until the car shot out upon the valley level that he relaxed, drawing a long breath and saying, "I'm handing it to you, Wally. You've a lot better nerve than I have. I should have tried to stop if I'd been at the wheel."

"No chance. We'd have got it where the stepped-on cockroach gets it."

"No question about that. How do you suppose it happened?"

"One guess is as good as another. Mine is that whoever was driving that stopped car had cramped his front wheel against the rock for safety. Natural thing to do on such a stiff grade."

Silence for a speeding mile, and then Landis fairly shouted.

"Say, Wally! We've been asleep at the switch—both of us! Think back a minute: didn't you notice that the rock didn't make any more noise coming down than if it had been a feather bed rolling over and over?"

"What's that?" snapped Markham, braking the car to an abrupt stop. Then: "I knew there was something queer about the thing—something that didn't fit in; but I was too busy just then to figure out what it was. But you've put your finger on it. That tumbling rock ought to have made racket enough to wake the dead . . . and there wasn't a sound!"

"Well—you know there is only one way to account for that, don't you?"

"You bet your life I do! That stopped car had your infernal machine in it—that's what. We're in luck at last." And he began to back the car for a turn.

"Hold on,' Landis broke in. "What are you going to do?"

"Go back up the hill and have it out with that bunch, whoever they are! They'd murder us in cold blood, would they?"

Landis turned the switch, killing the engine.

"Listen to reason a minute, Wally," he said quietly. "You don't happen to have a machine gun or anything of that sort in your grip, do you? No? Well, neither have I in mine. If they are the men we've been trying for three days to run down, how much chance would we have in a road scrap with a carload of yeggs most likely armed to the teeth? Besides, we haven't lost 'em. They can't go on to wherever they're going without passing us, and when they come [Continued on page 48]

Photo Courtesy Canadian National Railways

Pastoral Scene in Ontario

A lovely Royal Visitor compliments American Women

The Marchioness of Milford Haven

The former Countess Nada, daughter of the late Grand Duke Michael of Russia, LADY MILFORD HAVEN is the wife of a Lieutenant-Commander in the British Royal Navy, son of the late Prince Louis of Battenberg, famous as First Sea Lord

LADY MILFORD HAVEN sat in her suite in a great New York hotel, high above the brilliant pageant of Fifth Avenue. It was evening, and she was royally lovely in a sheath of white satin with dazzling jewels and superb pearls that echoed the creamy perfection of her skin.

I put the question I had come to ask and the Marchioness smiled enchantingly.

"American women? But, of course—I find them delightful! So pretty. So charmingly dressed. So perfectly groomed. They have the most appealing charm that any woman can possess—"

"And that—?"

"—is a beautiful complexion, unquestionably."

LADY MILFORD HAVEN was fresh from several weeks of California sunshine; her pretty compliment was obviously sincere. "Thank you!" I said, and we went on to talk of the care of the skin.

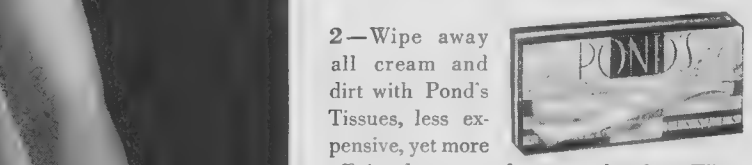
"No wonder American women have beautiful complexions," she smiled, "for many whom I have asked tell me they follow the Pond's Method."

"You know it, too?" Delightful to discover another royal user of Pond's!

"I find it the simplest way to keep my skin fresh and clear," she explained. "The Cold Cream is delicious, with the dainty Tissues to remove the cream ... the Skin Freshener is like a dip into the fountain of youth ... and the Vanishing Cream is the secret of perfect grooming!"

You know Pond's easy, unfailing way to personal loveliness, of course ... These four steps keep your skin enchantingly young and lovely:

1—Generously apply Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing of your face and neck, several times daily, always after exposure. Let the fine oils sink into the pores and float all the clogged dirt, powder and make-up to the surface... At bedtime, repeat this all-important cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime. Leave on a little fresh cream overnight.



2—Wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Tissues, less expensive, yet more efficient because *softer*, more absorbent. White or peach ... "The best way to remove cold cream," says Lady Milford Haven.

3—Saturate cotton with Pond's Skin Freshener and pat cleansed skin briskly to brace and tone, banish oiliness, close and refine pores and bring a lovely natural color to faded, sallow cheeks.

4—*Smooth on a dainty film of Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder, to make the powder go on evenly and last longer.* It disguises any little blemishes in your skin and gives a lovely velvety finish ... Use this exquisite Vanishing Cream not only on your face, but wherever you powder—arms, shoulders, neck ... And it is marvelous to keep your hands soft, smooth and white!

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Color Can Date Your Room

And Give It A Charm That Nothing Else Can Offer

By Katherine M. Caldwell

IT WOULD seem as though, with everything else going modern in a big way, anything so old as *color* might be expected to carry on in the same old way.

That is exactly what color has *not* done.

When the *moderne* craze—for craze it assuredly was, in its earliest manifestations—first swept the house-furnishing world off its feet, it appeared to employ two chief methods. The first of these was to introduce as many angles and inclines as could be crammed into any one vista; the second was to mix a lot of colors—and the brighter the better—in groupings that had been little or never seen outside of posters.

Of course, this was a passing phase. Anything so fantastic and pronounced, could not be more.

But the *moderne* note in furnishing has emerged from all the early welter of angular forms and amazing color. And it has come through with something very well worth while—as the greatest lover of antiques and mellow moods among us must admit.

So far as color was concerned, new and very welcome methods of using it have appeared—and they have brought a lot of new interest and no little art to the dressing of our homes.

For a good while before the appearance of the modern mode, color had become an immensely important feature in the furnishing of the average home. There was a great deal more knowledge of how to use color effectively—and fabrics of modern price had of recent years brought us all that was lovely in color—all the charm and gaiety, the dash and the exquisiteness, that used to be seen only in the very expensive materials.

That helped a great deal. We of moderate purse could have carpets and curtains, furniture coverings and cushions, in any color scheme we might elect—and if we had any artistry at all in us, we could make our rooms as colorful as we pleased—and charming because of that color.

Usually, however, the majority of people did not do anything very subtle with it all. We furnished our room to include carefully something of each of the three primary colors; or we chose the secondary color. We kept large masses neutral or modest in tone, introduced small bright accents.

It was all very safe and satisfactory—and interesting so far as it went.

The one-color room is illustrated in this clever French dining-room—terra cotta at the floor and rising to pale apricot tones above, with silver relief.

We Learned New Tricks

BUT along came the modernists—and they showed us new tricks.

One of the things they have taught us to do was to furnish a whole room in one color—and not be bored by it. Not many years ago, we would have considered that impossible. Lately we have seen it done—and beautifully.

The point lies in the fact that the same color is used from its pale tints through to its deepest richest tones, with so much seeming variety that there is a lovely effect of harmony, but with plenty of interest; and there is a repose and a subtlety that I don't think can be quite managed in any other way.

I saw this managed not long ago in a large bedroom. The effect was one of complete sophistication, a rather studied charm—yet the room was one of the most restful I have ever seen. It is a little difficult to name its color—probably I can convey it to you best by saying that a rather subdued gold tone dominated the room.

Its deepest expression was, as usual, at the floor. You know, of course, that the modern mode has brought back the carpet that reaches right to the wall. The ancient objection, that a big carpet like this was hard to take care of and clean, has of course been removed by our present-day vacuum-cleaner methods. Mere size and thickness have no threat for the woman who owns a good modern cleaner. There remains expense—carpet, after all, is bought by the square foot, and it takes a bigger area, certainly, to reach the base-boards than to make what we used to consider a full room-sized rug. Where the expense does not have to affect our choice, there is no doubt that the all-over carpeting certainly does give an atmosphere of richness that is incomparable; also, it gives a complete unbroken foundation for the entire furnishings of the room—making it easiest of all floor treatments to build upon successfully. And it brings into a room just that much more of its own coloring.

It was just such a floor that made a perfect foundation for the bedroom I am going to describe to you. It was a soft light golden-brown carpet that was used—the seamed kind. There are, by the way, both the broadloom and the seamed versions of these big rugs. It ran right to the base board—which I may as well say here, was painted a very deep and rich shade of antique ivory. The walls had the same mellow ivory tone—and both walls and woodwork being identical in color, gave an appearance of greater size to the room—an effect which the all-over rug also gives. Any unbroken surface also looks larger than one that is broken by line or differences in color—a fact that it is well to remember any time that you want to add all possible appearance of size to a room.

The Whole Golden Scale

THESE ivory walls and the golden-brown carpet showed the two extremes of color.

In between lay half a dozen or more pale gold, deep gold, wood-gold tones that lent all the variety that was needed without ever departing from one actual color sequence.

This being a very modern room, you will not be surprised to know that the twin beds stood upon a platform—and that the platform itself was covered with fabric—a plan that a lot of the modern beds have adopted. It is quite sensible when we remember how very shallow the new beds themselves are apt to be. Sometimes they are just a simple box-like frame that rests directly on the floor—or better, on a platform that is somewhat larger than the bed itself. Sometimes a very handsome headboard will be all the bed that actually shows; again, there will be a low footboard—little or no higher than the top of the mattress—or perhaps just a pair of foot posts. These beds always have the most beautifully tailored covers — usually very simply made, with pipings rather than flouncings, and a plain turn-back section to cover the pillows.

The furniture was very lovely—a golden maple, like mellow sunlight, all its natural markings showing, and its surface given that very beautiful sheen that has brought all hats off to today's maker of fine furniture. Such finishings are more than beautiful—and they have given the greatest encouragement to the use of many woods, both for full pieces of furniture and for trim.

A chaise longue and an arm chair—trimly small, but comfortable—showed just how upholstered pieces could fit into the scheme. The chaise longue was covered in a two-toned gold shot fabric. At its head were piled cushions that ranged from silver blonde to ripe-wheat gold and across its foot lay an afghan of silky camel's hair.

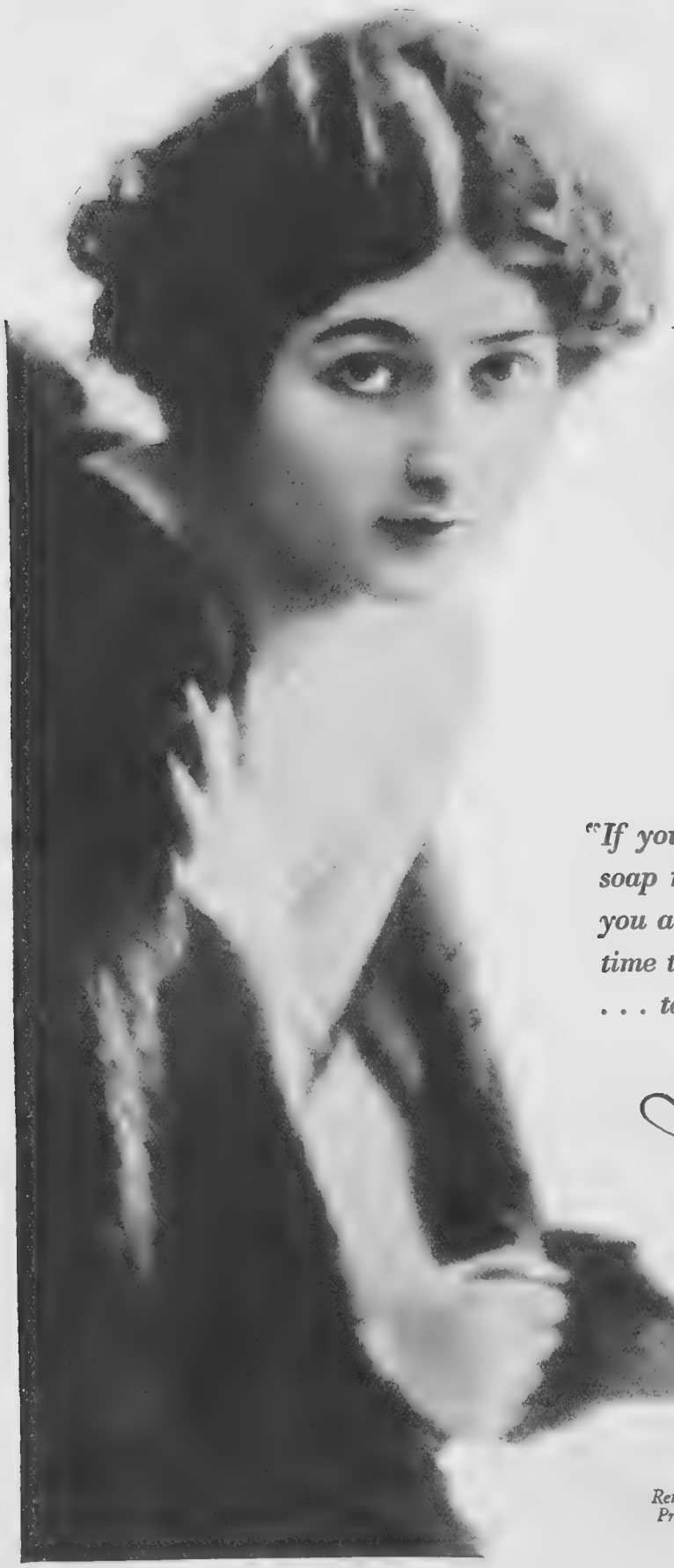
At the window, cream net curtains, simply hemmed, covered the glass and inside, right to the floor, hung artificial silk curtains of a lovely lively gold color.

Accessories in this room were cleverly few in number. Of course there were table covers—these were a soft ivory lace. Lamps had close-drawn silk shades, in blonde and gold tones. The mirror above the dressing table was a great sheet of plate glass fastened direct to the wall with large silver screws—and all the warm golds of the room were reflected, in different lights, in its cool [Continued on page 70]

In 64 cities of France, alone—Beauty experts advise this way to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Lovely LINA CAVALIERI *of Paris*

tells why she advises Palmolive



YOU'VE never known any beauty formula as widespread as this! France, herself, so wise in the ways that lead to loveliness, has enthusiastically adopted the daily use of Palmolive Soap . . . because experts assure her there's no better way of keeping that schoolgirl complexion.

Lina Cavalieri, with salons in Paris, Cannes, Biarritz, Monte Carlo and Le Touquet, is a leading figure in this movement toward natural loveliness. She recommends her own cosmetics, of course. But with them, to further the work so well begun in her own studios, she is careful to recommend Palmolive.

"Before retiring, of course, use Palmolive," says Mme. Cavalieri. "Massage its lather gently into the skin of face and throat. Rinse with warm water, gradually changing to cold. Then I advise the application of my Camphorated Jelly No. 5.

"In the morning cleanse the skin thoroughly with this same soap. Then use my 'Lotion Onctueuse' No. 7 before applying my Cream No. 2 for neutral skins.

"By following this simple treatment, you will keep that schoolgirl complexion."

Paris leads! 63 other French cities follow. And throughout the world, in over 1600 cities, beauty is now being safeguarded because specialists have discovered and recommended Palmolive daily care.

"If you have the mistaken notion that soap may harm your skin, it is because you are not using the right soap. Next time try Palmolive. I heartily advise it . . . to keep skin smooth and lovely."

Lina Cavalieri

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"Pink tooth brush" means trouble ahead

Start tonight with Ipana

ANYONE who goes on day after day using a tooth paste that merely cleans the teeth is shutting his eyes to the past ten years' progress in the field of oral hygiene. For we doubt if there is a dentist in the land who won't tell you that your gums as well as your teeth must be cared for—that no matter how white and perfect your teeth may be, they are faced with danger if your gums become tender, soft, unsound.

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Under our soft foods and subnormal chewing, our gums suffer from an artificial lack of exercise. The tissues become congested, soft and weak. "Pink tooth brush" often ushers in more serious troubles—gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even the less frequent pyorrhea.

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Ipana and massage will rouse your gums and speed the fresh, rich blood through the tiny capillaries. Hundreds of dentists preach the benefits of massage and urge the use of Ipana. For it contains ziratol, a preparation long used by the profession for its efficiency in toning and invigorating tender gum tissue.

Get a tube of Ipana at the nearest drug store and start to use it tonight. Give it a chance to show how it can improve the health of your gums as well as the brilliance of your teeth.

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"Tales of Hoffman"

And as the most surprised Russians in the world became aware of the personnel of their equally surprised visitors, things began to move rapidly. Lieutenant Hoffman suddenly discarded the idea of getting warm in a Russian dugout and proceeded to get warm by cracking Russian heads; a proceeding, one would judge from the breadth of his shoulders, of doubtful pleasure to the crackees. Unfortunately, participants in modern warfare tend to become rough; the Russians were poor enough sports to take advantage of their superior numbers, and, as soon as they could get around to it, of their supporting artillery. Lieutenant Hoffman received a flesh wound in the shoulder, and a little later, a piece of shrapnel in the head; he suddenly ceased to take any interest in proceedings; consciousness and his period of active service ended simultaneously.

Inasmuch as this is not a war story, and the account of life in a prison camp has been told and retold, only the outline of the next three and a half years need be recounted here.

Dr. Hoffman was asked not long ago, by a friend to whom he had been relating some of his war experiences, how it was that he could recall names and dates so accurately after such a lapse of time.

"You must remember," was the rejoinder, "that for over three years we had nothing to do but to think about them."

However, the time was not so completely wasted as that. There were a number of Turkish prisoners in the same group, and under their tutelage, he was able to master their language, little dreaming of the use this was soon to be to him.

In March, 1917, the prisoner found himself in Berezowka camp, not far from Vrchne Udinsk, when the next episode in his eventful career began. For some days they had noticed irregularities in the prison routine. Presently, all sorts of disquieting rumors began to circulate. The guards were obviously seriously disturbed over something. Finally, on the morning of the eighteenth, when the hour came for the huts in which the prisoners were confined each night to be opened, no guards appeared. There was considerable confusion, but the meaning of it all was not revealed till later when word filtered in that the Czar had been assassinated, and that the Bolsheviki had taken control of the government. Hopes ran high as to what this would mean to the prisoners, but they were soon dispelled by the appearance of the Red officials. With threatening gestures these brutal, ignorant peasant officers herded the prisoners back into their huts, promising the most unspeakable punishments for the slightest disturbance. The officer prisoners were singled out for special abuse. Were they not of the hated bourgeoisie? One hour only, of the twenty-four were they allowed the use of the prison yard; meat, and that only from the heads and offal of the animals was provided once a week; black bread and potatoes formed the menu the remainder of the time.

AS THE weary weeks passed, conditions grew steadily worse. Night after night the rough, undisciplined guards held drunken revel in the adjoining guardhouse. Hourly, the hut doors were noisily flung open to permit inspection of the prisoners; while the uproar of their shouts and singing, and the thumping of their so-called dances made the nights hideous, and sleep next to impossible.

Continued from page 16

This continued for five weeks with matters obviously approaching a crisis. On the twenty-fourth of April, the officer prisoners were paraded before some sort of Bolshevist dignitary, who curtly informed them that they were to be drafted into the Russian army for service on the Eastern front! When he had finished, to his surprise and unbounded anger, Hoffman stepped forward and in his politest manner, asked permission to speak.

"Excuse me," he said, "but we cannot do as you say; we would be fighting against our fellow-countrymen, and the allies of our Fatherland; it is contrary to all the usages of warfare, and we could not possibly consent."

The answer was not long in coming. All the venomous hatred born of centuries of oppression flamed in the ignorant official's eyes, and was focussed on the nearest object; the more bitterly, because that helpless object was so obviously his superior. He fairly frothed at the mouth.

"Do you dare to answer me, you pig?" he raged. "Do you think you can tell me what you will or will not do?" and turning to the guards he fairly shouted: "Lock them in their huts; take this man out tomorrow and have him shot."

Shot!!! The word burned itself into the brain of the condemned man like a hot iron. All his resources of self-control were needed to keep from yielding to sheer panic. But before dusk fell a plan had been formulated. Its chances of success were one out of a thousand; but it seemed the only possibility; after all, a bullet in the back from a guard's rifle would not hurt any more than one from a firing squad, and there was that one chance. The huts, with the guard house were along one side of the camp enclosure, which was surrounded by an impenetrable fence of barbed wire. The back ends of the huts were built of heavy planking and had no openings of any sort. This was deemed to be sufficient protection, and on that side there was no wire. Hoffman's plan was to tunnel under the end of the hut. It seemed certain that a guard would detect the digging long before it would be complete, but a desperate, brave man will never stop trying. As soon as night fell and the guard had made his usual noisy entrance and exit, the prisoner set to work. His tools were a broken wash-basin and the tines of an old fork for shovel and pick. The ground was packed like a roadway. Pick and scrape and pick again. Under best conditions the task was Herculean; under these, it was sheer madness. Pick and scrape, pick and scrape. Hoffman frantically toiled in his burrow; every stab of the fork and every scrape of the

basin was productive of acute agony, but he was hardly aware of the fact. At last, and one can only guess the sensation it must have evoked, the fork broke through to the surface, and the air of freedom flowed into lungs tortured with the toil and strain of the night's work.

Hoffman was free! True; but there are different degrees of freedom; in this case, it might seem that he had only achieved freedom to perish. He was a condemned fugitive, in a foreign hostile country; hemmed in on one side by the greatest military concentration ever known; on the other by five thousand miles of bleak Siberian plain. But to a man who has just won a thousand to one chance with fate, the word "impossible" does not mean a thing. For days and nights, he wandered about, living "off the country," finding his salvation in the disordered state of the countryside which permitted a stranger to pass unchallenged. Plan after plan was considered and discarded; at last he determined to attempt nothing less than the stupendous task of crossing Siberia on foot, in the hope that in some cosmopolitan city in the Orient, he might find safety and eventually a way of rejoining his son.

In a short time, he found himself near the city of Chitta. In the outskirts was a large encampment of Tartars. These curious peoples are descendants of the followers of the old warrior chief, Genghis Khan; they are Russian by nationality, Moslem by religion, and—yes, you guessed it—Turkish by language! What a coincidence that the prisoner had chosen to pass the time in studying that language! The Tartars were utterly out of sympathy with the Russian Reds, and when Hoffman had related his story, which he did without evasion, they welcomed him into their camel caravan, and under their protection. Whenever it happened, as it did occasionally, that any official evinced curiosity as to his identity, it was blandly given as missionary! Was it gratitude for the usefulness of that password, one wonders, that caused it to become prophetic of his later career in Saskatchewan?

And now began this modern Odyssey. Only this Ulysses journeyed in the unheroic character of nursemaid to a Tartar camel of uncertain beauty and certain temper—that is to say, it was certainly and uniformly bad. Ten solid months of camel pulling! And camels, one surmises, were not on the curricula of the Hungarian agricultural courses in animal husbandry. Three times did the outlaw change cars, so to speak; but each time, his star was in the ascendant and he found staunch friends, albeit of uncouth appearance. They wore sheep's clothing, but there was not a wolf among them; and if they were a little lax in the matter of bathing, what is a smell or two among friends? To make a long, long story short, the third caravan finally deposited him at Nikolsk Ussursk, not far from Vladivostok, just in time to hear that the war was over.

FORTUNE continued to favor the brave. After taking leave with sincere regret from his camel-driving companions, Hoffman had another bit of marvellous "luck." A Chinese Y.M.C.A. station had been established in the city, the Secretary of which was a young American officer, Lieutenant Gaily. To him came one day, a disreputably dressed thick-set, bearded camel-puller who addressed him in cultured, albeit rather broken,

[*Continued on page 30*]

Make these chocolate delicacies

and you've touched a high-spot in chocolate cookery! « these three recipes were selected from scores of the world's treasures . . each lends itself superbly to a variety of occasions

V

FAVORITE DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE WITH DIVINITY FROSTING

Rich as Croesus in the deep, dark deliciousness of its sumptuous flavor—exquisitely moist in texture—this *devil's food cake* is *heavenly* eating! And when it's enfolded in a glistening-fluff of Divinity Frosting—what better prize offering for luncheon or dinner celebrations?

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
1 teaspoon soda
½ cup butter or other shortening
2 cups sifted brown sugar
2 eggs, unbeaten
6 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted
1¼ cups sweet milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add soda, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, and beat well. Add chocolate and beat well. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in three greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (325° F.) 30 minutes. Spread Divinity Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake.

DIVINITY FROSTING

3 cups sugar
1 teaspoon light corn syrup
1⅓ cups boiling water
4 egg whites, stiffly beaten
1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine sugar, corn syrup, and water. Place over low flame and stir constantly until sugar is dissolved and mixture boils. Continue cooking until a small amount of syrup forms a soft ball in cold water, or spins a long thread when dropped from tip of spoon (240° F.). Pour syrup in fine stream over egg whites, beating constantly. Add vanilla. Continue beating until stiff enough to spread on cake. Makes enough frosting to cover top and sides of three 9-inch layers.

VV

FRENCH CHOCOLATE

The reputation of this marvelous hot chocolate beverage has travelled space. It originated as the special tearoom feature of a certain well-known restaurant. Now, it has been adopted by smart hostesses as the refreshment *supreme* for delightful tea parties and late supper service. Not only is French Chocolate rich and luxurious in taste—but also, its enticing appearance suggests the very essence of charming hospitality.

2½ squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, cut in pieces
½ cup cold water
¾ cup sugar
Dash of salt
½ cup cream, whipped
6 cups hot milk

Combine chocolate and water and cook over direct heat 4 minutes, stirring constantly. Beat with rotary egg beater until smooth, add sugar and salt, return to fire, and cook 4 minutes longer. Cool. Fold into cream. Place one rounding tablespoon of chocolate mixture in each serving cup and pour hot milk over it, filling cup. Stir well to blend. Serves 8.

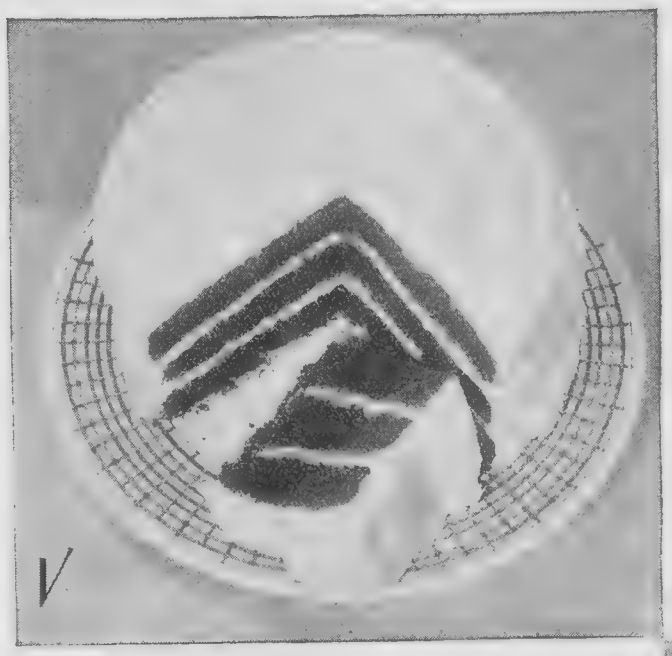
VVV

BAKED CHOCOLATE CUSTARD

Touched with the magic goodness of chocolate, wholesome custard is socially promoted from a simple milk-and-egg dessert to hold its own with party dishes. And, in its sleek, unblemished smoothness of texture, there is never a fleck of unblended chocolate—never that residue common to so many baked custard dishes. This chocolate delight slides over the tongue like cream. Be assured of its success—both at dinners *en famille* and with your guests.

2 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, cut in pieces
1 quart cold milk
4 eggs, slightly beaten
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla

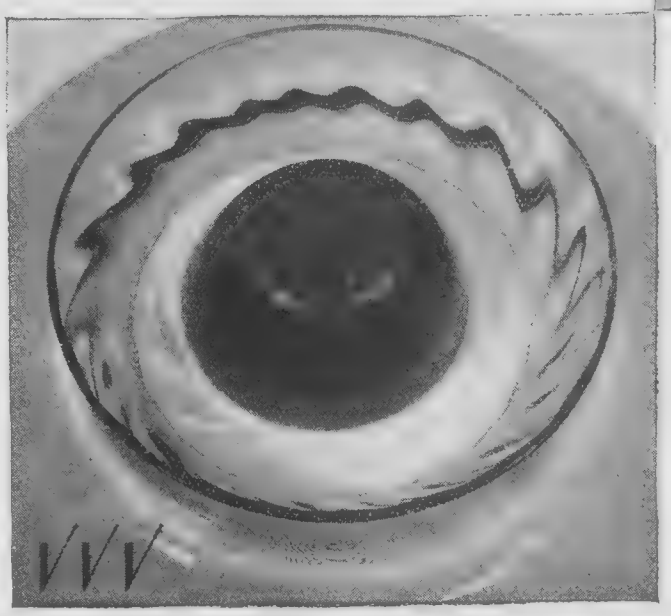
Add chocolate to milk in double boiler and heat. When chocolate is melted, beat with rotary egg beater until blended. Combine eggs, sugar, and salt. Add chocolate mixture gradually, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Add vanilla. Pour into custard cups, place in pan of hot water, and bake in slow oven (325° F.) 40 minutes, or until knife inserted comes out clean. Chill. Serves 8. *All measurements are level.*



HERE is a rule for hostesses and adroit housewives. "When in doubt — use Chocolate!" To mention that chocolate is the most popular single flavor is to repeat what women already know. Of course, there are thousands of splendid chocolate recipes —the question is—"which ones to choose?" This page gives the answer. These three recipes were selected from scores of the world's treasures. *A chocolate cake—a new hot chocolate beverage—a baked chocolate dessert.* Each lends itself superbly to a variety of occasions—each makes the *best* and *fullest* use of the mellow richness of *favorite* chocolate.

For Perfect Results There's No Substitute for Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate . . .

Always use Walter Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate—for it is made of the world's choicest cocoa beans, selected, sorted, roasted, and blended with the skill that 150 years have brought. Its flavor has set a standard of unapproachable excellence for generations. Your chocolate dishes are entitled to this rich chocolate flavor that only Baker's Premium Chocolate . . . the finest unsweetened chocolate . . . can give.



Such perfect dainties deserve the finest ingredients . . . those that stand for the highest degree of purity and perfection of flavor. But you *wouldn't* do them full justice—you *couldn't* give them that *super* chocolate flavor which brings calls for "*encore*"—if you made them with any but the finest unsweetened chocolate. That's what Baker's Premium No. 1 Chocolate has been for generations—and still *is* today. Rich, creamy-smooth, Walter Baker's Chocolate imparts a true chocolate flavor which has never been equalled. Made in Canada. C5-31

Baker's Chocolate

"I never go to bed without it"

"Did you ever get your mouth so gloriously clean you can almost taste the freshness of the air?

"Not that momentary exhilaration from some druggy tooth-paste or antiseptic. I mean a mouth even a surgeon would call clean. So alkaline and sweet that the breath is like new-mown hay. So free from acid your teeth and gums feel slippery to the tongue.

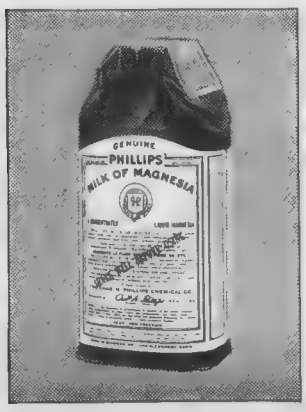
"Of course I brush my teeth! But I'd rather go without a tooth-brush than miss my daily alkaline rinse. Every night I pour out about a tablespoon of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia and slosh it back and forth in my mouth until it's gone. No water. Just the pure emulsion. I force it between the teeth with my tongue and work it all around the gums.

"Look in my mouth. My teeth *are* white, as you've remarked. And I smoke a lot. See my tongue. It will be just as pink in the morning, and I used to have to scrub it clean. People who don't know this use of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia just *think* their mouths are clean."

Dentists are urging this scientific protection from acid-mouth. And when you adopt the suggestion your dentist knows it on your next visit! You may go three or four years without a single new cavity when you alkalinize your mouth in this manner and neutralize the acid that eats the enamel.

Get the prescriptional preparation endorsed by the medical profession. *Phillips'* Milk of Magnesia.

(MADE IN CANADA)



"Tales of Hoffman"

English, and related an incredible tale. But if the story itself was a tall one, the personality of the story-teller carried conviction. Hoffman presently found himself the possessor of a brand new job—purveyor of soft drinks, biscuits, cigarettes, etc., under the aegis of the Red Triangle. It is not related that the ability to give a course of lectures in Economics or to converse in eight languages greatly increased the business of the establishment, but at any rate, the new "Y" roustabout undoubtedly had a way with him. Mr. Gaily became deeply interested in his protege, and at the end of six months gave him a letter of introduction to the officer commanding the British Military mission at Vladivostok.

Hopefully, Hoffman journeyed to Vladivostok. Though it was not far, it lay in the right direction. Arrived there, he sought out the quarters of the officer in charge and presented his letter of introduction, the first credential, by the way, he had possessed since his capture. Thanks to it, he was received as a refugee and given employment in the warehouse. While engaged here another "lucky" incident occurred. One of his duties was the hauling of water from a community well. One chilly day, while engaged at this task, a friendly Japanese happened along on the same errand. Each discovered that the other knew a little English and a conversation began. Finally the Japanese turned to go, saying as he did so:

"It is cold here; I would like to be with my brother in California; he says it is always warm there."

"California!" exclaimed Lieutenant Hoffman, "My only son is somewhere there. Five years ago we lost each other owing to the war. Would there be any way of your brother finding my son and of telling him where I am?"

And so it fell out, that the next mail carried a letter to the Japanese brother in California; inquiries were made, and in five weeks a letter and a photograph reached the father from his son, now a young man. A voice had spoken from the grave.

ALL the father's faculties were now concentrated on the problem of reaching America and the boy. But again the difficulties seemed insurmountable. He was still an alien and an enemy. Two months passed with no plan in sight. But all the time the way was opening; and as so often happened, the solution was to come as a result of his capacity for friendship. A Royal Hants regiment was waiting for transport home to England via Vancouver. One of Lieutenant Hoffman's offices was that of physical instructor to the officers. All unknown to him, a few of the officers of the unit, attracted by his personality and moved by the story of his adventures, planned a friendly conspiracy. On the night of their departure, good byes were being said and everyone was finding his accommodation on the transport "Monteagle." As Captain B— was going toward the gangway, he called to Hoffman:

"Frank, come on up to my cabin, will you, and give me a massage before we go; I've a bit of a cold."

Obligingly Hoffman followed him on board and did as requested. Captain B— seemed very particular about his massage. He insisted on a most thorough rubdown. On one pretext and another he delayed the masseur in a manner that seemed

Continued from page 28

strained and not quite natural. Hoffman worked unprotestingly and patiently, although a little wonderingly, until suddenly a gentle vibration ran through the vessel. He leaped to the porthole. The engines were turning over, and the boat was moving. He turned frantically; to his amazement, Captain B— was standing with his back to the door.

"Listen, Frank," he said steadily, "Keep your head; you are going to Canada with us; we didn't dare let you in on our plan, for fear something would give the show away. So we decided to shanghai you. Just lie low in here till I give the word, and everything will be fine."

It is hardly necessary to say that Frank promised. The thing he had schemed over for two months had happened by a miracle. To be sure, everything he possessed, except the clothes he wore, was ashore; but he was on his way to a land of promised freedom, and to his boy; and what could anything else matter?

There is a touch of romance about it all. The British officers were playing fairy godmother to a most grateful Cinderella, and enjoying it. A collection was taken up on board; some spare clothes discovered, and when the Royal Hants finally disembarked at Vancouver, no one noticed anything odd about a certain officer's servant engaged in carrying luggage off the boat; nor did anyone observe a little later, when the troop train pulled out with the British Tommies, that the same officer's servant was left behind in Vancouver.

DISTANCE is said to lend enchantment. From Vladivostok, Vancouver looked like Paradise; but viewed at close quarters in the sour after-the-war depression, through the eyes of an enemy alien who had entered illegally and whose total resources were thirteen dollars and forty cents, it looked like something quite different. For days Hoffman tramped the streets, eagerly following every clue that promised work; living with the utmost frugality, but always disappointed, and compelled to see his little stock of money dwindling relentlessly. For obvious reasons he was afraid to apply to official employment agencies, and every other avenue to a job seemed closed. This was probably the most despondent period of the whole history. Had he come so far, almost to within sight of his goal, only to fail? Had fate been mocking him? Had all his sufferings been for nothing? But as so often occurred in past extremities, the way was to open before him. The darkness of his outlook was only that which precedes the dawn.

As he sat taking his frugal meal in a cheap restaurant two lumbermen were talking at a nearby table. Said one of them:

"We're all set now except for the bull-cook; as soon as we round one up the outfit is complete."

Was it an answer to prayer? Hoffman quickly rose, and approached the men. What a bull-cook was he hadn't

the faintest idea, but it was a job, and he wanted it.

"Excuse me," he said, "I overheard that you need a bull-cook and I should like to offer myself for the position."

The man who seemed to have authority scrutinized him. Something in the personality of the applicant attracted him. He conferred with his partner a minute and presently the eager aspirant was a "bull-cook."

What his duties were, he found out as soon as the outfit settled to work at Otter, B.C., and they were plenty; at least so it would have seemed to most. To Dr. Hoffman, the more the merrier. Never had the outfit possessed such a glutton for work; never had a cook such an efficient and willing helper as the new "bull cook" proved. An odd sort, though. Never went on a spree; never groused; saved every cent he could get; they used to laugh at the little laundry business he started on the side. He collected the discarded shirts of the men—silk, many of them, for those were the days of big wages—and laundered and repaired them, to increase his income. He talked little, and was obviously a "Hunk;" yet somehow an offensive lumber-jack would invariably get the uncomfortable feeling that the "Hunk" was despising him for his cheap nastiness.

Time rolled along, and presently the contract was filled and the gang paid off. Dr. Hoffman's roll now seemed large enough to stand a trip to California. Hardly by Pullman, though. It would be necessary to "beat" his way at least part of the journey. How his heart sang as he started tramping south. It had been a long, long, trail a-winding, but the end was in sight at last. To be sure, there was the small matter of an international boundary line to be crossed, but one who had crossed a dozen of them without so much as a "by-your-leave," was not likely to worry about one more.

He enquired in Seattle from a chance acquaintance the best means of getting south. The man became curious.

"How did you get across the line without a passport?" he asked. Regulations are strict."

Hoffman told him.

"You unspeakable fool," the man exclaimed, "Are you absolutely crazy? Don't you know that if they catch you, a tramp without papers—and sooner or later some cop is going to get curious about that accent of yours—they will deport you, and if they find him, the boy too? Take a tip from a friend and beat it back to Canada. Officials are touchy these days about foreigners."

Dr. Hoffman was impressed. Going back would mean delay, but whatever happened, the boy must not be jeopardized. After all what did a little more delay matter? So back he went; back to the same town with only one street, the same barrier, and the same officials, now alas! very much awake and on the job.

"Where are you going? Where are your papers? Where did you come from? And how? And why?" The questions became more truculent as the story came out. The old game; another "Hunk" smuggled in on a troop transport and running around loose. Someone called the wagon and presently the bewildered, broken-hearted traveller found himself behind an iron-barred door that shut with a convincing clang. There would be no digging out of here with a wash basin and fork. [*Continued on page 69*]

"DON'T GROW OLD"

warns John Boles

JOHN BOLES, Universal, whose excellent singing voice and fine acting abil ty have made him one of the screen's most popular stars, tells you what he considers woman's most priceless possession.

Learn the complexion secret 98% of the famous screen stars know

"NOWADAYS no woman need be afraid of birthdays," John Boles says. "Charm isn't by any means measured by years!

"One of the most alluring women I know is . . . But it wouldn't be fair to tell! No one would ever guess—and she's admired wherever she goes.

"These days not only stage and screen stars but hundreds of other women have learned a very important secret of allure. YOUTH is recognized for the priceless thing it is . . . complexions are kept glowing."

\+ + +

How amazingly the famous stars keep youth!

"To keep youth, guard complexion beauty," they will tell you. "Keep your skin temptingly smooth, alluringly aglow!"

The actresses famous for their charm the world over use Lux Toilet Soap, and have for years. So well-known is their preference for this fragrant, beautifully white soap that it is found in theatre dressing rooms everywhere.

In Hollywood, where 605 of the 613 important actresses use it, Lux Toilet Soap is official in *all* the great film studios.

Of the countless Hollywood, Broadway, European stars who use this white soap, some have the fine-grained skin that is inclined to dryness; some the skin that tends to be oily; some the in-between skin . . .

Whatever *your* individual type may be, you, too, will find Lux Toilet Soap the perfect soap—so neutral, so bland is its effect on the skin.

Order several cakes and begin today this gentle care for *your* skin.

EVELYN LAYE, co-starring with John Boles in a recent picture, says: "Lux Toilet Soap is a wonderful soap."

LUPE VELEZ, Universa's effervescent star, says of white Lux Toilet Soap: "It keeps my skin like velvet."

The caress of dollar-a-cake French soap for just 10c

Youth LUX Toilet Soap..10¢

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BEYOND DOUBT *the finest Corn Starch you can buy*

There is usually a product in every line that is unquestionably the best, one that sets the standard, one that has honestly maintained its quality and leadership year in and year out ... and in Corn Starch that product is, beyond doubt, BENSON'S PREPARED CORN.

It is the original Corn Starch in the familiar yellow package ... the same brand that your great-grandmother used years ago and the one that the bride of to-day naturally turns to. It is unique in its field.

MAZOLA

A pure, rich, Salad and Cooking Oil that is recommended by leading chefs and dietitians. For frying, sautéing and salad dressings it is unequalled.

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This Prize-winning book containing economical recipes will be sent on receipt of 10 cents. *Fill out the coupon.*

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How Detectives Work in Europe

Continued from page 4

arrested, minus any evidence, in the hope of forcing a confession, but the wily crook was too adroit to play into the hands of the police. Stubbornly he refused to acknowledge his guilt. On waking one morning in his cell, the thief was astonished to find he was not alone. By his side sat a man diligently writing in a note book. The prisoner asked the stranger how he came there and for what purpose, to which the man replied that the authorities had discovered that the prisoner talked in his sleep and had therefore placed the writer in the cell to take down any information which might thus be obtained. The detective also informed the crook that while sleeping he had unconsciously betrayed himself. Being advised by the detective to admit his guilt rather than aggravate the sentence he would otherwise receive, the crook made a full confession.

This and similar devices for tricking a criminal into a confession, or for the purpose of effecting his capture without any resistance on his part, are considered amply justified by the French authorities, and if the ends justify the means there can be no argument, for in the majority of cases these wiles prove effective. Occasionally, however, the crook proves a match for the most astute detective.

In the British dominions the police have no such leeway granted them, the Third Degree or a forced confession being rigidly debarred. Temptations may not be offered even to exconvicts. This is out-ruled as against public policy—as inciting men to evil deeds. Neither do the authorities of Scotland Yard accept many of the German theories indicative of the guilt of a suspect, such as those expounded by the late famous criminologist, Professor Hans Grosse, of the Gratz University. This eminent authority maintained that the movements of the hands and feet betray the emotions of a guilty person, as he also claimed the placing of a hat on the head disclosed the temperament of the wearer.

WHAT the French so frequently attain by dexterous plotting and scheming, the Germans and Austrians achieve by their strictly scientific methods of dissection and their up-to-date and advanced scientific apparatus. So far have they carried their scientific deductions, as to determine from the most minute fragments of charred paper the quality of the paper and where it was manufactured, not infrequently reconstructing the original writing from ashes. The microscopical examination of particles of fibre, or of dust, furnish the German and Austrian laboratories with incontrovertible evidence of the guilt of an accused person. Nothing is hidden from the eyes of the specialized Expert.

The laboratory tests of Berlin and Vienna's criminological specialists give up secrets, and furnish clues, which are patiently followed up and serve to track down the perpetrator of a crime, science and inexhaustible patience being the chief weapons in the armory of both countries. The police are greatly aided in localizing the hiding place of a suspect by the system prevalent in Germany and Austria—the Notification Law, a law which compels every citizen to notify the police of any change of address. Nor is this police regulation confined to the inhabitants of those countries.

To the incoming foreigner, the demand that he furnish his full name, last place of residence, birth town, place of business, stating whether he is married or single, also to what religious denomination he belongs, comes as a surprise and is often viewed with marked disfavor. He has no alternative, however, but to comply with the law. All these particulars are exacted from visitors within the first twenty-four hours of their arrival in Germany. Obviously this far-reaching ordinance greatly facilitates the work of the police when it is a question of locating any particular person.

Outside Germany and Austria these measures are not in force, though in the case of certain European countries—Belgium, Holland and France, the filing of the name and address of strangers at the Municipal Hall is required. This city ordinance, however, does not constitute a police regulation but was instituted to facilitate the census and taxation returns.

The magic word, "Forbidden" (Verboten) impressed on the minds of the Teuton from his very cradle, is typical of the natural order and discipline habitual to the citizens of Germany. System, order, law, authority, are the stars on their flags of patriotism. In the main the police systems and the means employed for the detection and conviction of criminals are identical in Germany and Austria, but the latter country is the more exacting in regard to the qualifications required of its police.

While in England these are mainly recruited from the country districts and no high degree of education is demanded, the Austrian police are enrolled from among the ranks of University graduates, this being an essential qualification. Holding the theory that the detection of the evil doer is a science *per se*, and therefore calls for a scientific training, Austria insists that her police spend at least four years in an Austrian University, before they can qualify for a Government examination. Even after being admitted as detective-initiates, on probation, another five years of study is imperative in order for the applicant to secure a grade entitling him to a rank on the Police Force higher than that of a non-commissioned officer. This rigid preliminary course has elevated the Viennese Police to the foremost rank among criminal Efficiency Experts in the world.

THE problems presented to the police of Italy, and in a lesser degree, to the Swiss authorities, offer a marked contrast to that of other European nations, for the Italians and the Swiss are mainly engaged in combatting the activities of international criminals, banded together for the purpose of wanton destruction or for that of revenge. The notorious Black Hand, Camorra and Mafia represent the best known bands of this class. Apart from those organized groups, the Swiss Government enjoys the same comparative immunity from crime which caused the British to discard many of their prisons in recent years. The Swiss, too, are a law-loving, law-abiding people.

The police of that country are very precise in their methods when it is a question of examining the locality of a crime. In common with all European countries they take careful measurements of any footprints which may be discovered, although the astute criminal is far too well posted in this branch of police identification to leave such incriminating evidence. Only the unskilled crook furnishes

[Continued on page 33]

How Detectives Work in Europe

Continued from page 32

finger-prints or footmarks to testify to his activities. Car or bicycle tracks offer more frequent clues, since time—a most important factor in any capture—is required to obliterate the impressions left by a special make of tire.

Sometimes a mere trifle will suffice to bring a crime home to the guilty party, and for this reason every peculiarity of the habitual criminal is carefully noted. The act of walking is very typical of an individual, for scarcely two persons walk exactly alike. The main factors to be observed in this connection are the length of the stride, the position of the feet when walking and whether the pedestrian treads heavily or lightly. Even the motion of the arms, whether they swing slightly or very noticeably forward when the feet are in motion is noticed.

The hands of suspected crooks are examined in order to discover the trade followed, for should the right hand be larger than the left it would indicate a carpenter, whose right shoulder is also usually somewhat higher than the left, as the result of using a saw. The fingers of a tailor show minute punctures on the forefinger and thumb of his left hand. In fact there is no trade which, if habitually pursued, does not leave an impress of the owner's activities.

The numerous attempts on the part of prisoners to sham sickness has been met by the Italians by the sphygmographic test. This is an instrument which diagnoses any change in the circulation of the blood, and it was the Italian, Lombroso, who by frequent experiments finally determined the difference in the circulation of a person subject to epileptic attacks and the spurious attacks feigned in order to arouse the sympathy of passers by.

In Italy there is one branch of the police which takes precedence over the other branches of this service—the Royal Carabiniers. These men are trained and qualified soldiers who while forming part of the Italian army are yet highly organized policemen, and perform many of the duties usually assigned to the police in other countries. They rank higher than do the ordinary forces of the police, known as the Municipal Guards, or the regular police, the latter being designated, "Public Security Guards."

AN international "Central Journal of Information" is published in Brussels, and furnishes the European Police with daily information as to the activities of the Underworld in Belgium, but while Brussels is the headquarters of this special organ, it is only one feature of the International Police Commission having its headquarters in that city. Meetings of the Commission are held in different European cities and are officially represented by a Gazette, published twice monthly, which supplies a list of wanted men together with their photographs.

The Belgian police qualifications, though less severe than those of Austria or Germany, are far less elastic than those of England. The candidates must score seventy per cent of marks in an open competitive examination, which includes such subjects as general mechanics, chemistry, physics, history, geography and even book-keeping. The applicant, however, is not required to have other credentials than that of a secondary school diploma.

Not until after the great World War, when crime was rife throughout Europe, was the State Detective Department of Brussels instituted, in the year 1920. This is under the direct supervision of the Minister of Justice, who appoints the detectives for this Department, but the Chief Inspector of Detectives holds his office direct from the King of Belgium.

But whether we regard the different methods employed by the police of Europe, or the qualifications required of the police by the various Governments, as the chief factors in the prevention and detection of crime, it is obvious that the co-operation of the public lies at the very root of the problem and materially assists in the decrease of crime which characterizes the most progressive European nations. Paradoxical, too, as it seems, a survey of the countries with the fewest laws are precisely those nations where law and order are maintained most efficaciously, and where crime is on the decrease.

Courtesy of Canadian National Railways

Hopewell Capes, Peticodiac River, near Moncton, New Brunswick

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WHEN a woman realizes that her letters indicate her social position, she knows that care must be exercised in the choice of stationery. It is difficult to defend the use of inferior writing paper, as she is not usually present when her letters are read. If the letter paper does not creditably represent her, it is at once damaging to her social position.

If you use Cameo Vellum, you will be "sure of being right,"—it is always in perfect taste and correct form. Its high quality is recognized by women everywhere, but they have found that the moderate cost permits of its use for everyday letter writing. Most good stationers sell Cameo Vellum.

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•

The New and Improved Champion Spark Plugs have a definitely increased range of spark plug efficiency and they make every engine a better performing engine. Better in power and flexibility. Better in starting, idling, and at top speed.

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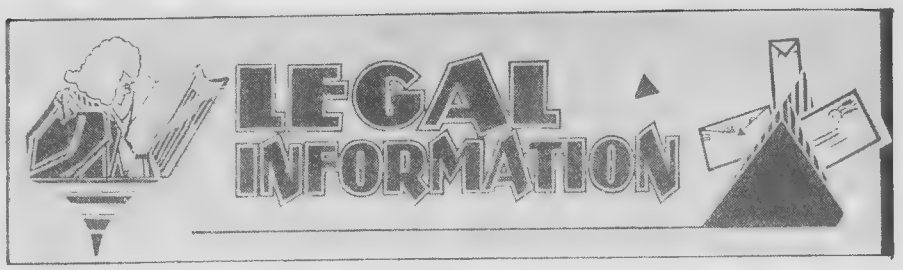
A CANADIAN-MADE PRODUCT



A RECENT motor car case shows the care which must be exercised by drivers who alight from their cars on the highway for the purpose of making repairs or extricating themselves from mud or snowdrifts. One dark evening, when the snow was falling heavily, a driver was proceeding along a highway and after he had made a certain turn to the right, met a motor truck, the motor truck being in such a position that the driver was forced to leave the middle of the road and immediately found himself stuck in the snow. He endeavoured to extricate the car under its own power but was unable to do so and then got out with the intention of putting on chains. While he was jacking up the left rear wheel and was in a kneeling position behind the wheel, another car rounded the corner, struck the kneeling driver on the back of the shoulder, and ran into his car.

The facts showed that the second driver stopped his car within a foot or two after the collision and that he was only travelling about ten or twelve miles an hour at the time of the accident. The evidence further showed that the first driver did not have a red light at the end of his car, which was contrary to the provisions of the Highway Act. The first driver endeavored to argue that the second driver was negligent in that he did not keep his windshield sufficiently clear of snow to enable him to drive safely; secondly that he did not sound his horn in rounding the corner, and further that he was travelling too fast. The Court held that there was no evidence of any of these acts of negligence and even if there were any, that the accident was solely due to the negligence of the first driver in kneeling in the roadway without the protection of the red light called for by the statute. As the Court very caustically stated: "It is argued on behalf of the first driver that he, being on the highway himself and not in his car, had all the rights of a pedestrian and that there was no law requiring a pedestrian to carry a light. That might be," the court continued, "but a pedestrian who placed himself on his hands and knees in the travelled portion of the highway in the middle of a heavy snow storm after dark, taking no precautions whatever to warn approaching motor cars of his position, would have no actionable rights against a person coming round the corner and running into him."

Answers to Queries

Ituna, Sask.

Q. I am still receiving letters from the Cumulative Encyclopedia Company, formerly the International Research Bureau, asking for money. I understood from answers in your legal department that this company was no longer allowed to operate. Would you kindly give any information available re this company as there may be others still receiving duns from them. —C.H.M.

A. We do not recall stating that the above companies were no longer allowed to be operated, but we have on different occasions stated that nearly all of the people who purchased encyclopedias from the above companies have probably a good cause of action to resist payment of the company's claim. If the company commences legal proceedings against you, obtain the advice of your solicitor to assist you in deciding whether you can claim breach of contract or misrepresentation.

* * *

Edmonton, Alta.

Q. Please tell me through your "Legal Information," if the Prudential Insurance Company can lapse a policy of the premium that has not been paid for four weeks.—F.L.

A. The rights of the insurance company and the assured are determined wholly by the contract set out in the policy. We presume that the policy to which you refer is one of the type of industrial policies where the premiums are payable weekly.

We are informed by the above company that under the strict terms of the policy it lapses if payments are not made within four weeks but that they usually grant a further week. In any event the policy can be reinstated by bringing all overdue payments up to date.

* * *

Camas, Washington.

Q. Will you kindly enlighten me as to my nationality. Being born in the United States, going to Canada a small child. In 1891 I married a Canadian, in so doing considered I had forfeited my citizenship. Recently have been advised it was not until 1921 that this law came into effect.—E.R.

A. Under the Canadian laws if you were not previously a British subject you became a Canadian when you married a Canadian citizen. We are informed by the American Consul-General that since you were married prior to September 22, 1922 you have lost your American citizenship. An American wife married since that date still retains her American citizenship.

* * *

Calgary, Alta.

Q. Can a wife secure a separation from her husband and sue the co-respondent for taking her husband's affections away from her? He wouldn't support me on any conditions. I'd have to work for myself and the children. Can I compel him to give me support if I do leave him on those grounds and would he have to pay for the costs of the court if I sued him?—G.C.W.

A. A wife can always sue her husband for a divorce but cannot claim any damages from the co-respondent nor can she start an action for alienation of his affections. These rights are confined to the husband solely. You have the right to sue for a divorce, to obtain custody of the children, and to obtain alimony, that is, maintenance for yourself and your children. In this case both of you would have the right to remarry.

You have also the right to obtain a judicial separation giving you the custody of the children and also an award of alimony for their and your maintenance. In this case neither of you would have the right to re-marry. Your husband would have to pay all costs incurred.

Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

GETTING A DEGREE

P. A. BRANDON: When it is said that a man holds a degree, we generally understand that after securing matriculation standing he has entered a university, has attended the required time, usually four years, has passed the necessary examinations and has been granted a degree by the university under authority conferred by some statutory enactment. Some of the well known degrees granted under these circumstances are B.A., Bachelor of Arts; M.A., Master of Arts; B.Sc., Bachelor of Science; B.Com., Bachelor of Commerce.

Degrees are also granted by certain bodies under statutory authority and usually in affiliation with universities. A Manitoba example is the Institute of Chartered Accountants, whose members, when qualified, receive the standing of C.A., Chartered Accountant. A number of other bodies in Canada have also secured the right under the statute to grant certificates to their members conferring the right to use certain letters designating their standing. Some of these are D.L.S., Dominion Land Surveyor; C.L.U., Chartered Life Underwriter; C.G.A., Canadian General Accountant; L.A., Licentiate in Accountancy; A.C.C.I., Associate Canadian Credit Institute.

Similar conditions exist in England but there an unfortunate situation has grown up which has brought about some confusion in regard to the value of the standing granted. There, certain professional bodies have secured the right to grant degrees and have built up a very high standard of membership but as the conditions of qualification become more difficult, other groups have been formed with similar powers and with the privilege of admitting to membership, without examination, those who in their judgment are qualified by experience. This privilege is legitimate if it is not abused, but there is evidence that standing has been granted to persons who are not really well qualified for the distinction.

The particular society about which you inquire has been rather active in advertising the privilege of admission without examination, under certain conditions, and for that reason it might be well for you to consider the matter well before you go to the expense of sending in fees. As you are connected with a wholesale business, why not train for the examinations of the Canadian Credit Institute, Bank of Toronto Building, Winnipeg, which is authorized under Dominion Statute to grant standing and which works in affiliation with Canadian universities? For students who cannot attend personally for the Institute lectures, a correspondence course is provided.

DOES YOUTH GET ITS CHANCE?

"DOES youth get its chance?," is the heading of a recent letter to an editor in which complaint is made that although a young man has entered industrial life with good standing and has followed studies likely to prove of value in the work he is doing, his efforts have not been recognized and he is still occupying a junior position. Some sympathy can be felt for those who are making genuine efforts to get ahead and yet who seem to be at a standstill in their occupations. It is fairly common report of captains of industry that they complain of a lack of qualified men and promise encouraging rewards to young men who are thoroughly proficient.

In England, an actual case is quoted of a young man who at the age of sixteen, full of enthusiasm, entered a railway office with the intention of making railway work his career.

He began, as advised, in a booking office and went through all the usual training in the expectation of finding in due time wider scope and opportunities.

He took two courses of training in railway administration and working, won a proficiency certificate in railway accounting and a prize in open competition for railway signalling; studied economics and language, and gained membership in the Institute of Transport.

Notwithstanding all this preparation, hard work, and expense, and a keenness to prove himself proficient, he is still a booking clerk and his efforts are, it is said, overlooked by the railway company.

It is hard to know just what to say of a case of this kind. On the one side we have hundreds of youths who get junior positions and who make little or no special effort to get ahead, trusting that somehow an opening higher up may occur some day. And here we have a youth, typical too of many others, who has worked as hard as anyone might be expected to work, and who is disappointed at the outcome, although I feel sure that despite his low salary he would not willingly part with the knowledge he has gained.

It is possible that the problem is a part of the much greater one of the effects of mass education. There is not room at the top for all and it is inevitable that large numbers must be engaged in the lower ranks of industry. In America, the ideal is education and as much of it as possible for all. In Canada the tendency is the same and a storm of protest arises when an educational body attempts to make the process of education more expensive or to limit existing opportunities for study. In England, plans are under discussion to raise the age limit for leaving school and to make secondary education more generally available.

Now, the rewards of study are usually set before students in two ways: one that study is worth while in itself; and the other that those who are well trained may properly look forward to promotion to positions that offer good salaries. It is to be feared that the latter argument prevails considerably in minds of young people and it is but natural that it should do so but if a secondary education is desirable for all, why not a university education? Does an elevator boy need a university education? If he gets it, will he be content to remain an elevator boy or is he to seek the position of president of the company? Will his additional education give him a contented mind or an unsatisfied ambition? How much responsibility have teachers under these circumstances?

Under the present organization of society, several things are clear. Low grade, for want of a better term, classes of work must be done. Such work is not paid for so generously as higher kinds of work. Yet education goes on and a university graduate may be found selling goods by the yard. Education, then, may not necessarily lead at once or ultimately to highly paid positions. Is, then, the remedy less education, or should education be directed to other purposes? We do not know the answers to all these questions and should welcome correspondence from readers who have devoted some thought to the matter.

SORE THROAT

ANY little soreness in the throat grows rapidly worse if neglected. Crush three tablets of Aspirin in some water, and gargle at once. This gives you instant relief, and reduces danger from infection. One good gargle and you can feel safe. If all soreness is not gone promptly, repeat. There's usually a cold with the sore throat, so take two tablets to throw off your cold, headache, stiffness or other cold symptoms. Aspirin relieves neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, toothache, earache and other needless pain. Use it freely; Aspirin does not hurt the heart or upset the stomach. Physicians recommend it. Sold at drugstores everywhere. It is important that you get Aspirin and not a substitute, so look for the name Aspirin on the package when you buy. Other things which you may be asked to try, do not act like Aspirin and do not achieve the same results.

BAYER

Three ways to fight decay!

Remove film . . . Eat right
See your dentist

Film is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly stains on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

WIPE out decay! That is the goal of modern dentistry. Here are three rules for you to follow in helping *you* attain it.

First, drink plenty of orange juice, eat other citrus fruits, fresh vegetables and tomatoes. Diet helps to keep your teeth and gums strong and healthy—increase their "disease-resistance."

Next, go to your dentist twice a year or oftener. Have him remove the tartar deposits that develop at the gum line and become a constant source of irritation.

Remove film

Last, but of prime importance, remove film from teeth twice daily. Film is the basis of tartar. It invites dental troubles. In it are germs believed to cause decay.

Film is not easy to remove from teeth. It clings like glue and defies all ordinary ways of brushing. That is why Pepsodent was developed.

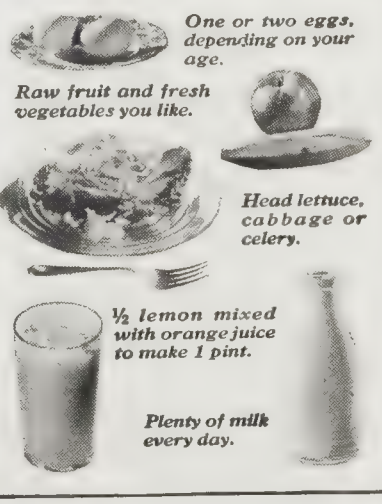
Pepsodent removes film thoroughly, completely. Its unique action is due to a revolutionary polishing and cleansing agent. One that is extremely smooth and fine—twice as soft as that commonly used in other tooth pastes. It is supremely safe for the delicate teeth of children.

Safe! Supremely gentle

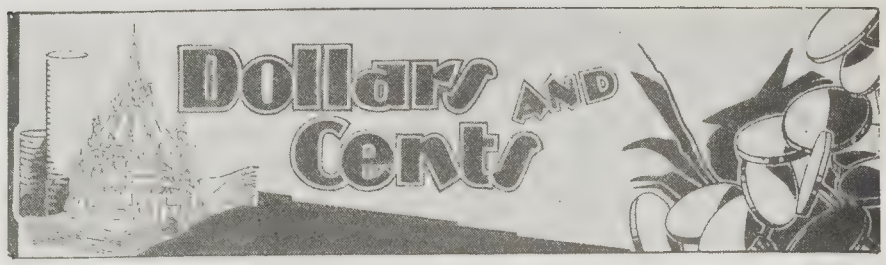
Yet with all its softness this new agent excels all others in cleansing teeth and polishing enamel.

So if you seek glorious health in teeth and gums as well as loveliness—eat right, use Pepsodent, see your dentist twice a year.

Include these in your diet:



USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—
SEE YOUR DENTIST AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR



THE outstanding event during the last month has been the British economic crisis which has resulted in a complete political change. Some time ago a commission, headed by Sir Charles May, an eminent insurance expert, reported as to economies which might be effected to reduce the possible national deficit. This report was most alarming and showed that even with the greatest economy there still would be a large deficit. It was apparent, on the publication of the report, that the situation was most serious and the consequent reduction in the value of British securities showed that the financial world was fully acquainted with her difficulties. Then occurred a political change of great magnitude. Ramsay MacDonald, head of the Labor party, resigned and then agreed to head a National Government composed of Labor, Liberal and Conservative. This action, courageous as it was and dictated by the national interest, has not been welcome to certain members, but on the whole it is believed that it will restore British credit. Parliament meets during the month of September and current reports indicate that plans have been formulated whereby the British budget will be balanced.

We have stressed this situation, not because of the political aspect but because the economic welfare of Great Britain has a tremendous influence upon the economic welfare of Canada. It is idle to state its importance particularly upon Western Canada, where there remains the problem of the disposal of large quantities of grain and other commodities. Moreover, if any crisis were to occur in London, the financial heart of the British Empire, the blow would not only hit the Empire but every European country, with many of whom we trade. It is therefore sincerely to be hoped that, with the aid of eminent men of all parties, a solution of the Motherland's difficulties will be found.

The general outlook of affairs in Canada still continues to be a matter of concern. The Bank of Montreal in its monthly letter deals with the matter as follows:

"The fact that a financial crisis has been averted, at least temporarily, in Germany by postponement of debt payments and extension of short-term credits, and that a better concord of European nations appears to have been brought about, has been a relieving factor in the general outlook. The cost of living is slowly coming down, having fallen 28.5 per cent from the average level in 1920, indicating that the decline in wholesale prices is reaching consumers. Of major importance are the measures in hand for the relief of unemployment and the care of farmers in cropless areas in the Prairie Provinces. Road-making and construction of various kinds will supply work for large numbers in the coming months, and from the expenditure many classes of business will profit. Apart from the Prairie Provinces, an excellent harvest is being reaped, while some relief of depressed farming conditions in these provinces is provided in the toning up of the cattle market by renewed export trade to Great Britain.

Answers to Queries

Deloraine, Man.

Q. Would you kindly give me any information you can concerning the Hudson Mines Limited and The Notre Dame Gold Mines Ltd.—M.B.

A. The Hudson Mines Ltd. is now defunct. The Notre Dame Gold Mines Ltd. sold all its assets in 1928 to Notre Dame Mines Ltd. This latter company raised sufficient funds to do a considerable amount of development work on the company's properties. These claims are scattered in different parts of Quebec and as the present content of the company's property appears to be silver and copper we presume that that is the reason that the company was unable to fully develop its properties. The company is now dormant. The company has a capital of three million shares of the par value of $1.00, of which approximately 2,100,000 are issued. Its address is 35 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal, and the transfer agents are the Sun Trust Co. Ltd., of Montreal.

* * *

Saskatoon, Sask.

Q. Kindly give me any information you have about the Reindeer Finance Company with offices at 510 Northwest Building, Vancouver. I hold 50 shares and would like to know what the prospects are.—J.McG.

A. We can give you no information as to the Reindeer Finance Company. We would suggest that you make enquiries through your Bank or through the Provincial Secretary, Victoria, B.C. or the Secretary of State for Canada, Ottawa, Ont.

* * *

Torquay, Sask.

Q. I would like a report from you on the Western Savings & Loan Association of Winnipeg, as to whether or not you consider their savings plan safe to invest savings in.

A. The Western Savings & Loan Association of Winnipeg has been making fairly good progress. It has a good Board of Directors and we believe that you will find the company reliable to deal with. At the same time it is one of the newer companies and has not a period of successful operation behind it so as to place its securities in the category of seasoned investments. However, the companies which have engaged in the building society business have shown a remarkably low percentage of failures, although the nature of the business is such that they can only be moderately successful. We would suggest that you should not purchase any of the savings certificates of this company unless you are satisfied that you can maintain the payments to maturity of your certificate, because if you have to realize upon the certificate at any time the interest rate on your investment will be rather low.

WE PRESENT

FOR YOUR CANADIAN ALBUM

WALTER HUSTON

MR. HUSTON is a Canadian by birth, of Scotch and Irish parentage. Born April 6, 1884, he studied to be an engineer but at the age of eighteen the stage made too strong an appeal. Played with a Toronto stock company but later ran away riding the brake beams to New York. After half starving there he landed a three-line part in Richard Mansfield's company, bungled it and was immediately fired. Gave up the stage in 1905, returning to Toronto to follow up engineering, having in the meanwhile married. The call of the stage was too strong however and in 1909 he organized the vaudeville team of "Whipple and Huston." Remained in vaudeville twelve years, going from the Keith circuit to Shuberts. This was not a financial success. It was not until he happened to see a play that a friend was producing that he reached stardom. Reading over the play he felt he could play the title role, and proved a success overnight. Followed "The Fountain," "Congo," "The Barker," "Elmer the Great," "The Commodore Marries," and "Desire Under the Elms." Pictures then claimed him, appearing in "Gentlemen of the Press," "The Lady Lies," "The Virginian," "The Bad Man," "The Ruling Voice, "The Star Witness." Amongst the many American-born actors the honor fell to Mr. Huston, a Canadian, to play the part of the Great Emancipator in "Abraham Lincoln." Walter Huston is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and eighty pounds, has blue eyes and dark hair. He has a son twenty-three years of age who already is a well-known author. Mr. Huston, despite a picture career, still hopes to do an occasional play on Broadway.

Little Rambles in Hollywood

With E. G. Bayne

WITH a member of the publicity staff of one of the studios I was walking past a row of players' dressing-rooms one day when suddenly we heard loud voices issuing from behind a closed door, in particular a feminine one keyed to a high pitch, and abruptly the door burst open and a short stout man came hurriedly out—followed by a box of face-powder, a pair of manicure scissors, a bottle of perfume and various other miscellany. He successfully dodged these missiles and they struck the floor beyond him in a little series of crashes, while the door was slammed violently shut by someone on the other side. The little man, looking dazed and scared, and as pale as a white owl in a blizzard, leaned against the wall with his hands to his cheeks and his eyes rolled up.

"Mein Gott!" he exclaimed, feelingly. "Such a temperament!" And trotted off, muttering and shaking his head.

My companion chuckled appreciatively. Leaning over the fragments of the scent-bottle he sniffed with the air of a connoisseur.

"*Only* twenty dollars an ounce." he remarked. "But that baby can get away with anything because she's clicking at the box-office."

"Who is she, and what's it all about?" I asked.

He mentioned a well-known name, which it would be unfair to reveal inasmuch as others of her profession sometimes share a like tendency to go off at half-cock.

"As to what it's all about, probably nothing at all. That was the Big Shot himself and very likely he was in there to plead with her to work a couple of hours overtime so they can keep to production schedule. She's 105 pounds of blonde dynamite and she detonated, that's all."

"What will he do?"

"Oh, propitiate her at all costs. If she quits on them they're out a cool million besides losing her to a rival company that's only lying in wait to grab her. He'll go back to the office and order two-dozen roses sent up to her. She's got those birds right under her dainty instep and she knows it and *they* know it."

A snap of the four Marx brothers taken in the offices of Paramount, for whom they have just finished "Monkey Business."

Anita Louise, a new screen sensation, under contract to Charles R. Rogers. Her most recent role was opposite Lew Ayres in "Heaven on Earth."

Eddie Quillan, English comedian, and a corn-fed lady in "The Tip-Off."

TEMPERAMENT manifests itself in different ways. Charlie Chaplin is followed about by all manner of mendicants and grafters who have heard that he is democratic and ready to help the under-dog, but one day he was held up by a very repulsive-looking individual as he entered a certain restaurant. Hastily pressing a bill into the man's hand and averting his eyes from the spectacle of a cancerous face the comedian passed in and ordered a good dinner of all his favorite dishes. He sat brooding for a while and then got up suddenly and took his hat and went away without eating. He told one of his friends afterwards that it was several days before he could bring himself to touch food.

Among my own unforgettable memories is the recollection of Charlie Chaplin expressing moods with a hat. It was in a quiet little place where three of us had gone for luncheon, certainly with no expectation of seeing him there. But there he was, a little man with grey hair seated at a neighboring table with his hat on, as one who is either drunk or specially privileged. Charlie was enjoying the last-named prerogative. Surrounded by a group of admiring friends he was treating them to an impromptu entertainment. It wasn't the famous derby hat that figured in the proceedings but a soft grey felt and he did everything with it short of making it talk out loud. Tipping it slightly over one eye he became a rakish *elegante*; pulled low over both eyes he swiftly changed to a menacing gangster shooting remarks out of the side of his mouth; another position and he was merely a rounder with a morning-after head; placed on the back of his scalp the hat next presented him in the guise of a rustic come to town for a day and gazing at the skyscrapers; alternately he was the Prince of Wales, Al Capone, Mussolini, E. W. Beatty of the C.P.R., Herbert Hoover, President of the U.S.A., Will Rogers, and the popular conception of an official of the C.I.D. of Scotland Yard. The pantomine called forth an enthusiastic hand-clapping from guests who had neglected their luncheons to watch. One wouldn't have believed the nuances, the shades of meaning, that may be read in the least tilt one way or another of an ordinary felt fedora—until one remembered that it was a master pantomimist who performed this magic.

So, it isn't difficult to believe the story recently related of Chaplin and a pompous young official from an Eastern studio who came to the coast to take charge of the casting department while the chief was on holidays. One day there approached his window a little fellow with a look of simplicity and an ingratiating grin.

"Wanta git a job in the pictures." he proclaimed, twirling his countrified hat round in his hands and smirking bashfully.

"Gwan! Beat it, yokel. Go dig your spuds." said the casting boss, with a wave of his hand.

"They—they tell me I got talent," the applicant pursued. "Can't I fill out a card or somethin', mister?"

"What can *you* do?" scornfully inquired the other.

"Well," returned the little fellow, pointing to his head with an air of modesty, "I *could* be one o' these here platinum blondes, couldn't I?"

So now all one needs to say in order to take a rise out of that particular official is to inquire in an innocent tone whether he needs any platinum blondes. Nobody relishes a joke more than Charlie—when it's on the other fellow. And one's excuse for recounting this yarn is the fact that it hasn't yet appeared in print.

WHILE on the subject of temperament, one hazards a guess that much of it may be the immediate result of so much rigid dieting, in that hungry people are naturally cantankerous. Once I had to write an article on "What the Stars Dream About," and it was disconcerting to learn that instead of romantic yearnings of one sort and another I had to record the prosaic fact that the majority dreamed about food! Richard Dix said that the hardest thing he ever had to do was to wake up after a dream wherein he was on the point of wading into a bill-of-fare consisting of caviar, pate de foie gras, bisque of lobster, roast gosling, avocado salad, petit fours with Hollandaise sauce, and chocolate mousse with lots of whipped cream. Dix however is far from being temperamental. I think it was Billie Dove of the luscious face and figure who almost wept while assuring me that her idea of Paradise was a place where you could eat all you wanted. When invited to a delicious layout her theme song was: "Oh to be Marie Dressler just for tonight!"

"Yes, I can eat anything, thank heaven." Miss Dressler contributed. "So an ugly duckling has its compensations, you see. It leaves me free to concentrate on how to be funny. You know," she went on, "all players measure their success by the one standard—*the laugh*. The comedian is afraid he won't get it and the dramatic actor fears that he will. Don't ask me which kind of panic is the worst. I've known both and you can take it from me that that all-gone feeling in the pit of the tummy has got the pangs of hunger beaten six ways."

Marion Davies has a reputation for lavish hospitality which she dispenses at her palatial beach home at Santa Monica. Here, sooner or later, all writers are entertained along with the screen elite and any visiting royalty that happens to be hanging around. Not only does Miss Davies play a large part in what may be called the night life of the colony but she's a hostess by day as well. She has a gorgeous sculptured swimming-pool spanned by a picturesque bridge and surrounded with flower-beds and gay umbrellas over little tables. Beneath the house there is an old English tap-room that was brought intact from abroad and where her guests repair to dry off before the big fire-place. It has a chimney-seat and carved oak tables and beyond it are rows of dressing-cubicles equipped with every toilet necessity. Her informal dinners, if one had but space to list the items, would furnish one very good reason why these parties of hers are so popular. Beside them the famed feasts of Lucullus pale into insignificance. She caters to every race and on the same menu may be found toasted English crumpets and roast beef, rye bread and sauerkraut, and spaghetti and minestrone.

Hollywood delights in making the appropriate gesture. The King of Siam was banquetted entirely on the dishes of his own country. At the opening of "Strangers May Kiss," while a blimp overhead dropped flowers on the crowd we were each presented with a gardenia as we passed inside and attached to this favor was a tiny gilt-edged card that said: "Thank you for coming.—Norma Shearer." The personal touch!

I LIKE best the nights at The Bowl, a giant *al fresco* auditorium dedicated to symphony concerts, with tiers and tiers of seats, sufficient in number to accommodate

Temperament, Night Life, Mexican Barbecues, Fan Letters and Unpublished Facts About the Players, with Intimate Glimpses of Garbo, Dietrich, Chaplin and Other Luminaries

How they make one of those tender love scenes. Betty Compson and Robert Ames filming a sequence of "Three Who Loved" with George Archainband directing.

a small town. As you listen to the world's finest music a crucifix burns against the sky on a neighboring slope to the memory of an honored pioneer, Father Juniper Serra. An annual Pilgrimage Play is presented around this cross, and another familiar event is the Mission Play held at San Gabriel a few miles distant. In midsummer everybody motors to Santa Barbara, 100 miles up the coast, for the famous Spanish Fiesta that revives with music, pageantry, and dancing, the days of the Dons. On New Year's Day there is a great trek to Pasadena for the Tournament of Roses.

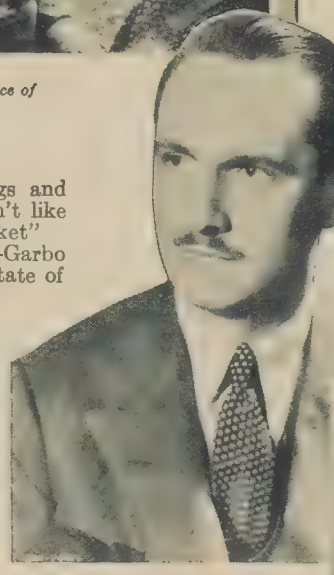
Friday night is fight night at the Legion Stadium and some of the daintiest of our feminine favorites attend regularly and cheer the combatants. Tuesday is the big night at the Hotel Ambassador and if the visitor can wangle his way in he may see any number of the younger screen set dancing to an excellent orchestra. Those with energies still undepleted after dancing may go on to a night club such as the fashionably smart Olsen's or the merry Cotton Club and there greet the dawn. One can imagine some modern Diogenes searching diligently for a citizen, male or female, who goes to bed at ten o'clock, and finally blowing out his lantern and calling it a day.

Then there are the Mexican barbecues. On one occasion, when out on location with a picture unit, I attended one of these colorful affairs. They begin at noon and continue with alternate periods of dining and dancing till far into the night. "Come at 12, wear a sombrero, a sash, and a serape, and bring a guitar. Ladies will bring their fans." So read the invitation. Long tables were laid in the patio of the ranch house and the eats consisted of barbecued beef, that is beef that was roasted in a stone-lined pit, with grilled kidneys, hot tamales, frijoles, enchiladas, tortillas, calves' heads stuffed with mint, and candy, nuts and raisins for dessert. A tamale is a cross between a sausage and a Scottish haggis, a composite of cornmeal mush, pieces of chicken and chili sauce, all rolled into a corn-husk and cooked over boiling water. Frijoles are small pink beans fried in oil with garlic and grated cheese added. An enchilada is a grand mixture of everything, including hot Mex peppers, onions, chopped ripe olives, cheese, fried tortillas, and some indeterminate items, the whole calculated to bring on an attack of acute gastritis in an ordinary Anglo-Saxon. But nobody ever dies of indigestion in Mexico. It is just one of life's little ironies. The dancing took place on a hard-surfaced tennis-court where the whirling caballeros and graceful, mantilla'd girls sped around in tangoes and tarantellas to the music of the guitars. The whole was a memorable, highly-flavored occasion.

SOME reliable authority has said that outside of France the best food in the world is to be found in Southern California and he is probably right. Here are cafes to suit every taste and you may eat in any language, including the Scottish, for there is even a Tam-o'-Shanter Inn where everything is Scotch except the liquid refreshments. There are a number of roadside luncheries where you may halt your car and have a tray clamped to the window by a smiling waitress.

Greta Garbo probably takes most of her meals at home in Scandinavian comfort but once when she was lunching in public, a friend of mine reports, she shuddered when a dish of ripe peaches was brought on. The so-called Mystery of Hollywood was up against a mystery she herself couldn't fathom. To the waiter she said pleadingly: "Take away those things and bring some pears. I don't like biting through the blanket"

Either one must be pro-Garbo or definitely anti, for a state of indifference is intolerable to the fan mind. I was rash enough to say in the course of an article in another magazine recently that while I admired this star's work I, for one, had never fallen a victim to the Garbo lure — whereupon 182 flappers took pen in hand and on various kinds and colors of notepaper undertook to tell me how dumb I was. A few were formally polite and some were roughly abusive, while at least one correspondent who must have been masculine—a student at Berkeley—challenged me to an old-fashioned duel and gave me the privilege of choosing the weapons.



Frederic March, one of Hollywood's best bets, whom you will next see in "Jekyll and Hyde." Feminine fans are urging him to shed his moustache.

Fans are the most startlingly outspoken people. Just fancy anyone writing to the dignified George Arliss and asking him to leave off that window-glass he wears on one eye! And I have been shown letters addressed to Frederic March, which after touching casually on his good screen work, went on to rate him soundly for the mustache he now has. "On the level, Freddy," one girl wrote, "that soup-strainer gives your admirers a terrible pain. Off with it!" Nancy Carroll is continually being advised by well-wishers not to eat too much and Constance Bennett urged to "try and shake off that look of world-weariness." Groucho Marx is usually asked how he got his front name. He says it dates back to his barnstorming days when every thespian carried a little chamois-bag around his neck to hold his cash, change of attire being so frequent that some place of security was necessary. The little bank was known as a "grouch" bag. He once lost his with ten dollars in it, all he owned in the world, and this tragedy fastened the name on him for keeps.

One of the current comedies of Hollywood is the way in which Marlene Dietrich, a thoroughly fine actress, is being exploited. Here is a situation that might well point a moral, only of course nobody would heed it, for an industry presided over by men who believe that pictures can be turned out by the gross, like Ford cars or shirts or canned salmon, could scarcely be expected to allow a player to make good on her fine work alone. An atmosphere of mystery must be worked up and scandals hinted at which have no basis in fact. Miss Dietrich has set a precedent by being photographed with her small daughter and says that if she had as many children as Schumann-Heinck she'd do the same.

No matter how far afield one wanders in California the influence of Hollywood is apparent wherever one goes. Sooner or later there comes a yearning to "get away from it all," but it can't be done within the borders of the Golden State. Actually California is the writers' Mecca. To it gravitate all varieties of the craft from poets to publicity agents, in search of inspiration, copy, and mazuma. Once, hoping to escape from studios and shop-talk for a space, I turned my car's nose north and sought a change and rest. A short distance from San Francisco lies a region rich in literary lore, principally because of two of the great, Stevenson and Jack London. The trip may be made in a day but a week-end affords time for a stop-over to visit such scenic marvels as the Petrified Forest and the geysers of Sonoma County. Crossing the Carquinez Bridge we soon passed through the Napa Valley, bright with the hues of orchard and vineyard. Above Napa and Calistoga we reached Mount Ste. Helena where high on its sloping side stood the little mining town of Silverado. Here is the monument marking the site of the cabin where Stevenson and his bride dwelt for a time in search of the health that ever eluded him. The scene is a desolate one and the mouth of the old mine gapes forlornly. Nearer the ocean is Sonoma Valley and the celebrated Valley of the Moon, set amid rolling hills, where in a single evening you may see the moon rise seven successive times. (Will Rogers says that when he was first told about this he thought there was a catch in it somewhere and inquired just how much liquid stimulant was required to conjure up seven moons!) In the northerly part of this valley is the old London Ranch, or rather its ruins—a scene to stir the most phlegmatic. Sonoma, the heart of the region, was the centre of the Bear Flag Revolution in 1846 and there are interesting old adobe buildings and a few old missions. The padres showed good judgment in selecting California as a home. Here it is similar to the hill-girt valleys of the Tuscany, with vineyards flourishing on every slope and a cornflower-blue sky above.

In this comparatively remote section Hollywood and its madnesss seemed far away. The infinite peace of Nature wrapped us round and we idled along the roads revelling in an unaccustomed sense of detachment from things commercial. There were four of us. Occasionally we would come to a gate in the course of our explorations and one or another would hop out to open it. The most enchanting waterfall suddenly appeared and two of us set out with cameras to capture its charm in snapshots. We had to cross a field where a man was at work hoeing potatoes. He was grey and bent and evidently one of the numerous small-farmers of the region. He eyed the trespassers with suspicion and we apologized, explaining that we came from faraway Hollywood where waterfalls were *non est*, although there were some of the artificial kind there. Whereupon the farmer launched into an [Continued on page 50]

Bill Boyd in "The Big Gamble" with Dorothy Sebastian, to whom he is now married.

SHADOWLAND

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH studied law and worked as a reporter before attaining his ambition to succeed on the stage and thence to the screen. His present ambition is to guess his weight on a penny slot machine. His sense of humour is priceless. Among his hobbies are enumerated: bobbing for apples, reading pamphlets, watching the water go over a dam and watching men raise safes up into high office windows. He screams when girls talk baby talk.

CLIVE BROOK, who was born in London, England, came to America to make one picture and has remained six years. This popular star, who made his first effort at stage work after the war was over, is six feet tall—minus one inch—has brown hair and grey eyes.

RAYMOND MASSEY, who makes his first screen appearance in "The Speckled Band," is well known as a stage director, producer and actor. He was born in Toronto in 1896 and is a brother of the Hon. Vincent Massey, former Canadian representative at Washington, D.C.

PHILLIPS LORD (Seth Parker), will make his screen debut in "Other People's Business." He is the son of a minister, brought up on a ranch in Maine where he absorbed the homely ideals and philosophy he has made famous on the air. He is just 28 years of age, and is a composer, musician, singer and organist, His fan mail is said to amount to 6,000 letters a week.

RAYMON NOVARRO'S newest picture "Son of India," is said to be one of the most colourful vehicles he has had. This costume, in any event, looks decidedly out of the ordinary.

COLIN CLIVE, the noted British stage and screen actor, makes a third hurry up trip to America to start production of "Frankenstein." It is highly probable that his third trip will be his last as he is now under a five year contract. Mr. Clive, it will be remembered, made his first trip to the United States to play the role in "Journey's End."

SHADOWLAND

JEAN HARLOW'S meteoric rise to international prominence is one of the most interesting of the Cinderella tales of Hollywood. She was born in Kansas City in 1911 and was given her first motion picture role in "Hell's Angels." Miss Harlow is known throughout the world as "the platinum blonde," and girls and women are now flocking to the hair dressers for synthetic versions of the Harlow coiffure.

DOROTHY MACKAIL, who hails from Hull, England, plays the piano exceedingly well and sings "fair-to-middling." She is the most outspoken of all the stars; has a scintillating wit and has no high flown illusions about the grandeur which is supposed to go with the legendary make-up of a star.

BILLIE DOVE and her prize winning Scotch Terriers:—"Lassie Dove," "Stingy" and "The Belle of Shanty Town." Miss Dove, who has not made a motion picture for more than a year, will be seen soon in "The Age for Love."

RUTH CHATTERTON has been on the stage since she was fourteen years of age. Until a few months ago was one of Broadway's most successful players and now is winning new laurels on the screen. Miss Chatterton (Mrs. Ralph Forbes) is an all round athlete and traveling is her favourite recreation. Her next vehicle will be "Once A Lady." Twenty-eight stars voted her "Queen of the Movies."

JANET GAYNOR holds the attendance records in most of the theatres in this country, and continues to establish new ones. Her newest picture is with Charles Farrell in "Merely Mary Ann."

MAE CLARKE is petite and distinctly blonde with brown eyes. A depth of expression marks her. She has just completed playing the feminine lead in "Waterloo Bridge," and will next be seen in "Twenty Grand." This photo was snapped when she was wearing one of the modish Eugenie hats of brown felt with a brown tailored suit trimmed in brown fox fur.

Hollywood's Movie Debt to Germany

By Dennison Thornton

THERE exists a widespread, popular belief that America originated the present-day technical excellence of the motion picture. But don't you believe it. It's about 80 per cent. publicity and 20 per cent. true.

The sole original contribution America ever made to the screen was the animated cartoon. Hollywood, with its vast financial wealth and ideal climate for film production, merely adopted and improved upon the technical discoveries and experiments of the continental Europeans. It is to Germany that the current cinema really owes its greatest debt.

For, of all the nations in the world, the Germans were not only the first to consider the cinema worthy of serious and sober treatment, but were the first to put their theories and ideas about movie production to the test by producing a number of films sufficiently artistic and interesting to divert the intelligent public of any country any day.

Following the war they set to work and made a score or more of experimental pictures, most of which were as far ahead of the times as the ideas in a Shaw play. Some of them are still so far ahead of the times that they have been put away into storage until the cinema has caught up with them! Perhaps one day they will be released over here with sound accompaniment. If so, I can only say that Canadian and American audiences will then be privileged to witness some of the grandest artistic treats in cinema history.

For these Germans were thorough artists at the game. Don't make any mistake about that! They never entertained the slightest use for the box-office god that Hollywood worships to-day. Their producers, directors and actors set themselves the task of turning a crude fancy into a definite art form. The extent of their success may be found in the technical perfection characteristic of the average Hollywood movie. Even the worst productions bear traces of early German influence.

Some of the themes in these earlier German films may have smattered of the cemetery, but for the most part they were to be admired for their noble aspirations toward art. The fact that producers were lacking in the technical equipment necessary for the making of motion pictures, did not disturb them in the least. They got over difficulties not by racking their brains for means and methods of acquiring that equipment but through sane treatment of material, novel usage of camera and scenic effect.

They were the first to realize, for instance, that the camera need not be stationary, a discovery that almost revolutionized the cinema; they were the first to make an artistic film devoid of sub-titles, thereby shearing the screen of the hitherto unnecessary connection of word and silent drama; they were the first to utilize "flash-backs" for purposes of expressing a character's thoughts and they were the first to make a picture with settings of an entirely creative nature and from a strictly artistic viewpoint.

The notion that "The Birth of a Nation" was the most influential film factor in history is but a half-truth at best. The Griffith's opus was unquestionably a grand enterprise and most certainly did pave the way for the massed spectacles of recent years. But it was chiefly notable as a "spectacular" experiment and not as an artistic venture.

It was the German film, "The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari," made back in 1920, that really proved, for the first time, the value of the cinema as a definite art form. It introduced to the screen the "expressionistic" principle that Reinhardt had been exploiting on the Berlin stage. This principle which sets the actors against a distorted, jagged background was never a decided success on the legitimate stage for the obvious reason that an "expressionistic" scene, though effective for the moment, could never be expected to remain sufficiently refreshing throughout a whole play.

The motion picture, on the other hand, was born with a solution in its very nature. Its perspective on the drama was the reverse of that of the legitimate theatre. No matter where the spectator may sit at a movie, he always sees the scene through the camera. So that when a director gets tired of filming from a common or garden angle, he can take his camera aloft and "shoot" from a bird's eye view or map the scene from a variety of other angles.

Realizing that the value of the cinema lay in such treatment, the Germans experimented with the idea and, in "The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari" and "The Golem," they produced two films that, artistically speaking, have never been surpassed by any million dollar Hollywood picture.

And "The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari" only cost $10,000 to make!

Even today these two productions remain advanced works of art. They contain practically every known trick of camera and scenic effect that goes to the making of the better Hollywood movie and, although the first ventures of their kind in history, they are still regarded as the greatest models of "expressionism" in the world.

The Germans, however, were not just content to play about with their "expressionistic theories, but were quick to apply their experiments and technical discoveries to other forms of film production.

The fundamental curse of Hollywood today is that it is so busy producing "sex" stuff, murder stories, salacious, licentious and pornographic obscenities, that it refuses to turn its enormous studios to decent profit as the Germans would most certainly do under similar circumstances.

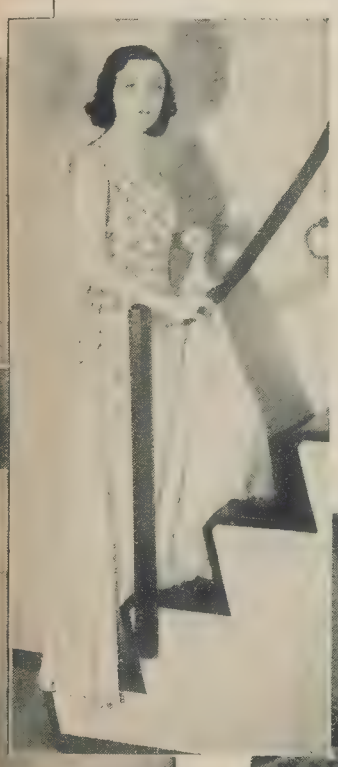
Whereas the Germans used to move from one type of production to another, always experimenting, always applying new theories and ideas to their ever growing list of stock-in-trade, Hollywood is content to stuff us, for the most part, with a lot of stereotyped, worn-out nonsense that can only be described as wilful debauchery of an otherwise artistic medium. When a story with artistic possibilities as a screen play falls into the hands of a Hollywood producer, he butchers it to suit the box-office. When a promising actress harks his way, he is careful to try to exploit her along Greta Garbo lines. Hence the appalling standardization of feminine histrionism in evidence today. Marlene Dietrich, Greta Nissen, Tallulah Bankhead, and Elissa Landi are all being turned into "mysterious, aloof poseurs" instead of being trained to act.

The Germans, on the other hand, were ever on the look-out for new theories and individualistic acting talent. When they had perfected their "expressionism" they immediately set to work and instituted the period of "historical romance" which brought Emil Jannings to fame. Having accomplished a phenomenal success in this direction they followed up with the famous "mythological-romantic" movement which produced "Faust," "The Nibelungs" and that greatest of all fantasies, [Cont'd on page 44[

Above—Lil Dagover, celebrated German stage and screen star, just before her recent departure for the United States, took out an insurance policy on her equally celebrated shoulders for approximately fifteen thousand dollars.

Right—Ernst Lubitsch, born in Berlin in 1892, has risen from behind the counter of a Berlin clothing shop to recognition as an artist in the cinema medium. He has been directing pictures successfully since 1914.

Below—Pola Negri, who claims Poland as her birthplace, returns to the screen in "A Woman Commands," after some years of oblivion. It is said to be a role not unlike that which she portrayed in her most sensational success "Passion."



Marlene Dietrich, a product of Berlin, was trained for the concert stage, but an injury to her left hand, due to over practising, caused her to divide her attention between motion picture work and the musical comedy stage. Since coming to America Miss Dietrich's success has been phenomenal

Camilla Horn, German film actress, played opposite John Barrymore in "Eternal Love." She was also his leading lady in "Tempest."

Criticisms: Favourable—and Otherwise

By Jerome Carver

«Bad Girl»

VINA DELMAR'S successful novel, "Bad Girl," has been made into a picture that should appeal strongly to mature audiences. The acting is unusually good. The dialogue, which follows very closely that of the recent stage adaptation of the novel, is apt and natural. And the direction is excellent, particularly in the handling of several rather delicate situations in the story.

This tale of the vicissitudes of a poor young couple in a big city brings into prominence three players who were formerly either entirely unknown to the screen or else in the ranks of the unstarred. They are Sally Eilers, Minna Gombell, and James Dunn. Both Miss Eilers, as the "Bad Girl," and Miss Gombell, in a secondary role, give fine characterizations. James Dunn, a new recruit from the legitimate stage, is outstanding as the slangy, tender-hearted boy who tries to appear hard-boiled.

The pathetic and very human situation that develops when each of the young people believes that the other does not want the child that is coming is not quite so clearly portrayed in the film as it was in the play. Nor are the comedy scenes very amusing. Touching and effective, however, are the sequences which show the young husband trying by every means (even to fighting in an amateur bout) to scrape together the money they will need for the child. And I warn you to have your handkerchiefs handy for the scene in which he interviews the doctor. "Bad Girl" is one of the best of the recent pictures.

«Sporting Blood»

IF YOU like horses you will enjoy "Sporting Blood," a story of the race-courses and the southern breeding farms. The hero of the picture is Tommy Boy, a young race-horse, whose fortunes vary as he goes from one owner to another, who, like any human, experiences happiness, pain and defeat, and who, like the good story-hero that he is, finally wins through to triumph.

His story is interwoven with the stories of the people who own him and who win or lose by his fortune on the race-course. Chief among his human companions are a race-track hanger-on, his sweetheart and an unscrupulous "sport." Tommy Boy plays Cupid and Fairy Godmother to the hanger-on and the girl; the villain is eliminated; and everything ends happily for the horse and the lovers.

The acting of Clark Gable, Madge Evans, Lew Cody, Ernest Torrence and Marie Prevost is competent. The direction is good, and much care has been taken to give the story an authentic atmosphere. The race scenes are quite thrilling and some of the earlier sequences on the Kentucky breeding farm will please animal-lovers and make them remember the days when they shed tears over the story of "Black Beauty."

Will Rogers in "Young as You Feel."

«The Smiling Lieutenant»

SOPHISTICATED adults will enjoy "The Smiling Lieutenant," best of all Chevalier pictures. Its sentimental comic opera story is handled with the deft touch of light comedy that Lubitsch does so well. Its rather frequent naughty lines and situations are really funny.

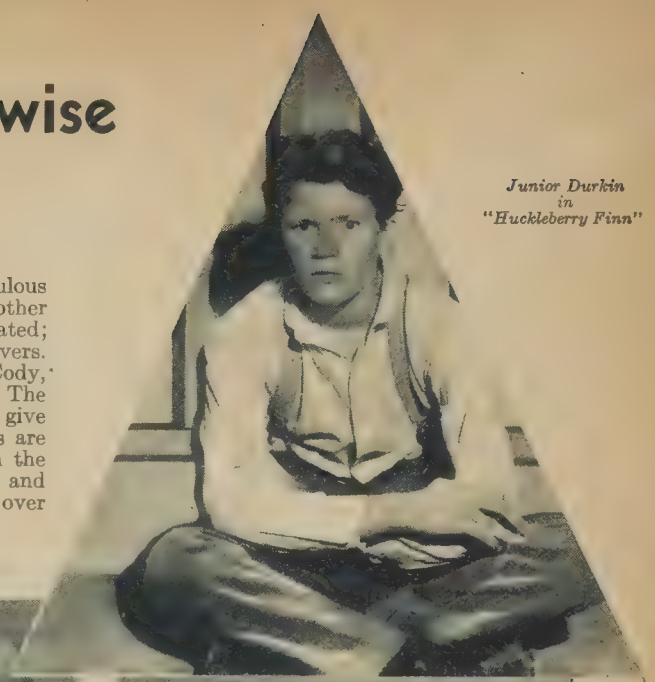
Although the songs which he has to sing are not particularly clever, Chevalier makes them seem so. The part of the "SmilingLieutenant" suits the French comedian perfectly and gives him every chance to exploit his smile, his wink, his noted straw hat and the personality that has long made him the darling of Parisian revues. Claudette Colbert and Miriam Hopkins share the honors with Chevalier. As pleasant to behold as any other picture stars, these two young women have the added attraction of being able to act "both grave and gay." It is unusual to see women in the movies so adept at light comedy. "The Smiling Lieutenant" is rather naughty but it has charm.

Maurice Chevalier who plays the lead in "The Smiling Lieutenant."

Madge Evans, who stars in "Sporting Blood."

«Huckleberry Finn»

CHILDREN and adults who liked "Tom Sawyer" will enjoy this other famous and beloved story by Mark Twain. Huckleberry Finn is played by Junior Durkin of the engaging smile. He completely overshadows Jackie Coogan as Tom Sawyer. Coogan, in several sequences, seems too grown-up in manner for the picture, and his love scenes with Becky Thatcher (played by Mitzi Green) are not in tune with the genuine and delightful kiddishness of the rest of the picture. The photography and sound are excellent. Don't let the children miss "Huckleberry Finn"!



Junior Durkin in "Huckleberry Finn"

«Young as You Feel»

WILL ROGERS continues his crackerbox-philosophizing—this time in an adaptation of George Ade'splay, "Father and the Boys." There is a little more sex appeal and French lingerie here than is usual in a Rogers monologue. The story is not very new and not screamingly funny, but if you like Rogers, you will find it laughable.

«Bought»

"BOUGHT" is just another one of those stories about a poor girl who wants to be rich and in the struggle to achieve her ambition loses her virtue. As usual, in such a story, the girl finally finds her common sense and that seems to square things up. Constance Bennett plays the girl in this picture. Her part is most unsympathetic, for the heroine of "Bought" is pictured as a calculating, selfish girl. Miss Bennett, who usually walks through her pictures like an automaton, delivering her lines in "emotional" scenes in a high-pitched, nasal chant, almost begins to act in this film. Perhaps her clever actor father, Richard Bennett, who is also in the cast, has been coaching her. Miss Bennett, however, has still a long way to go before she can lay any serious claims to being an actress.

«Men Are Like That»

AUGUSTUS THOMAS' famous old stage play, "Arizona," has now been brought out in a mediocre picture adaptation. In an effort to give it an up-to-date and sophisticated touch, the producers have given it a new title: "Men Are Like That." The title is silly and in bad taste. So are the clothes worn in the picture by Laura La Plante who plays the wife of an army officer and who trails about the army post and the dust of Arizona in lace pyjamas, [Continued on page 44]

Minna Gombell, Sally Eilers and James Dunn, all of whom give fine characterizations in "Bad Girl."

SHADOWLAND

HOLLYWOOD'S DEBT TO GERMANY—*Continued from page 42*

"Sumurun." Even "The Thief of Bagdad," the finest piece of mythology that ever came out of Hollywood, fell somewhat short of the impressive simplicity of "The Nibelungs," a film that, in my opinion, still exemplifies the screen at its most poetic and majestic.

After that they turned to the production of "modern" themes, an era that gave birth to "The Last Laugh," "Vaudeville" and "Shattered." It was the yeast of this "modern" period that was later to stir in the Hollywood loaf and become "The Way of All Flesh," "Sins of the Fathers" and "Betrayal."

IT WAS this "modernism," however, that proved the undoing of German film dominance. For when American producers realized the superiority of the Germans in the motion picture field, they proceeded to get control of their creative brains.

They capitalized on Germany's post-war financial condition by first investing enormous sums of money in their theatres, then subsidizing their productions and finally grabbing off all the big directors and actors they could lay their hands on, bringing them to Hollywood at fabulous salaries.

We all know the extent to which German influence put Hollywood on the map. America has profited no end by such names as Jannings, Veidt, Negri, Lubitsch, Murnau and others. Yet German and American views and ideas on film production never really mixed successfully.

Marion Shilling featured player for R.K.O. Pathe, has been taking time off from her series of comedies and will be seen shortly opposite Tom Keene in his latest Western thrillers, "Sundown Trail."

Greta Garbo was born in Stockholm in 1906. Her first American role was in "The Torrent." She is five feet six inches tall, weighs 125 pounds and has blonde hair and green eyes.

Back in Berlin German directors and actors worked on a strictly artistic basis. In America they were hampered by the necessity of having to cater almost exclusively to the box-office. If a German director is given a contract in Hollywood and refuses to produce according to the box-office policy of his company, he is told to forget all about art and to work for his salary! Hence the reason for the superiority of the Berlin-made films over those produced by Germans in America.

Now the talkies have thrown the German cinema into a worse depression than ever. She has no directors left to lift her out of the doldrums into which she has sunk, to say nothing of her actors who are all back in Hollywood.

Other tendencies, however, are hard at work. The Russians, for instance, are creating a veritable sensation through their introduction of amateurs to the talking screen—amateurs, that is, to the art of acting but professionals to the roles they are hired to portray. But then the Russians can never hope to market their films in foreign countries because of the political propaganda they stuff into them. No, not even bi-lingualism can find a way out for that!

The British are suffering from lack of funds and also directors. France is too busy watching Italy to find time to make pictures in a big way, whilst Italy is too busy watching France and Mussolini to do the same.

As for Germany—well, it seems a hopeless task for her film industry to stage a come back now that America has bought her brains and is marketing bilingual talkies over there. Besides, America still retains control of a number of German theatres. And as long as Hollywood retains that stranglehold on the German market, we cannot hope to look to Berlin for the artistic pleasures it gave us a few years ago.

CRITICISMS: FAVOURABLE—AND OTHERWISE—*Continued from page 43*

ermine coats and such. Hollywood evidently knows nothing at all about the pay of the officers of Uncle Sam.

«The Miracle Woman»

THE woman evangelist has been a favored character of novelists and playwrights for several years. Now the movies have discovered her. "The Miracle Woman" is the result. The picture is swift-moving melodrama, with plenty of action and competently acted. Barbara Stanwyck plays the evangelist. David Manners is the hero. Sam Hardy is the villain.

«An American Tragedy»

THEODORE DREISER'S two-volume novel, "An American Tragedy," proved to be rather unwieldy dramatic material when it was made into a stage play a few years ago. Now the story comes to us in a much-heralded picture version that is neither a very effective adaptation of the novel nor a distinguished picture in its own right.

Although the action of the stage play has been quite carefully followed in the film, much of the subtlety of the novel has been lost. For instance, whereas Dreiser showed his hero as a creature of virtues as well as faults (his virtues, paradoxically enough, bringing him to a hideous crime), the picture paints Clyde Griffiths only as a young man extremely attractive to women. The clumsily handled and badly titled lapses of time in the picture make it choppy. Early parts of the story that were stressed in the novel and in the stage adaptation are neglected or omitted in the film version in order that at least one third of the whole picture be devoted to the trial. The result is not Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," but just another "trial scene movie"—and not a very thrilling one at that—with an unhappy ending.

Phillips Holmes, who, physically, is ideally suited to the role of Clyde Griffiths, seems hampered by uninspired direction, and gives a pallid, unsympathetic characterization. Sylvia Sidney is good as the factory girl.

Madge Evans, Clark Gable, Lew Cody (inset) and the equine lead in "Sporting Blood."

«The Runaround»

THIS story of two chorus girls hunting for rich and tractable husbands is quite dull, its chief claim to distinction being that it is all done in color. Unfortunately, after a very few minutes spent in admiring the pretty colors, you begin to yearn for a really interesting plot. If color were all, one could sit at home and peek through a kaleidoscope.

«Always Good-Bye»

ELISSA Landi, an importation from England and one of the most scrumptious looking gals on the screen, got an awfully bad break in this picture, "Always Good-Bye." Apparently producers hovered between making it emotional drama or mystery drama. Undecided, they made it a little bit of both, gave it a touch of would-be comedy for good measure. The result is a dreadful mess, without continuity or suspense. Miss Landi's role is not built up sympathetically, her dialogue is soulful mush out of the old melodramas and she has no handsome hero to give her part a love interest. It's just too bad!

«And Others»

"THE MAGNIFICENT LIE," I thought, showed Miss Chatterton to better advantage than any of her other recent pictures, though the plot was very far-fetched. "Transatlantic" is a tense, thrilling melodrama set on an ocean liner. "Men Women Marry" is a film to be avoided if possible. It is a lot of fuss about nothing.

Three recent British made films are interesting. "These Charming People," (from the book by Michael Arlen) although it is rather trivial material, is excellently cast. Cyril Maude is the star. The acting is fine and the dialogue is pert and diverting. "The Man at Six" and "The Man They Couldn't Arrest," both thrillers, are the other two British films. They are both entertaining stories, well acted and directed.

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The Ship of Missing Men

Continued from page 15

"Jim!" I cried, and held out my hand, for which prompt action I suffered for days!

Jim wrung it so heartily that for the moment I fervently wished Blankie back again and Jim in Hades!

"We've got to keep it quiet," he said, "Kane has been impersonating him. I showed him those letters. He never wrote for any money at any time. He and Kane were together one time in Valparaiso, when he was clubbed from behind. That was ten years ago, and his mind has been a blank ever since."

"What is he going to do about Kane?" I asked.

"Just what I asked him," said Jim. "Leave him to me," was all he said, "his day is coming!"

"In the meantime, Shorty, we are not to say a word to anyone; Kane is to go on thinking he is still hiding behind a dead memory."

I nodded.

Another week slipped by, and Captain Richey, or Blankie, as he was still called, of course, was well enough to carry on with his duties again.

It was more than ever noticeable that Kane kept out of sight whenever he was engaged in any work aft.

The tragic disappearance of Anderson seemed to have been completely forgotten by the rest of the crew, but Jim, his father, and myself felt sure that Kane was at the bottom of it, especially when Blankie supplied the motive.

"If Kane is responsible," he said to me one day during his convalesence, "it is with the same motive that caused him to write those letters to my wife. An account against these men in the slop-chest large enough to drain what is coming to them, together with the proceeds of their auctioned effects, would amount to a considerable sum if this has been going on for any length of time; which according to Jim is the case."

IT IS always the unexpected that happens! We had been relieved at midnight by the mate's watch, and had turned in for our short four hours of dreamless slumber; but for once I did not feel in the least inclined to sleep. I tried first one side, then the other, but the thin straw mattress seemed to have given up the ghost, the hard bunk boards coming through with bruising reality.

I ran over in my mind the kind of menu I would select my first meal from on landing; then found myself once more trying to fathom the unsolved mystery of Anderson.

All sorts of possibilities presented themselves, including sea-serpents, sea-lions, and octopi; in fact every conceivable form of monstrosity, real or mythical, which, under cover of black night, might raise its be-whiskered and dripping visage above the gunwale, and stretching out a long, slimy, sinewy claw, surreptitiously lift the unsuspecting mariner from the deck.

I got up and went outside. The phosphorescence in the water was brilliant, every crested wave carrying a thousand million sparks. We were sliding along comfortably at about six knots, yards braced sharp up, everything quiet, and no one in sight as far as I could see, for it was a black enough night.

The murmur of voices from forward told me the watch had gathered about the fore-hatch, and I could hear the "look-out" humming a chantey as he paced up and down the foc'sle head.

The air was sweet and cool after the stuffy foc'sle and I could not resist the temptation to remain on deck, but not wishing to be thought either sick or crazy for being on deck in my watch below, I found myself a hiding place under the main bitts. I had only just settled when someone came down the poop ladder and went forward; it was the mate.

I was just congratulating myself that I was so well hidden when I heard a low whistle from the poop. It was Kane.

Under the impression that after all I had been observed, I was just about to scramble to my feet when a tall broad figure who I knew could be no other than Jim, slid off the after-hatch and ran half-way up the ladder.

"Who is that?" Kane asked, "Richey?—well, you'll do," but I noticed a trace of disappointment in his tone.

"Just run up and have a look at the weather leech of the main t'gallant sail," he said, "it looks to me as though it might be stranded.'

"Ay ay," said Jim.

"If you stand on the topsail yard and run one hand up the leech you'll just about reach the spot," continued Kane.

As Jim departed on his errand I crept closer to the poop.

Then I looked aloft; Jim was footing his way out along the topsail yard, and had almost reached the end when I heard Captain Kane's voice again. He was speaking to the man at the wheel.

"Go below and get my pipe, it's somewhere in the saloon," and as the man departed Kane took the wheel.

Instinctively I looked aloft and could just discern a dark form sitting astride the yardarm.

I turned aft, and by the light of the binnacle could see that Kane was looking aloft too, wheel gripped in both hands.

It was not until that moment I sensed danger for my friend. There was nothing in the job he had been given to do, provided the man at the wheel was neither drunk nor crazy, and made absolutely certain of keeping that sail taut and stiff, by putting his helm up a trifle, thereby keeping the ship away from the wind and all sails well filled.

The figure on the yardarm was now raising itself.

Once more I turned aft, in time to see Captain Kane put his helm up slightly. I breathed a sigh of relief, cursing myself inwardly for being so suspicious.

Jim was standing upright now, holding on to the leech (or side of the sail) with one hand, while the other was raised above his head as he sought to find the broken strand.

I decided to turn in, and was about to make my way forward when I took a casual glance at the wheel again.

To my horror and consternation Kane was dragging the spokes towards himself as fast as he could! *He was putting the helm down!*

I tried to shout, but no sound came.

As the "Lodore" swung into the wind there was a scarcely audible gasp from aloft, as the leech or side of the t'gallant sail to which Jim was holding, flapped violently, knocking him off the yard clear into the water below.

And Captain Kane had added one more victim to his list!

"Man overboard!" I shouted, with all the power of my lungs, and seizing a life-buoy flung it over the side.

Simultaneously came the cry from forward, "Man overboard—all hands

[Continued on page 47]

The Ship of Missing Men

Continued from page 46

on deck!" It was the mate this time. In less than ten seconds after the call the watch below were all on deck, dressed or undressed, working silently but swiftly to save a life!

Under such circumstances in a sailing ship there is much to be done, but in a comparatively short space of time the life-boat was swung out, manned and lowered with the mate in charge, and I knew that Blankie formed one of the crew. I had one comforting thought, Jim was a good swimmer.

The minutes dragged slowly by. I decided to say nothing to anyone till the life-boat returned with Blankie, even if it did not bring Jim, but in that event I knew only too well there was nothing that could prevent Captain Richey from murdering Kane in cold blood.

I felt convinced there was more dirty work going on somewhere, and when an hour had elapsed and no sign of the boat I walked forward to consult the "look-out" on the foc'sle head.

"Are we really hove-to or not?" I asked him.

He went to the rail and looked over.

"Hove-to as far as the yards are concerned," he said, "but making three to four knots just the same with the wind dead aft—where it should not be," he added significantly, "if we were properly hove-to."

I turned away, feeling sick, mentally and physically.

I tried to throw off the feeling of utter helplessness that would persist in asserting itself.

I had started to go aft with the intention of having it out with Kane, when something inside me whispered "Wait." It was my better judgment I suppose. To call Kane to account right away could have but one result; another victory for him!

"His day is coming!" Blankie had said, and somehow his words still seemed to ring true.

The truth of the statement I once heard that the captain of a ship was an autocrat of the first water, while on the high seas, came home to my turbulent thoughts with stern reality.

There was only one thing to do; wait till we were off the high seas; wait till we reached port, and then bring the criminal to justice!

ANOTHER hour passed and we trimmed the yards to where they were before. We now had seven men less than when we left Tocopilla. "Chips" and "Sails" (carpenter and sailmaker), were taken off day work and put on watch like the rest of us. Kane took the mate's watch, and I thanked heaven I was in the second mate's, or something would surely have happened!

The next ten days passed miserably enough for me, though the harrowing incidents of a few days ago did not appear to damp the spirits of the rest, at least not to any noticeable extent; it was all in the day's work for them.

There were several of us aft one morning early, stowing sails away in the locker, when Oswald jerked his head in the direction of our port quarter.

"Smoke," he said.

Yes, there was smoke alright; probably some homeward bound tramp or even liner. We paid no further attention, but two hours later when we went to breakfast there was a grey-hulled steamer with two yellow funnels, almost on our beam and about three miles distant.

"Private yacht," said one, for it was easy to see she was neither tramp nor liner.

Just then a puff of smoke seemed to come from her side, and a moment later came the report of a gun.

"Saluting," remarked a Dutchman, "take off der hat!"

She was edging a little closer all the time, and I saw a string of flags run up to her gaff.

Kane has the glasses up, and I heard him calling the letters to the second mate, who had the signal book.

"It's 'heave-to'," said the second mate.

Kane let the glasses clatter to the deck.

My heart leapt! It was neither yacht, tramp, nor liner, but a British gunboat! Here was my opportunity to get at Kane!

To the second mate's astonishment Kane turned and went below, leaving him without any instructions.

So he did nothing!

Once again, one of the long rakish-looking "four point sevens," now plainly visible, puffed smoke, and this time a large column of water shot up within fifty feet of us.

That settled it!

"Back the main-yard," roared the second mate.

Just as a lieutenant, petty officer, and half a dozen bluejackets dropped lightly to the main-deck, Kane appeared on the poop. The naval officer walked up the poop ladder and approached him. "Captain Kane I believe?" Kane merely inclined his head, but did not speak.

"We picked up six of your men the other day, and have them with us."

I sprang to the side; the other cutter had almost reached us, and sure enough, there in the stern-sheets with the officer in charge, sat the familiar figures of Jim and his father, with the mate and three seamen, who had left in the life-boat ten days ago.

I was not the only one to spot them, and a shout went up from all hands. They were soon on deck, and in the general excitement that prevailed for a few minutes Kane was forgotten.

"Let those of you who have a charge against Captain Kane come up here," called one of the naval officers from the poop.

Captain Richey, the mate and Jim, immediately went forward; and I followed. If my charge was not already laid, it could be laid now.

Kane looked white and haggard, but his blood-shot eyes had a dangerous gleam.

"We had better go below," said the senior of the naval party.

Kane turned on his heel without a word and headed the procession down the stairway.

As we gathered round the table in the saloon Kane stepped into his room, which opened out of it, and the next instant before we realized what he was doing, the door slammed and a bolt clicked home!

"Break it open," was the curt order from the senior naval man.

Captain Richey stepped forward, but Jim was there first.

As he crashed the whole weight of his big frame against the door, simultaneously with the splintering of hardwood came a loud report, and as Jim, Captain Richey, and the mate piled through the opening I caught a glimpse of Kane lying across the edge of his bunk, still clutching a smoking gun!

"Too late," growled the mate disgustedly; and we all knew that Captain Kane had taken the matter into his own hands!

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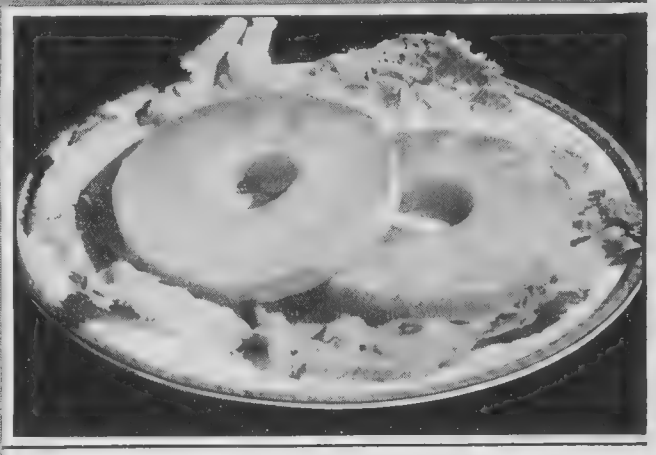

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along we can swing in and sit on their tail, can't we?"

"Ump! you're too damned sensible for any use!" Markham grunted, adding, in half sheepish apology: "It gets me on the raw. I'm not used to being stood up as a mark for a bunch of murderers to throw stones at. Just before the thing came off I was asking you if the car wasn't a Nordyke. Was it?—or was it the Fleetwing? It was on your side as we passed."

"I couldn't say. All I noticed was that it was a closed car."

"No matter; we'll find out in a few minutes what it was—or is."

With the roadster once more spinning its wheels, a brick yard and some outlying shacks presently gave warning that they were entering Copah; and a little farther along the highway became a suburb street, with the buildings of a smelter, either temporarily out of blast or abandoned, facing it on the right. A masthead electric in the adjacent railroad yard served as a street light, but the intercepting buildings of the smelter flung a black shadow over a full third of the deserted street. Markham steered into the shadow and turned off the car lights.

They had not long to wait before the headlights of a following car appeared on the rearward road. "Spot it as it passes!" Markham rapped out; and so they did, both of them. What they saw was a mere thickening of the mysteries. For the passing car, slowing to town speed as it entered the town street, was no other than Canby's limousine, with Canby himself at the wheel.

"If I wasn't reasonably certain that we're both fairly sane and in our right minds," Markham began. Then: "You saw them, didn't you?"

"I saw Canby, yes."

"But he wasn't alone."

"No; there were two people in the back seat."

"Exactly. Betty and her father, of course."

"I suppose so; though I couldn't make them out very well."

"But, see here; Canby was an hour ahead of us at the last place we inquired, which was only a few miles back. His car couldn't have been the one we saw stopped up there on the mountain grade."

"Of course not. The people who were in that car pushed a rock over on us. Besides, Canby hasn't my black box."

"Damn!" gritted Markham impatiently; and then: "Owen, this thing is getting too many twists and tangles in it—altogether too many. I can't understand how Canby got behind us."

Landis shook his head. "Let's wait a bit and see if another car doesn't turn up," he suggested. "There must be another one, you know."

They waited for half an hour or more and nothing turned up; nothing more than the passing of three or four town-bound Fords. "It's no use," Markham said at last. "We may as well drive on and get something to eat."

COPAH, "Queen City of the Red Desert," as its earliest promoters named it for an admiring world, was first of all, a small mining camp perched upon a mountain-buttressed mesa overlooking the valley of the Pannikin on the north and a wide expanse of the Red Desert on the west. Then came the great gold strike in the gulches of the backgrounding mountain and the town grew to be a

Continued from page 24

substantial mining center. Later, after the railroads came, it developed into a prosperous distributing point for the region roundabout; a city of paved streets and modern improvements, with at least one hotel big enough and luxurious enough to make the tourist forget his distance from the Atlantic seaboard.

Markham and Landis had eaten dinner in the vast, colonnaded dining-room without seeing anybody they recognized, and were making inquiries at the desk for the Canby-Lawson party.

"Nobody of either name this evening," said the room clerk, with a glance at his card index, "but that doesn't necessarily spell anything. If they are merely motoring through, they may have taken dinner tickets at the cashier's window; in which case we'd have no record."

"I see," said Markham. Then he took from his pocket-book the slip upon which, in the St. Joseph hotel, he had copied the names of the three Louisville men and handed it to the clerk. "Any of these gentlemen here?"

"Why, yes; all three of them. They came in this afternoon. They're driving west, they told me. There they are now,"—pointing across the lobby.

"Thanks," said Markham, and together they crossed to the neighborhood of the three, Markham saying, "They don't know us, so we can take a good look at them, for whatever that may amount to," and, accordingly they took a couple of chairs a short distance from the three where they could sit and smoke and observe.

For a time the open-eyed espial went for nothing. One of the trio was reading a newspaper, and the others, the tall man and the sandy-haired one—the one who had bought the new Fleetwing in Chillicothe—were smoking in comradely silence. There was nothing suspicious in the appearance or actions of any of them. They figured merely as travellers taking their ease in their inn and giving an excellent dinner time to digest.

"Well?" said Landis, after his cigar had burned to a stump, "it comes back to the old question, doesn't it? Where do we go from here?"

"I'm waiting for Canby to show up," was the low-toned reply. "I'd like to find out how he is linked up with these Louisville people."

"In that case won't it be better if we don't let him see us first?"

"You're right; we'll take the mezzanine. We can look on as well from there."

Crossing to the elevators they had themselves lifted to the half-floor. They had scarcely settled themselves at the railing when a surprised voice behind them said, "Well!—of all things! You two out here?"

"Betty!" Landis exclaimed, springing to his feet. But it was Markham who got the first handclasp, and who laughed and said, "Sure; and why not?"

"But you never said a word to me, either of you, before we left Carthage! How did you come?—by train?"

"Part of the way," Markham qualified. "But again I ask, why not? Why shouldn't we take a few days off and—"

"I know; but it's perfectly wonderful that we should meet here this way."

He drew up a chair for her. "Sit down and we'll unravel it. Our side of it is simple. Owen was needing a rest and a change of scene, so I took him by the neck and ran off with him. Where is your father? And how do you come to be breaking your journey in Copah?"

"Daddy is around, somewhere; and we're not breaking our journey. We're leaving presently—going on to see the Red Desert by moonlight."

Markham held Landis silent with a look and said, "Oh; so you're driving?"

"Yes; with Bert, in his stuffy-luxury car. At the last minute, after we'd all bought our train tickets—Bert was going along, you know—he said he'd like to drive, if we would. So we took our tickets back and came in the car."

"Had a good trip this far?" Markham was still holding Landis out of it.

"Glorious."

"When did you reach Copah?"

"Oh, quite a little while ago; about five o'clock, I think it was. Anyhow, Daddy and I had time to bathe and change and get to the solarium in time to see the sunset over the Red Desert. It was simply gorgeous!"

"But you took a drive after that, didn't you?" Landis put in.

"Daddy and I? Oh, no; we just rested until dinner time. But see here; stop making me talk so much about us. When did you two leave Carthage?"

Markham named the date, and she said, "Why, we must have been right along the road together! Or, no; you said you came by train, didn't you?"

"I said 'part of the way.' We got tired of the train, so I bought a car, and we came on in that."

"Extravagant! when you had two perfectly good cars already! But where are you going?"

"Ask Owen; I'm merely his chauffeur."

Thus dragged in, Landis played up as best he could.

"I don't know—any more than the cat, Betty. We've just trundled along from one place to another, never knowing where the next stop would be. At times Wally threatens to push on over to the Coast. He calls himself my chauffeur, but, really, you know, it's his party—not mine."

"I wish you'd listen!" exclaimed the modern young woman enthusiastically. "It must be simply spiffy to drift about that way, with no responsibilities."

"It is," Landis agreed. "I'm—er—having the time of my life."

"Yet you don't look it," asserted the frank one, fixing him with an appraisive eye. "You look haggard and worried. You ought to stop over in the Timanyoni and go fossil hunting with Daddy. You stick so close in that old lab shop of yours at home."

Markham had been keeping an eye on the group of three below, and now he stood up and turned to face the

[Continued on page 51]

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First Call for the Olympic

Continued from page 11

In the opinion of Captain Cornelius, Canada's brightest prospect in the six-mile is E. J. Ball, a steel-legged Toronto distance man who did not compete in the 1931 championships. Cliff Bricker of Galt, one of the greatest runners on the continent, may cut down his distance from the marathon, seeking to aid Canada in the bid to slice off some of Finland's surpremacy at the 10,000 metres. Besides King, MacMahon and Moore, who ran the mile at Winnipeg, the soft-brogued Scottish coach sees Bill Gallop, Toronto boy, as a real prospect for the 1,500-metre run.

AFTER many years, Canada sees in Arthur Ravensdale, smooth Coburg timber-topper, a possible successor to the might of Earl Thomson at the hurdles. Wearing the colors of Marquette University, the 21-year-old Ontario boy is without a peer in Canada. His closest competitor is Tom Coulter, ex-Winnipegger running for Carnegie Tech, but Coulter has been labelled as "too short to make a champion." Ravensdale and Coulter each annexed a Canadian title at Winnipeg, but anticipating spectators were denied the thrill of seeing the two United-States-adopted stars competing in the same event. It is likely Coulter will specialize on the 400-metres hurdles for the Olympic games, although he has been topping the high wood as well.

Canada's most roseate Olympic chances are still on the track, but Captain Cornelius believes that the Maple Leaf's entries for field events will be much better next year than in 1928—"fairly good, to say the least."

VIC PICKARD, Canadian pole-vault champion last year and present record-holder, will wear the Maple Leaf once more in 1932. And it is possible that young Bob Stoddart, of Goderich, Ont., may go along to keep him company in the event at Los Angeles. Stoddart easily topped the bar at Winnipeg at 12 feet 5⅞ inches to win the Canadian title for 1931, and Captain Cornelius, as his coach, believes he can be coaxed well over the 13-foot mark to become a valuable entry for Canada.

"Ollie" Holland, colored Hamilton boy who won the running broad-jump title at Winnipeg with ease, stepped up into the high-class company of Len Hutton of Montreal, British Empire champ; Gordon Smallacombe of Toronto, Canadian titlist; and Chester Smith, lean Toronto leaper. Just an 18-year-old stripling, Holland is looked on as likely to set a new Canadian record within the next year —after coming within two inches of the mark this summer.

Crowned Canadian titlist at the Winnipeg meet, Jack Portland is forecast as the successor to Alex Munroe, retired Dominion record-holder in the high-jump. This lanky 18-year-old from Collingwood, Ont., tops the six-foot beam easily and is just at the beginning of his development.

When Maurice Hughes carried Montreal colors to the front in the hard-going 440 at Winnipeg, he placed one foot on the threshold of the Olympic camp. His club-mates, Les Wade, who finished second in the half-mile and Tom Coulter, 440-yard hurdles winner, aided in the most impressive of the east's unlooked-for achievements.

Optimistic about Canada's prospects for Los Angeles, Captain Cornelius sees, nevertheless, the need for extensive canvassing of candidates from the maritimes to the coast—and intensive instruction and training for likely entries before the Olympic contests roll around. The heavy-browed Scot, as interesting a theorist as he is successful as coach in practice, has a plan of his own for getting the best out of Canada's track and field products.

"The Olympic committee would be well repaid for their labor and expenses if they made it possible for all Canada's ambitious runners and field men to get good coaching," says the man who tutored the Maple Leaf's Olympic team in 1924 and again in 1928. No one knows better than the Hamilton track-pedagogue the value of coaching — unless, perhaps, the unending line of stars developed under his attentive care and judicious guidance at the Ambitious City.

"Today is a day of specialization and athletics have become a specialized science," begins the captain, as he starts vigorously off on one of his heart-felt dissertations. He goes on to talk of the difficulties of really estimating Canada's track and field strength when hundreds of potential track stars — across the broad prairies, through Ontario's north-country, or in the lake-dotted stretches of the maritimes—are never known beyond their own home towns.

Even if a speedy sprinter or a capable hurdler, say, bests his opposition in a restricted district, Captain Cornelius points out he cannot do his utmost without the aid of an experienced coach to give him the benefit of knowledge based on the style and form of successful trackmen.

"Coaching could be made possible in various centres across Canada," points out Captain Cornelius, "and promising lads from outlying points could convene for instruction. Lithe legs could be shaped by intelligent training, and possible champions could be saved from the ruin that so often arises purely from too-heavy work or improper form or many another cause.

"Lecturers chosen for their proficiency at developing track men could be named to visit the coaching centres and to tell candidates how to go about their job. In the one-month training camps prior to the Olympic games in 1924 and 1928, we found that really capable track men ran faster after intelligent instruction than ever before. They were amazed at the fact, delighted at their improvement—and better prospects when all was said and done.

"The woods are full of them," the captain colloquializes, referring to candidates for field events — and he speaks literally. The Olympic coach, deploring the dearth of good weight-men in the Dominion, nevertheless, contends that the lumber camps and mining areas of the frontiers are fertile fields for production of strong-arm youths, who could be trained to make Olympic berths.

In a time when inefficient distribution of primary products and of wealth is quoted as the cause of the world's economic worries, Captain Cornelius' suggested cure for faulty distribution of Canada's track-potentialities comes as a plan that should be welcomed among the higher-ups. He has brought forth a proposal that may send the rising sun of Canada's Olympic hopes on to a shining zenith.

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IT'S SILLY TO BE CHILLY

"I FELT AS IF THEY WERE *Staring* right at my *Hands*...."

"How horridly red a few weeks of dishwashing had left them"...

"I just *love* being a bride and having a little house of my own to care for! But dear knows I don't want to look like a *drudge*.

"So I was perfectly *horror-struck*—we were giving our first party and they all begged me to play—when I had a really good look at my HANDS! Against the white keyboard they looked rough and red—utterly hideous! I felt as if *everybody* was staring right at them.

"All sorts of resolves flashed through my mind—I'd buy out the beauty shops right away!

Jack's Mother Told Me

"But the very next morning Jack's mother told me how she kept her hands so beautifully cared for through *years* of housekeeping.

" 'I always use LUX for dishes and other soap-and-water tasks,' she said. 'So many soaps, you know, dry up the natural oils of the skin. That's why your hands get so rough and chapped looking. But Lux is *wonderful* for the hands—and it's inexpensive.'

"I could bless Mother G— for that beauty hint! Just a few Lux dishwashings made my hands as snow-white and satiny as before I was married!"

Beauty Treatment

Nearly all brides—and 8 out of 10 experienced housewives — interviewed, are using Lux. "It leaves our hands looking as if we had maids," they say happily.

And 305 famous beauty shops advise Lux as the very best beauty treatment for hands busy with housewifely doings. Do try it yourself. Those beautiful Lux bubbles—so enticing to look at—are sheer joy to sensitive skin! They fairly caress one's hands into loveliness!

The big package of Lux does six weeks' dishes, thereby bringing the cost down to less than 1 cent a day!

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The Birth of the Newspaper

By June Carson

THE demand for news is not peculiar to this age, for from earliest days mankind has wanted news, not merely to satisfy his curiosity, but to obtain knowledge of the world, both within and without.

In its infancy, before the printing press was in existence, news was conveyed by means of Royal letters, but its circulation was prohibited altogether in the reign of Henry VIII. Not until the reign of James I. was Royal permission to publish news given, and even then its scope was limited.

It was first circulated by means of fast-riding couriers, mounted messengers, railway parcels, carrier pigeons and sailing ships. Our forefathers would have openly ridiculed the prediction of transmitting news by telegraphy or telephony, wired and wireless, as it is done today.

In the year 1695 a popular writer named Dawks commenced the issue of printed news letters. Good writing paper was used, and space was provided for anyone to write his own private business, or anything that he wished made known. Writers of those times had a very difficult task; the lot of reporters of today is easy in comparison. These letters were issued three times a week only, and at first paid for at the rate of ten shillings a quarter, but the price increased to more than double, on account of many people failing to pay.

There was much opposition in some quarters to the publication of these letters, and it was complained that the men who composed them lived on the curiosity of their fellow subjects. In reply to this a Journalist remarked in 1725: "Our taste for news is a very old one; yet it must be fed; and though it seems a jest to foreigners, yet it is an amusement we can't be without and certainly arises from a sense of liberty, which inspires us with a curiosity to know the affairs of our superiors, in order to censure or applaud them as we see cause."

It was not until the time of the Stuarts that the publication of sheets of information called "Newspapers" came in, and then they were devoted to sermons or King's speeches. They were issued weekly; the first daily newspaper was "The Daily Courant," published on the 11th March, 1702. Sometimes the sheets came out with half a blank sheet, the author explaining that there was not enough for the whole.

The freedom of the Press was a contentious matter as far back as the time of George I, and one of the greatest journalists of that day gave the following advice:

"If I might give a short hint to a public writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."

The same spirit of independence is embodied in the motto of a journal of much later years, which expressed it in rhyme thus:

"We do not belong to our patrons,
Our paper is wholly our own,
Whoever may like it, may take it,
Who don't, can just let it alone."

Great men of all ages have believed in the doctrine of free speech, yet for many years both writers and publishers had a hard time; they suffered, unjustly, many drastic punishments at the hands of those in power for being too daring, including not only fines and imprisonments, but floggings and being branded with red-hot irons. Freedom came slowly, and by degrees; it long remained a crime to speak ill of the Government, as reflecting on the King himself.

Robbed thus of any independence, the newspapers proved uninteresting, and were looked upon contemptuously; but that their influence gradually increased is evidenced by the remark of a politician:

"The sentiments of one of these scribblers have more weight with the multitude than the opinion of the best politician in the Kingdom."

Journalism gained great weight in the reign of George III, but writers, who dared to disagree with the views of those in authority, still suffered much oppression. Public feeling was roused and could not be subdued; then began the long battle for freedom of the Press, which waged continuously up to the time of Queen Victoria. It was a hard and bitter fight; the liberty which present-day journalists enjoy was dearly bought. They owe a debt of gratitude to the courage and persistence of their brethren of the past.

Little Rambles in Hollywood

Continued from page 39

embittered harangue against all things Hollywoodian. He referred to the place as the abode of the Evil One. and called it a second Sodom, prophesying that it would meet a like fate. We said that we hadn't seen an actor in days and didn't greatly care if we never saw one again.

"You're looking at an actor right now," he told us. "But a re-formed one. I played in "The Birth of A Nation" and about a dozen other pictures and I've had four wives—three of 'em no good. I never knew real contentment till I got away from the damp business and bought this here little farm." He followed us to the waterfall and back again, still exhorting us about the folly of life in the film city and expressing a pious hope that we should escape before losing our souls. He was bittered and more prejudiced by far than a small-town sewing-circle and we were about agreed that the subject had affected his mind. But thanking him for allowing us passage over his land and promising him snapshots when they would be printed we said good-bye and made for the car. We got in and were turned around ready to head south when the old fellow came walking hurriedly over to the fence.

"Say! Hold on a minute," he called out. "I—I just wanted to ask ya something. *Do you think Clara Bow will come back?*"

The Black Box of Silence

Continued from page 48

balustrade, interposing his stocky figure between the railing and the two at his back. He wanted to give his whole attention to what was going on in the lobby. For now Canby had joined the three, and was giving one of them a folded paper.

Hastily, but with the haste carefully masked, Markham excused himself and caught a descending elevator. Fortunately for his purpose, a fresh influx of travellers from a lately arrived train was adding itself to the lobby throng; and when Canby and the three moved away toward a side exit, he was able to follow without being seen. The chase was a short one, ending at the hotel garage, which the four men entered together. The place was poorly lighted, and Markham, slipping in upon the heels of the four, was able to conceal himself between two of the closely-packed cars in the ranking near the door.

In a few minutes the purr of a powerful motor was heard and a handsome Fleetwing Eight came rolling velvet-footed to pause with its front wheels on the threshold of the entrance. As the car came to a stand, the right-hand fore door opened and Canby got out and stood facing inward, so near that Markham could have reached out and touched him.

"As I've told you, you'll have to use your head," he was saying to the man at the wheel of the Eight. "The sketch-map lay-out I gave you is the best I could do. Your route book will show you where to turn off."

"No chance for a break on the date, is there?" came in low tones from the interior of the car.

"I don't make breaks," was the brittle retort. "You've got a monopoly in that field. Among you, you've balled things up beautifully!"

"The hell you say!" growled the voice in the interior darkness. "How could we know—"

"It was your business to know! You had the whole thing in your hands three days ago; all you had to do was to sit down and wait until the flurry was over. And all you did was to yell for help! But that's a back number. Let it go and get out of here. And don't fall down on this business tonight. We're going to need plenty of ammunition—more than we've got, so far. I'll meet you as arranged. Get a move!"

The big car purred softly and rolled out across the sidewalk; and Canby, waiting only until it was out of his way, walked quickly around to the side entrance of the hotel. Markham followed, but not directly. Beyond the hotel corner he found a hardware merchant just closing for the night, and persuaded the man to go back and sell him a couple of serviceable automatics. With one of these in each hip pocket, and the shoulder holsters hidden under his coat, he returned to the hotel lobby where he found Landis waiting for him.

"I saw you shadowing Canby and the three: what did you find out?" Landis demanded eagerly.

"Enough to warrant us in getting quick action. Where is Betty?"

"She said it was leaving-time for her and her father, and went to get ready. Canby came back a few minutes ago and went up in an elevator."

"Did he see you?"

"No; I kept out of his sight. But no doubt he knows we are here."

"Naturally. Betty will tell him, if he hasn't found out any other way."

"You say action; what is it to be?"

"A swift get-away. Get our dunnage out of the coat-room and wait at the side entrance. I'll be there with the car inside of five minutes."

In rather less than five minutes Markham was placing the roadster at the side entrance to the hotel. Landis, who was waiting at the curb, stowed the suit cases in the rumble and climbed to his place, saying, "Can't you tell me now?"

"Wait until we get out of town. I want to be sure we're well on ahead of Canby's Nordyke."

Landis waited, and he was still waiting when the roadster bumped over the final railroad crossing in the Red Butte Western yards and shot out upon the broad, silent expanse of the Red Desert.

And, as the lights of Copah were left behind, the full moon rose over the summit of the backgrounding mountain to submerge the silent wastes in a silver flood; the white radiance of a perfect night.

"SOMETHING, but not as much as I hoped to," said Markham, in answer to Landis' repeated question as to what he had learned by following Canby and the three; and he recounted the talk he had overheard during the pause of the Fleetwing in the garage doorway. "All I can make out of it is that Canby is hooked up with these men in some sort of a deal in which he is the king pin. Anyway, his attitude was that of an angry boss whose orders hadn't been obeyed. I've told you what was said, as nearly as I can recall it, and you can draw your own conclusions."

"You say Canby gave the others a map?"

"Something of the sort. He called it 'the lay-out'."

"What did he mean by saying that the three had yelled for help?"

"That is just another of the mysteries."

"You heard what Betty told us; that they had bought their train tickets, and then Canby changed his mind and asked them if they didn't want to drive?"

"Yes; I heard her say that."

"Well, I'm wondering now if it wasn't the yell for help that made him change his mind and his plans."

"It may have been. Since the three were driving, he couldn't very well get in touch with them by taking the railroad."

At this, Landis spoke of something else. "You asked Betty what time they got into Copah, and her answer was, 'about five o'clock.' Also, she said she and her father watched the sunset from the hotel. We saw the sunset from the mesa road; and not very long after that, Canby, with two people in his car, overtook us in the outskirts of town. How do you make that fit in?"

"I don't," said Markham shortly; "nothing fits in." Step by step, each new development, or half development, pointed to Canby as the thief of the black box of silence. But if Canby were the thief, Betty Lawson was just as certainly his accessory. And that, he told himself, was unbelievable, in spite of the circumstantial evidence of the footprint under the laboratory window. Yet there was the great stone, tumbling down the mountain side in utter silence, to point the finger of implication at Canby. For it was a plain inference that, after leaving his passengers at the Copah hotel, he, and at least two others—some two—had

[Continued on page 52]

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For this insidious disease of the gums works down the roots, between teeth and gums, without warning of its vicious presence. It comes to four out of five people past the age of forty—but years may pass before tender bleeding gums tell you that pyorrhea is destroying the health of your mouth.

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If tender or bleeding gums give you warning of pyorrhea, go to your dentist for treatment and start using Forhan's twice daily without delay. If pyorrhea has not yet fastened itself upon you, keep yourself on the safe side by making a regular habit of Forhan's.

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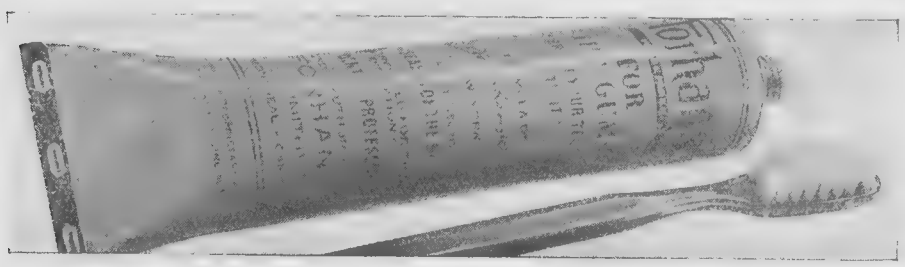
FALSE TEETH ARE A GREAT INVENTION *BUT* KEEP YOUR OWN AS LONG AS YOU CAN

False teeth often follow pyorrhea, which comes to four people out of five past the age of 40



Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

The Black Box of Silence

Continued from page 51

driven back over the road for some purpose. Was that purpose the effacement of two travellers who were expected shortly to come along? And if so, why?—in God's name, *why?* What desperate undertaking were Canby and these three men engaged in that would warrant the cold-blooded double murder as one of its conditions?

The Red Desert is not a sandy waste. On the contrary, its surface is the compact, gravelly soil of an ancient sea bottom, and the road across it is an excellent one. Markham was letting the new car out on the long tangents, and the lights of Copah had long since vanished in the eastward distance before he spoke again.

"Sorry your time with Betty was cut so short, Owen. But maybe we'll see more of her later."

"The time was long enough," was the sober reply. And then, half hesitantly: "I'm out of it with Betty, Wally."

"Did she tell you so?"

"No; but it's plain to be seen how matters stand. Canby's the man."

"No he isn't; not if our suspicions are justified."

Landis' smile was a mere baring of the teeth. "You ought to know women better than that, Wally. Business deals, straight or crooked, don't mean anything to a woman in love."

"That's pure cynicism, Owen. I think a lot better of Betty—of any good woman—than that. If you think she'd wink at criminality, even in her lover—"

"We haven't anything to base a charge of criminality upon."

"Nothing positive, maybe. But what I overhead in Copah seems to lean that way—not to go any farther back in the mess."

"Do you think so?"

"I'm thinking so, hard enough to make me run the wheels off this wagon to keep in touch with that Fleetwing Eight somewhere out ahead of us."

As he spoke, the roadster was topping a slight rise, and Landis pointed out a faint red dot in the forward distance. "You've got the touch," he remarked; and instantly Markham switched the head lamps off, saying, "No need of advertising ourselves; we can see well enough in this bright moonlight. Keep your eye on that red dot while I keep mine on the road."

After this, for an interminable time, the two flying cars held their relative positions. For the greater part of it across the desert the highway parallels the railroad, but the small cattle-shipping stations on the Short Line are few and far between, and in the flying pursuit they saw few signs of life, and no other vehicles. From time to time Landis looked over his shoulder. There were no headlights in sight to the rear. If Canby was making the moonlight run, as planned, the headlights of his car were not yet visible.

"Needn't look for him, I guess," Markham offered, at length. "We're hitting it up a good bit faster than he'll want to hurry his passengers."

It was not until they began to draw in toward the foothills at the north-western edge of the desert that they lost sight permanently of the red dot in advance. But now the outlook ahead was limited. Sometime after they had had their last sight of the tail lamp they came to the little way station of Atropia on the railroad where the road forked, one branch going on beside the railroad track, and the other veering to the right and looking as if it might be the beginning of a mountain climb.

"Here's where we balk," Markham announced, slowing down. Then he recalled what Canby had said to the man who was driving the Fleetwing, "Your route book will show you where to turn off." But which was the "turn off," to the left with the railroad, or to the right up the mountain? Landis pointed to the tiny railroad station, in which, late as the hour was, there was a light.

"Somebody awake in there," he said. "We can go in and inquire."

Climbing out, they crossed the tracks to the station. At the back of the small building there was a heavy truck, and when they stepped inside they almost ran into the arms of a group of roughly dressed men, each man nursing a Winchester. Markham apologized for stumbling over the feet of one of the men.

"My fault," said the one whose feet had suffered. "I wasn't looking for anybody to open the door. Are you travelling—or just going somewhere?"

"Both," said Markham with a grin. "More particularly, we are trying to keep in touch with three—er—friends just ahead of us in a Fleetwing Eight, and we don't know which road they've taken. Perhaps you can help us. Do both of these roads go over to Brewster in the Timanyoni?"

"They do." The speaker, a handsome young fellow who looked as if he might be in his early thirties, was evidently the leader of the squad of armed men. "The one to the left follows the railroad as far as it can—which is to the mouth of the canyon—and then climbs the Timanyoni range by way of Led Horse Pass. Good road, and it's the shorter by a number of miles, but the grades are stiff. The other begins to climb right here and goes in over Dump Mountain, and the two come together as one in the big hills south of Brewster."

"Thanks," said Markham; "but we don't know which way our—the Fleetwing went."

"I can help you there. It went up the mountain. It passed us going up as we were coming down from the mine."

"That helps us," Markham asserted. Then: "A mining man, are you? I didn't know there were any mines over here."

"There are not many. Ours, the Cinnabar, is about the only one shipping any ore just now. Broughton's my name," and he held out a hand.

"Markham is mine," was the prompt rejoinder; "and this is my friend, Owen Landis. Much obliged for the information about the roads. We'll be getting along before our Fleetwing party gets too far ahead of us."

As they went out, the young mine owner followed them.

"I'm no alarmist," he said, "but are you gentlemen 'heeled,' as we say out in this part of the world?"

Markham grinned and pulled out his two automatics—much to Landis' astonishment, since Markham had neglected, thus far, to mention his purchase.

"Will these do?"

"Fine and dandy, if you know now to use 'em. Mightn't need 'em in a month of Sundays, but when you do need 'em you need 'em bad. Reason I spoke was that we're down here for our pay-roll money—it's coming in on Forty-One—and I had a hint

[Continued on page 53]

The Black Box of Silence

Continued from page 52

that 'Red' Gunter and his gang might try to grab it off. That's why so many of us are here with the bells on. But if there's anything in the rumor, and they are after us, they likely wouldn't bother with you. So long." And he went back into the little station building.

Markham chuckled as they went across to the roadster. "We seem to be getting into the 'he-man' country the movie writers tell us about."

"Yes; when I saw that armed gang I thought it was a railroad hold-up."

"So did I, for half a second. It looked pretty warlike."

As they reached the car the distance-diminished bellow of a locomotive whistle broke the silence of the desert night and a brilliant electric eye appeared in the eastward distances.

"There comes Broughton's train," said Landis. "Let's get away ahead of his truck. Then we won't have to pass it on the mountain road."

"You didn't speak soon enough,': Markham grumbled, kicking a flat tire under the roadster. "I wonder what did that?"

Whatever had done it, the tire had to be changed, and they fell to work. When it came to the replacement they found that the spare was only about half inflated and would have to be pumped up—by hand. While they were rigging the pump the train came thundering in, made its brief halt, and went clamoring on to be lost to sight and sound among the western hills.

Shortly after the disappearance of the train they heard the starting roar of the mine truck's motor, and a moment later the truck, with its load of armed men, pulled up beside them. The young mine owner was at the wheel and he called out neighborly.

"Hit a snag? Want any help?"

"No, thanks," said Markham; "nothing but a flat tire and a spare that wasn't properly pumped up. We'll be on our way in a few minutes."

After the truck had gone the "few minutes" pulled themselves out into a quarter of an hour. The tire pump in the roadster's equipment kit had a leaky check-valve, and it wouldn't hold long enough to put the proper pressure into the half-inflated spare. While they were taking turns at the leaky pump, the railroad agent came across on his way home, and, with true Western heartiness, asked if he could do anything to help them out.

"Not unless you can tell us where we can borrow a decent tire pump," said Landis. "This one of ours is distinctly no good at all."

"Why, yes," was the friendly answer. "I've got a flivver, and a tire pump is about the most useful attachment it has. Wait, and I'll fetch it."

He crossed to a shed behind the nearest of the half-dozen darkened houses and presently returned with the pump, good-naturedly taking a hand and helping them fill the big spare. By the time the job was done, Markham's impatience was at the coruscating point, but he didn't vent it upon the hospitable little railroad man.

"You've saved our lives," he said, returning the borrowed pump. Then, the impatience getting the upper hand for an instant: "If I could get hold of the chap who put that half-blown tire on this car, I'd make him think the roof had fallen in on him. Thanks a thousand times. Good-night."

As he started the motor he glanced at the dash clock.

"It was just midnight when we stopped, and now it's a quarter to one; three-quarters of an hour wasted—time enough to put that Fleetwing thirty miles ahead! That's the toughest piece of luck we've struck yet!"

But, as they were soon to learn, ill-luck was not through with them. Before they had made more than a couple of miles up the stiff mountain grade, the roadster's motor sputtered, began to miss, and then stopped dead. Markham swore pathetically and kicked the starter pedal—and got nothing more than the *woor-roor-roor* of the battery action turning the motor over, while the brakes slipped and let the car begin to drift backward.

Landis caught at the emergency brake and stopped the drift. As he did it, he pointed at the gasoline gauge on the dash and said, "Look at that, will you!"

Markham looked, and his outburst of profanity, if its energy could have been utilized, would have carried them some distance on their way. If the gauge was telling the truth, the tank was empty.

"What do you know about that!" he finished. "When I put the car up at Copah I told those garage fellows twice over to be sure and fill her up—you heard me! What the devil and Tom Walker are we to do now, I'd like to know!"

"The little railroad man back there at the station?" Landis suggested. "Maybe he has an extra can of gas. Gravity will take us back that far."

Since there was nothing else to do, Markham turned the car and let it drift down to the railroad hamlet. Short as the time had been since their departure, the agent had already gone to bed, and they had to get him up to make their request. Again Western kindliness came to the fore.

"Just wait till I can get dressed and we'll see. I haven't any gas, except what's in the flivver's tank; but maybe we can raise some."

They waited, perforce, and when the little man came out, he said, "McDowell—he keeps the store—may have a can or two. We'll get him up and see whether or no he's sold out."

There was another wait while the agent hammered on the locked door leading to the second story of McDowell's emporium; and when the door was finally opened by a sleepy man in a knee-length night shirt, more uncertainty ensued. The storekeeper "disremembered." He might have some; he'd get some clothes on and come down and see.

While they were enjoying the third wait, Markham was considerate enough to tell the little railroad man to go home and go back to bed. "We've made you trouble enough for one night," he said; and then: "Do you smoke?"

The little man grinned. "They tell me I smoke only once a day—but it's all day. I tell Mac, here, if he don't go to keeping better tobacco, he's goin' to poison me some o' these days."

Markham dug into the roadster's deck locker and got out his private box of "Admirations."

"Take these for thanks. When you light one, blow the smoke into Mr. McDowell's face and tell him that's the kind of tobacco he ought to keep."

After a time the sleepy storekeeper came shuffling down with the key to his shack warehouse, and a search was made for gas. Markham promptly

[Continued on page 54]

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The Black Box of Silence

Continued from page 53

offered two prices to expedite the search, and when it finally proved successful to the extent of unearthing three of the familiar five-gallon cans, he added a bonus for the speedy filling of the roadster's tank.

Unhappily, speed, in this night of ill luck, was the one thing unattainable. The storekeeper had only a small funnel, and it had been carefully mislaid. When it was found, the slow process of pouring fifteen gallons of gasoline through the niggardly strainer ate up more time; all to the effect that the clock on the roadster's dash had measured off the better part of another hour before they got a second start up the mountain road.

"We're out of the fight, so far as keeping cases on the Fleetwing is concerned," Markham grumbled, as the car stormed the grade. "According to the map, it's only about sixty miles to Brewster, and if those fellows have kept up their lick, they are well over in the Timanyoni by this time."

THEY had surmounted the first long grade of possibly five miles, to come out upon a level bench or terrace of the mountain side where they could speed up, when a sudden turn in the road brought a group of mine buildings into view; the scene partly lighted by the red glow of a conflagration at the roadside. Dark figures of many men surrounded the dying fire and filled the road. Markham let the car roll slowly up to the road-blocking crowd. When he stopped, Broughton came to put a foot on the running-board.

"Well, 'Red' got us, after all. Didn't try to hold us up on the road; just waited till we'd settled down for the night, and then blew the safe and the commissary all to hell and set the wreck afire."

While he was speaking, Landis saw two blanket-covered figures lying stark under a tree, and said, "Casualties?"

"Yes; murder. My day foreman and the watchman. They were mounting guard in the commissary, and they were both shot and the bodies left to burn; did burn, partly, before we got them out. There was a gun battle; both of the foreman's guns were empty when we found them. But what's running us all ragged is the fact that nobody in the whole camp heard a sound while all this was going on; wouldn't have known about it till morning, I suppose, if a miner's girl in one of the cabins hadn't happened to wake up and see the light of the fire. Isn't it hell?"

"WHAT'S that?" Landis cut in; "you say nobody heard the explosion?"

"Not a soul. The camp was asleep when we got back with the truck, and it didn't take us long to follow suit."

"But perhaps there wasn't any explosion."

"Oh, yes there was; safe looks as if it had been hit by an H.E. shell. Besides, there was the gun fire."

Just here one of his men called Broughton; and Landis turned to Markham. "Shall we tell him, Wally?"

"If I thought it would do any good . . . but it wouldn't. Not much doubt as to who has your black box now, you'd say."

When the mine owner came back it was to offer hospitality.

"It's mighty late, and the road over the range isn't the best for night driving. Hadn't you better stop over with us? We can take care of you."

"Have you a telephone wire to Brewster?" Markham inquired.

"No. I've been threatening to put a cut-in on the railroad wire, but have never got around to it."

"Then I guess we'd better push on, if there is nothing we can do here to help you out. We are due in Brewster, and we should have been pretty well over there by this time if we hadn't run out of gas and had to go back to Atropia to fill up. I suppose you haven't any clue to work on?—or have you?"

"Oh, there's no doubt about the clue. 'Red' Gunter and his gang of cut-throats are the fellows we have to thank for this. I'd like to know what kind of powder they're using—that doesn't make any noise."

The young mine owner was taking his crude disaster so bravely that Markham could not withhold a word of sympathy.

"The luck was against you, Mr. Broughton; or rather, I should say, the cards were stacked. If we hadn't had to go back for gas, we might have been in time to nip this thing in the bud. I'm sorry."

"More likely you'd have got nipped yourselves, and then we'd have had four men to bury instead of two." Then, as Markham put the roadster in gear: "Here's hoping you get through all right. Drive kind of careful over the range."

"Why did you ask about the 'phone?" Landis inquired, as they went on.

"I had a notion we might call up the different garages in Brewster and find out something about the three men in the Fleetwing."

"To check up on the time of their arrival?"

"Yes; though that might not have spelled anything. If they were the ones who sacked the commissary, it needn't have delayed them very long."

"Is there any doubt in your mind now, Wally?"

"Not very much. The circumstantial evidence is piling in too thick and fast to leave much room for doubt."

"I don't want to believe that these men are the criminals," said Landis.

"Why not?"

"Don't you see? If they are, Herbert Canby is the fourth."

"Well, what if he is?"

"He is going to marry Betty."

"Ump! That's up to you, isn't it?"

"Not now. It has gone too far."

Markham made no comment upon this until after he had skilfully worked the flying car around the last of the up-hill hazards and was letting it roll down the long gulch loopings on the western slope. It was after they had passed the point where the shorter road by way of Led Horse Pass came in, that he said: "You have only yourself to blame, Owen. You had it all your own way until Canby showed up in Carthage and began to cut his splurge. It's just as I told you the night you showed me your invention; a girl can't wait forever. I don't suppose you have ever asked Betty to marry you."

"No, I haven't," was the straightforward confession. "It's this way; Betty has always had a small time of it as her father's daughter; the 'U' doesn't pay its faculty members enough to warrant any other kind of time for their families. And she deserves something better."

"So you've been waiting until you could invent something that you

[Continued on page 55]

The Black Box of Silence

Continued from page 54

could sell for enough money to let her wear diamonds? You don't know Betty Lawson half as well as I do, even if you are her lover! I—Hello!—what's that?"

They had rounded the nose of one of the projecting mountain spurs and were doubling to head the deep gulch intervening between this and the next spur. In the bottom of the gulch, some distance below the road, a fire, too large to figure as a camp-fire, was burning. Markham stopped the car. So far as could be seen, there were no signs of human habitations in the gorge.

"Queer," said Landis. "Doesn't seem to be anything down there to burn."

"No; but I haven't curiosity enough to make me climb down there to find out what it is. I don't know how you feel, but, I'm about dead for sleep. Let's go."

They lost sight of the fire in heading the gulch, but it came in view again as the car raced along the other side of the loop. By this time it was dying down, and as they turned the next spur it was little more than a red glow in the bottom of the chasm.

Due to their having taken the Dump Mountain—and longer—road; and to a blow-out which hit them shortly after passing the gulch of the mysterious fire, and which, since they had already used their spare, imposed a rather tedious job of casing changing; the early summer dawn was breaking as they skirted Lake Topaz, set, like the gem for which it was named, in a cup of the mountains. A little later they were passing in review the long-built hotel and cottages of the summer resort to come shortly afterward to a group of mine buildings, one of which bore the legend:

THE LITTLE ALICE MINING CO.
MAXWELL & STARBUCK

"By George!" Markham exclaimed, as he read the sign, "tell me this little old world isn't full of surprises! I never knew before just where that mine was."

"What about it?" Landis asked.

"Why, nothing much, except that I own a few shares of stock in it; one of the items in the little legacy my mother left me. The stock was a gift to mother. She was distantly related to Starbuck; or rather to Mrs. Starbuck's family. I've been cashing the dividend checks right along, but have never taken the trouble to look up the location of the mine."

"And you've not kept up the family relation?"

"Never had it to keep up. I just dimly remember the Starbucks. They stopped over in Carthage with us on their wedding trip when I was just a kid. If they are living in Brewster, we'll look them up."

A few miles farther on they found themselves looking down upon a handsome little city bestriding the Timanyoni River, and Markham had to pull up suddenly to keep from hitting a wandering cow. A little later they had descended through the mesa suburb, and had stopped in front of a modern hotel. Turning the roadster over to the uniformed "hostler" to be stalled in the hotel garage, they went in to register.

"Night driving?" queried the room clerk, as he assigned them a suite.

"Yes; from Copah," Markham answered.

"Then you won't want to wait for the regular breakfast before you turn in. We can give you a quick serve in the grill; fruit, eggs, coffee; something like that?"

"Just that, for a chaser; but a bath comes first."

"Right. The boy will show you up, and I'll have your bite ready when you come down. Or, if you like, I'll have it sent up to your suite."

"That will be better. It was a long drive and we are tired. Have you had anybody else in from the east this morning?"

"Yes; a party of three—came in a couple of hours ago. They made the night drive, too. A Dr. Lawson and his daughter, and Mr. Canby."

"Nobody else?" Markham pressed.

"No. Were you expecting to meet friends here?"

"These three gentlemen from Louisville," said Markham, again producing his memorandum of the three names.

The clerk read the names and smiled.

"You've got your schedules mixed, some way," he suggested. "We have reservations made for these gentlemen—wired in a week ago. But they are for the twenty-eighth. You've beat them to it by a week and more."

"So?" said Markham. "That's a bit odd. They've been just ahead of us all the way across from Indiana, and they drove out of Copah last night a very short time before we did."

"Well," said the clerk, "they'll have to take what they can get if they turn up now. Their date is the twenty-eighth. You say they left Copah ahead of you? Then you must have passed them somewhere on the road."

"Maybe we did," Markham offered; and with that they followed the boy to the elevator, mystified, not so much by the non-appearance of the three as by the fact that the same three had reserved rooms for a date which was still more than a week in the future.

HAVING left a call for one o'clock, they were up in time to make the dining-room for a late luncheon; at which the head waiter placed them at a table opposite an elderly man who looked as if he might pose as an artist's model for a type which is fast disappearing, even in the farther West—the pioneer who has made good, and is at last able to take his ease in a civilization for which he was once one of the pathfinders.

Never hampered by the formalities, Markham passed his card across the table and got precisely the reaction the elderly man's appearance presaged.

"That's neighborly. Glad to know you, Mr. Markham. My name is Starbuck. Always does me good to shake hands with a newcomer," and he reached across the table and did it.

"Thanks," said Wally, with his best-natured grin. Then: "Not, by any chance, Mr. William Starbuck, a partner in the 'Little Alice Mine'?"

The bronzed-faced man smiled. "There's only one of me, I guess."

"Um. People who say that coincidences happen only in the novels have another guess coming. You've just shaken hands with a far-away cousin by marriage, Mr. Starbuck; also, with a very small fractional owner in your mine. My mother was a Fairbairn on her mother's side; and once—I think it was on your wedding trip—you stopped off for a short time with us in Carthage. But, excuse me: you shook hands with me—won't you repeat the operation with my friend, Owen Landis? You see, he's a newcomer, too." [Continued on page 57]

The Mighty Hunter's Bride Rebels

Continued from page 19

her mettle against the old. Count me in on the struggle. Have you any rubber gloves? All right, give me a pair, produce a smock you're not fond of, and help me carry these bloody birds down to the basement."

I protested of course, but feebly, and was glad that she treated said protests with the indifference I had hoped for.

Maybe the shade of some prehistoric ancestress came to our aid, for after a while we got to taking a sort of wry relish in making those feathers fly—though I must admit I shrieked when I felt a creepy-crawly insect on my arm. By eleven o'clock we had all the ducks laid out in another row by the laundry tubs, looking strangely naked and cold, and my heart sank to my boots as I realized that the worst was yet to come, and that it was a crisis I couldn't let anybody help me with. Besides, I didn't want an audience for my grisly task, so I told Marge it was time she went home and I'd love her forever for her assistance and encouragement.

Honestly, I didn't know which end of a duck ycu open to remove the insides, but I have one of those very complete cook books telling "Everything that a Young Wife Should Know," and I consulted it. Sure enough, there were complete instructions for cutting off heads and feet, singeing, and disembowelling birds. I read them through, then retired again to the infernal regions and set to work.

I'll draw a veil over the scenes which followed. Suffice it to say that when Jim returned about one a.m., after delivering the last of the ducks and holding the last post mortem over the remains, I was bloody but unbowed, and had just put the birds to soak in salt and water. Did he show any appreciation of my heroism? Not he! Just looked at them casually, said "Good work, old girl. Got any more sandwiches?" and seemed put out when I snapped "No!" at him and burst into tears.

We had four duck dinner parties within the next week, and Jim was so disappointed that I wouldn't eat any. My dear, I couldn't! Then when he announced that there would be another hunting trip, to provide dozens of ducks for cold storage, I listened with murder in my heart, but made a stern resolve that, come hell or high water, I'd send the ducks to the butcher this time, having proved my point that I could do the job as well as my mother-in-law.

As it turned out, Fate played right into my hands. When the boys came home this time, all they brought was a sheepish grin and two of the most miserable, skinniest teal you ever saw. Oh, they had tons of alibis about weather and luck and all, but the cold, cruel fact remained that after buying many boxes of cartridges, quantities of expensive food, gallons of gas, and paying both for repairs when the car skidded off a culvert, and for being towed out of mud holes, those wretched birds cost exactly seventy-five dollars each! I became quite eloquent on the subject of the relation between shooting and home economics, and delivered an ultimatum that if he could afford such jaunts, the little extra expense involved in having birds dressed by a butcher was eminently reasonable. He was so thoroughly cowed anyhow by his disappointing experiences that he promised everything I asked, so now I can see the shooting season come round again without any sinking of the heart.

So you see darling, how tremendously important it is to have a premarital understanding with Jack on the subject!

The Truancy of Nellie

Continued from page 18

trunk within and felt deftly about. Ah—a bed—and a man in it! Yes—whiskers like Jenkins'—and a big Adam's apple! He was snoring, too—just as Jenkins did. She inserted the tip of her trunk under the sleeper's collar and blew—gently at first—then forcibly. A movement—then a blood-curdling yell went up.

"OO-oo-oo! Murther! Bridgit! OO-oo!"

Surely that was not Jenkins' voice, and Nellie hastily withdrew, feeling abashed. The yells continued till she was far up the road.

A cozy-looking straw-pile next drew her, and she made for it, stampeding a herd of fat, black animals, who darted off with peculiar "woof-woof-woofs" that caused her heart to leap into her throat. She ensconced herself, and, fatigued from her night's experience, soon slept soundly.

She was awakened by hearing something about on the opposite side of the stack. Slowly rising Nellie stretched herself and listened.

"Funny what ails them horses," said a voice. "Whoa, Jim! Never knew 'em to act so."

"Act like they was scairt," replied another. "Back, Bess—whoa, now!"

Nellie proceeded around the stack to investigate the mystery. Suddenly she met the protruding eyeballs and distended nostrils of a pair of very frightened horses. To express her friendliness, Nellie lifted her trunk, when—

Snort, snort, rattle, crash! The horses took the six-board fence at a bound, leaving the rack on a post. Nellie watched the flight in amazement—then went on around the stack. Two men, leaning on pitchforks, were gazing off across the fields in the direction of the disappearing team.

"Well, wouldn't that — Caesar's ghost! What's that? Leg it, Hen!"

The men faded like morning mist.

TIRED, hungry, sleepy and melancholy, Nellie went back and burrowed into the warm straw. Voices again interfered with her dreams, and she lifted an ear interestedly.

"She's on this side, feller!" said someone, a long way off.

"All right!" This was much closer and sounded familiar. Nellie raised her ear higher.

A rustling of straw and an unshaved, red-eyed man came into view. Joy — 'twas Jenkins — her Jenkins! With a little squeal of delight, Nellie rocked to her feet and wrapped her trunk affectionately about Jenkins' waist while he clubbed her shoulders vigorously to show his pleasure. Then she instituted a thorough search of his pockets, blew down his neck and flapped her ears in ecstacy.

"Come on, Nell!" said Jenkins. She blew the chaff from her broad back and fell into the steady, lumbering, parade stride that brought back happiness to her soul. Jenkins carried the tip of her trunk in his hand for nearly a mile—Nellie made him do it.

The Black Box of Silence

Continued from page 55

"Sure! And he's as welcome to the Timanyoni as you are, Walter," was the hospitable word to go with another handshake across the table.

"Gosh!" said Markham, "you don't mean to say you remember my name!"

"Sure I do; now that you've told me who you are. I recollect you as a fat-faced little chap who sat on my knee and begged for more stories of the cattle country and the old Red Butte mines. That goes as it lies, but, of course, I wouldn't have known you from Adam now. What are you and Mr. Landis doing? Come out to summer over at Lake Topaz?"

"No plans whatever; just driving about to see how far we can go on so many gallons of gas."

The mine owner nodded. "I see. You may not believe it, to look at me now, but I was young once, myself—and I sure had a restless foot. I'm sorry Mrs. Starbuck and the girls are on a trip East. If they were here, we'd have you both out of this dump, *pronto;* not that it isn't a pretty fair sort of *posado,* for the longitude and altitude, at that."

"I'll say it is," said Markham. "Wouldn't you, Owen?"

Landis agreed. "The Carthage *Banner* would run double-leaded editorials about it for a week, if we had a hotel as good as this at home."

"Speaking of Carthage reminds me," Starbuck put in. "Just noticed there are three other people from your town here in the hotel; got in this morning. Maybe you know 'em—or know about 'em?"

"We know two of them rather better than well. Professor Lawson used to make a mamma's pet of Owen, here, at the same time that he was doing his level best to flunk me in Physics Four—not but what I deserved it, all right."

Starbuck smiled. "I took an eye-shot at the professor—and at the daughter — as they were passing through the lobby a little spell ago. I take it you'll both agree with me if I say that Miss Lawson is pretty enough to start a stopped clock?"

"Ask Owen," said Markham with a grin; and Starbuck matched the grin and said, "Sure; I see." Then he switched to the third member of the party. "This Canby person, who writes himself down as from Carthage: do you know him, too?"

Markham answered for both. "Reasonably well; though we haven't known him very long. He is a comparatively newcomer in our town."

This time Starbuck's smile was grim. "Using the word you just now tacked onto your friends, the Lawsons, we know him a heap better than well, out here."

"Is it tellable?" Markham asked.

"Oh, sure. He was here all last summer booming a bauxite mining and reduction scheme; sold a good chunk of stock; set up an electric furnace; and even got so far as to contract for the needful juice from our power company."

"And afterward?" Wally prompted.

"There wasn't any 'afterward,' not so you could notice it; there couldn't be, as a few of us dyed-in-the-wool old-timers knew and talked from the beginning of the round-up. The boomed mine was—well, you might say it wasn't exactly a straight fake, because there was, and is, a small deposit of the mineral in it, but not enough to make it a commercial proposition. Canby's stockholders made faces and coughed up a couple of assessments like little men; but at the third call they threw up both hands and quit."

"All of which is mighty interesting to listen to," Markham commented. "The more so, because just now he is trying to float a factory-and-addition scheme in our town. I'm wondering what brings him out here, right in the thick of his Carthage promotion."

"I might be able to tip you off as to that," said the mine owner. "Canby made a barrel of easy money out of us here—and then got his own feet wet. About half a mile above the Little Alice, and on the south side of the Geechy Mountain spur, there is a mine that is older than anything else in this neck o' woods; some think it dates back to the time when all this region was a part of the Spanish possessions; anyway, it was here and worked out and abandoned long before any of the American prospectors came in. When Lake Topaz began to be a summer resort, the old Quavapai, as it's called, became a sort of show place for tourists, like the Mammoth Cave; the summer folks 'd make up 'mine parties' and go in and explore the old workings, of which there are so many that you can actually get lost in 'em. Don't let me bore you stiff with all this ancient history."

"You're not boring us—far from it," said Markham. "Go on."

"Well, about two years ago a bunch of tin-horn freeze-outs from Tonopah came over here and re-located the Quavapai; claimed they'd explored it and found new mineral in it. Some of us old-timers, who had been all through the place, time and again, had our own notions about the truth of the new strike, and after the Tonopah fellows had worked the mine—or claimed to work it—for about a year without shipping any ore, we put it up that they hadn't anything worth shipping; that the thing was a frost. We never have known the real 'inside,' but it's the general belief that they were salting the mine and fixing to stick somebody with it. Anyhow that's how it turned out. They sold the Quavapai to Canby; took his money and faded away."

"The biter bit, eh?" said Markham with a laugh. "Does he still own it?"

"Owns it and operates it. He has kept a small gang in it ever since he bought it; sending good money after bad, you'd say, because there has never yet been a pound of ore shipped from it. Just lately he has doubled his force; imported a lot of Mexicans from down Santa Fe way. Just what's at the bottom of all this, nobody knows. The place is guarded as if it were a diamond mine."

"Public opinion, in Brewster?" Wally queried, with the lift of an eyebrow.

"It's split up. Some think that Canby has actually struck it rich in the Quavapai, and is storing the stuff somewhere inside against a big shipment. Others say he is getting ready to stick somebody else. You can take your choice."

The desultory talk had stretched itself out over the luncheon half-hour, and, as he concluded, Starbuck glanced at his watch and pushed his chair back.

"Sorry, but I've got to chop it off," he said. "I'm due at the bank for a meeting. I'm mighty glad we met up this way, this early in the game, and that goes for both of you. You'll be stopping over for a while, won't you?"

"Yes; so far as we know now," Markham said. [Cont'd. on page 58]

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"It's surprisingly easy to use!"

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The Black Box of Silence

Continued from page 57

"That's the talk! I want to know you both better." Then to Markham: "Your mother was mighty good to me, Walter. She believed in me when most of the Fairbairns were breaking their necks to keep me from marrying into the family—for which I don't blame them any too much. Just take me in as one of the family and make such use of me as you can. As the Spaniards say, 'You are in your own house while you are with me'."

"SOME man—that!" said Landis praisefully, after Starbuck had gone.

"Yes; a bit of the West you sometimes read about; the West that takes you for honest money until you've proved that you're not."

"What do you think of the glimpse he gave us of Canby's record?"

"What I think will be embodied in a wire tip to Dad. Don't you want to wire your folks—just to let them know you are still on earth?"

"I will, now that we seem to have landed somewhere."

There was a telegraph office in the hotel, and after they had sent their respective messages, they set out on a tour of inquiry, hoping to get some trace of the Fleetwing Eight and its passengers, taking the entire afternoon for it. It was an afternoon wasted. No such car had been put up at any of the city garages within the past twenty-four hours; nor were the three Louisville names entered in any of the hotel registers they examined. The three men, seen last as they were leaving Copah, had vanished as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed them. And not only the men, but their car, as well.

In the round of inquiry only one circumstance developed which might have some bearing upon the mystery. This was in the public garage where Canby was keeping his Nordyke. When they questioned the proprietor about the Fleetwing, he said he had put up only one car that had come from the east that morning, namely, Canby's limousine. Landis asked if he could fix the time of the limousine's arrival.

"Why, yes," was the reply, "it was just about the crack of day. I don't usually get down that early, but my night man 'phoned that his wife was sick, so I came down to let him go home. I hadn't much more than got here before Mr. Canby drove in. That would be about five o'clock."

"You are acquainted with Mr. Canby?" Markham put in.

"Oh, sure. He was here all last summer and kept his car with me."

"More mystery," said Landis, as they left the place. "You remember what the hotel clerk said this morning when we got in—which was a little after five o'clock?"

"Don't know as I do. I was pretty tired and sleepy."

"You asked him if he'd had anybody else from the east, and he said, 'Yes, a party of three—came in a couple of hours ago.' Then he told us who the three people were."

"I see now what you are getting at. That leaves two hours unaccounted for between the time Canby reached Brewster and the time he put his car up in the garage. Question: can we find out what he did in those two hours?"

"That's it. If we can, I have a notion that we shall find out what has become of the Fleetwing bunch."

Returning to the hotel a little before dinner time, they were fully agreed that the only remaining chance of tracing the missing three was through Canby, since his connection with them had been conclusively proved; and it was upon this agreement that they separated in the lobby, Markham going up to shave while Landis went to the desk to have his card sent up to the Lawsons.

"The professor and his daughter checked out this forenoon," was the information given him. "They have friends here—the Stillingses—and Mr. Stillings came after them as soon as he knew they were in town."

"Did Mr. Canby go with them?"

"Oh, no; he's still with us."

As Landis was turning away he came face to face with Starbuck.

"I was hoping I might run across one or both of you," said the mine owner hospitably. "Whereabouts is Walter?"

"He has gone up to shave; he said he was too sleepy to do it when we came in this morning."

"I don't doubt it. It's a stiff night run from Copah over here. Shall we hunt us a couple of chairs and wait for him?"

When they found chairs, Starbuck said, "I've just been reading in the evening paper of another show-down by the bandits—at the Cinnabar Mine, over on the other side of the range. Maybe you heard of it as you came along? Or did you come in by the Led Horse Pass road?"

"No; we came the other way—by the mine. We got there pretty soon after the fact. The wrecked commissary was still burning when we drove up."

"Did you see Broughton and talk with him?"

"Yes. We'd met him earlier. He was down at the railroad station with a truck and an armed guard, waiting for his pay-roll money, when we stopped to ask our way. We would have followed his truck up the road if we hadn't been delayed, first by a flat tire, and then by running out of gas."

"The paper says there's a mystery; that there was a gun fight in which the two commissary guards were killed, and that nobody in the camp heard the firing or the explosion that wrecked the safe and the building. Is that so?"

"It is what Mr. Broughton told us. He said they might not have known anything about it until morning if some girl hadn't happened to wake up and see the glow of the fire."

"I can't *sabe* that," was Starbuck's comment. "I know the mine lay-out; been there any number of times. The commissary site isn't much over a hundred yards from Broughton's bungalow. Don't seem believable that nobody heard the racket."

Landis was surprised into saying, "It would have been not only unbelievable, but impossible, a few weeks ago, Mr. Starbuck."

"Why — what do you mean by that?"

Landis realized that he had said either too much or too little, and for the moment he saw no way out but by a relation of the black-box facts. And it was only the incredibility of the facts, as they must appear if given to a comparative stranger, that made him say, "Within a short time Wally and I have known of three other banditries—bank robberies—which have been pulled off in exactly the same way; by dynamitings that nobody heard. The general belief

[Continued on page 59]

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The Black Box of Silence

Continued from page 58

seems to be that some new and absolutely noiseless explosive has been discovered."

"Pretty hard to make an old mining man swallow anything like that," Starbuck smiled. "Where were these bank robberies?"

"One in Indiana, one in Illinois, and the third in Missouri."

"Lately?"

"Within the past week."

"Any clue to the robbers?"

Before Landis could reply, Markham stepped out of a descending elevator, much to the inventor's relief. Keen as was his admiration for Starbuck, he was not quite ready to tell him—or anybody—that he himself, and Wally Markham, held the only clue that might lead to the identification of the robbers.

"I was hoping we might eat with you, Cousin William," said Markham. Then: "Been digging into Owen a bit to find out what he is made of?"

"We've been talking about this ruction over at Stan Broughton's mine. Mr. Landis tells me you just missed being in the thick of it."

"We did. If we hadn't been delayed so long at Atropia, we'd have been Johnnies on the spot. Shall we go in to dinner?"

As was most natural, the table talk centered upon the crime of the night before, and the mystery which seemed to be the chief feature of it. Landis felt that it was Markham's part to tell his cousin-by-marriage the story of the black box, if he chose, and he was rather surprised that Markham didn't do it. But there was no mention made of it, or of the three men who had so unaccountably disappeared somewhere on the eastward road.

IT WAS after the black coffee had been served that Landis saw a man rise from his seat at a table on the other side of the room and come across in their direction, though he did not recognize the man as Canby until the promoter was beside them, and saying, "Well, well! see who's here! Betty was telling me last night that you two were in Copah, but she didn't say anything about your coming on to Brewster." Then: "How do, Mr. Starbuck. I hope I see you well."

The three who were finishing their dinner reacted to the intrusion, each after his kind. Landis said nothing; Starbuck nodded and said, "How!" with about as much expression as an Indian might have put into the word, and went on sipping his coffee. Markham bridged the gap, chatting easily for a moment or two with the intruder, accounting for himself and Landis as vacation runaways from the home town, with no particular object in view, and expressing, in his turn, surprise that Canby could tear himself away from the Carthage promotion scheme, even for the pleasure of a motor trip in such good company as the professor and his pretty daughter.

At this last, the good-looking young promoter laughed and said, "Good company is right. There are occasions when it outbids business considerations by any amount you like to name. But it so happened this time that I could combine business with pleasure. As you will testify, Mr. Starbuck, I still have a stake in the Timanyoni, in the Quavapai."

"Um," said the elderly mine owner; and that is all he did say.

"Thought I'd take a few days off and run out to see how we are getting along," Canby went on glibly; then, to the two Carthaginians: "We'll have to get together and do a bit of sight-seeing. I assure you the Timanyoni is worth it."

As Canby returned to his table, Starbuck closed one eye slowly and said: "Did you two young fellows follow that crook out here?"

Markham answered truthfully. "No; we are both inclined to think it was the other way around—that he followed us. Anyhow, he was behind us for a good part of the way. And his surprise just now at seeing us here was a fake. He knew, three days ago, that we were headed this way."

Silence for a full minute, and then Starbuck spoke again.

"Tell me, Walter; have you two got anything on Canby?"

"No; but now he is here, and we're here, we'll try to keep cases on him, if only for the sake of enlightening some of our good friends in the home town. As I told you, he is trying to put over a deal something like the one he engineered here last summer, with — so my father thinks — just about as much profit to the investors in it."

"In that case—just a word to the wise, Walter. Slip a gun into your jeans if you're going to keep tab on that rooster. I can't prove anything I say; and I don't reckon he's man enough to shoot anything out with you, face to face; but there were some queer doings here in connection with the bauxite mine deal that never did get out into daylight. Just to mention one of them: Tim Peters, the old prospector who discovered and located the bauxite claim, dropped out sort of mysteriously at about the time Canby jumped in, and he hasn't been heard of since."

"He sold out to Canby?"

"Canby recorded a deed to that effect; yes. I reckon nothing would have been thought of the old man's drop-out if Canby hadn't turned out to be a crook afterwards."

THAT night, as they were returning to the hotel after an evening spent with Starbuck in the all-but-deserted Starbuck mansion in the mesa suburb, Landis said, "Your cousin gives Canby a worse name than the one we've been giving him back home." Then: "It hurts me savagely when I think of the hold he's got upon Betty. You could see, by the way he talked when he butted in on us at the dinner-table, that he was pretty sure of himself in that quarter."

"Oh, I don't know," Markham was beginning; but before he could enlarge upon whatever doubt he had in mind, there were other things to think of. They had turned a corner into a side street which was not very well lighted when three dark figures darted across the street in their rear; and before they could face about Landis was staggering from a blow on the head, and Markham was doing his best as a skilful amateur boxer to keep from sharing his companion's fate.

Fortunately, since the son of small-town money had held the college middle-weight championship in his undergraduate days, the best was fairly good. A jab to the solar plexus sent one of the assailants to double up, groaning, in the gutter, and a hook to the jaw discouraged another. But as the hook was delivered the third man hit his guarding arm a paralyzing blow with some heavy weapon and was swinging for a second when help came in the shape of a night patrolman turning the corner. "Hey!—officer!" Markham shouted;

[Continued on page 60]

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The Spirit of the Valley

Continued from page 17

days—as the men gathered together and dreamed of a valley of blossoming orchards — thousands of acres of orchards on the hillsides all about the lovely Okanagan Lake. He told me of his travels home to England, of his telling friends there, of opportunity to be found in the Valley. I met a man and his wife who came out on Mr. Kendall's advice. They had had a financial smash-up in England, and came out to begin again. The wife told me of leaving her three children—one a wee baby—with relations at home—of how she and her husband lived in a tiny shack, and he worked on the railroad, or at any job available, until their fruit trees began to bear. She—believe it or not—found music pupils in the settlement, and did her bit to carry on, by teaching on a neighbor's piano.

In eighteen months they were able to send for the babies who travelled in the care of a woman coming out to domestic service. The mother told me something of what those eighteen months of longing for her children meant to her, and, after twenty years, her voice shook a bit as she told me of their home-coming.

You should see the home of that couple now! They have one of the most beautiful, one of the richest orchards in the Valley. "And that's saying something!" I told the Irish girl about it, and about my week in the Valley in blossom time, for she had only passed through. I loved recreating it for her eyes. There is a beauty of this world which we must share, if we would hold it in our hearts "for keeps."

I told my friend how we drove through the hills which enfold the Valley of the Okanagan. Below us lay soft clouds of apple-blossoms—orchards in blossom-time. The radiant world seemed bathed in the sunshine's benediction. The sky was of so deep and vibrating a blue that it set one's heart a-quiver and a-tune —so vibrating a blue that it seemed almost possible to pierce its deep peace, to find the glory of the hidden stars.

Far below, calm lakes and streams took unto their waters the color, depth, and mystery of the sky. Over the mountains, soft shadows passed—shadows of white clouds, drifting. The world and the sky were merged in one great wholeness, as if a Holy Hand, outstretched, held in its palm all that beauty. It seemed that a soft voice entered into our hearts, saying: "Behold this beauty. 'Drink ye all of it.' And be refreshed, my children."

As I told her of it, the Irish girl, half-whispered: "Yes — I know — beautiful — and mystical — and holy!"

But I had yet to tell her of the most lovely moment of all. We had driven down the winding roads of the hillsides into the very heart of an orchard. We stood beneath the trees, quiet, awed, a part of the spirit of the orchard. And our eyes were upturned, and there was one great branch above us, white, against the sky. Oh, open wide the eyes of your spirit, as did that fellow-traveller of mine; see it as we saw it; as, again, with inner vision, I see it now:—a white branch, heavy with sweetness, scarce stirred by the gentle wind which sets the white clouds drifting; a white-branch of tender-petalled blossoms resting against the undefiled blue of the heavens.

It was the supreme moment of the day!—To see the loveliness of our Mother Nature in exquisite essence —a branch of apple blossoms against the sky. Yes—all the verities speaking—*Faith* in the beneficient rule of sun and rain and soil. *Hope* in the wealth of blossoms, promise of rich harvest. *Love* in the unity of petals making flower-perfection; in the Heart of One through Whom all Nature speaks.

The Black Box of Silence

Continued from page 59

and as the big-bodied policeman came on the run, the two who were still afoot darted away, and the third man scrambled to his feet, broke the detaining grip of Markham's one serviceable hand and bolted before the officer could come up.

"Now then—what's all this?" demanded the majesty of the law. "Was them fellies tryin' to hold ye up? Which way did they go?"

"Down that alley on the other side of the street," and as the big patrolman gave chase, Markham turned to Landis, who was leaning against a telephone pole and holding his head in his hands.

"Badly hurt, Owen?"

"Sandbagged—knocked the senses out of me for the minute. What did they do to you?"

"Nothing much; tried to break an arm for me. Can you navigate? Or shall I see if I can find a taxi?"

"I can walk all right. Sudden, wasn't it? Did you see or hear them before they rushed us?"

"Not a second."

"What were they?—stick-up men?"

"I'm wondering. There was no 'hands-up!' about it. They acted more like hired killers. The first one I hit had his knife out. There it is now, in the gutter," and he stooped and picked up a vicious weapon with an eight-inch blade and a bone handle. "We'll keep this for a souvenir."

In their rooms at the hotel they took account of the casualties. They were not serious. Landis admitted that he was still listening to bee swarms, and Markham's guarding arm had a red welt across it, but there were no bones broken. Then they examined the knife Wally had picked up. It was plainly of foreign manufacture, and on the smooth bone handle was carved a Spanish word which neither of them could translate.

"Mexicans," said Markham; "I thought they were. H'm; so they kill first and rob afterward, do they? And we had two perfectly good guns which we were careful to leave locked up safely here in the rooms! Never again, Owen, my boy. We go 'heeled' after this. Let's turn in and forget it."

(To be continued next month)

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7299—A Comfortable Gym Costume.
Jersey, flannel, linen, or serge may be used for this style. It is comprised of a sleeveless waist, joined to circular bloomer portions, that are finished with leg bands. The neck edge of the waist is finished with a circular band facing. A wide belt completes the costume.
This model is designed in 5 sizes: 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14 year size will require 2⅛ yards of 39-inch material. The belt, and neck facing of contrasting material will require 1/3 yard 39 inches wide.
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Hi-Lo Brush Control—entirely automatic—is the secret. Doubles the sweeping power of the modern Bissell.

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Send 10c. for this useful book. Clear directions, illustrated by photographs, colored cover. Enables you to have the smart new crochet edgings on lingerie and table linen for which there is such a craze in Paris and London. Every design guaranteed to be a genuine imported creation.

Work as directed in Coats' Mercer-Crochet. Easy to work with, smooth, washes beautifully, does not stretch out of shape. Now obtainable in lovely colors, enabling you to work colored trimmings for any material.

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Above—There is no limit to the ingenious ideas which may be worked out in the decoration scheme for Hallowe'en Supper tables. Coloured crepe paper, autumn leaves, tall orange candles in black holders, grotesque place cards, foolish favours, are a few of the many decorations which make an effective background.

Better Cookery

By Gertrude Dutton

Let Us Have a Party

IN TIMES of depression, there is more need to keep up our spirits than when everything is bright and happy and prosperous. True hospitality does not depend upon one's bank account. Our friends do not come to see us for the food we serve them. It is very doubtful if the children of to-day, with so many pleasures available, have as much real enjoyment as we who lived through the pioneer days of this country of ours. For the sake of the children, if not for our own, we should enjoy just as much festivity as in happier times. It should, of course, be within our means. We will need to spend thought and time rather than money. Some of us, in the past, have been more extravagant in our entertaining than was quite necessary. Surely we may all find pleasure in offering a cup of tea and a few cookies or sandwiches, after a friendly game of bridge, rather than an elaborate menu of rich and expensive foods, which interfere with the evening meal of our guests. We might learn a lesson from many hostesses 'across the line,' who, for even rather formal teas, will offer very simple refreshments, such as tea and hot biscuits or little muffins, tea with cinnamon toast, or with simple biscuits, such as vanilla wafers, or those we know as Social Tea wafers, or coffee and good little doughnuts, or lemonade and angel cake. For younger guests, rich cold milk and thick slices of fresh ginger bread, preferably still warm, is very popular.

There are so many special days throughout the year, which give the family a good opportunity to celebrate. There is no means of knowing the effect on the lives of children in the families where festivities are of frequent occurence. The children will be delighted to help. It is pitiful to meet grown up people who tell us they have never had a birthday cake through all their childhood. A supply of decorations may be gradually accumulated and kept for future use. It is surprising how easily they may be adapted to various uses. The children can make a great many at very slight cost.

[Continued on page 64]

Hamburger de Luxe

Ground Round Steak or Hamburger Steak 1 lb.
Mayonnaise Bread 1 loaf
Large Tomatoes 3 Lettuce
Sweet pickle relish
Hard cooked Eggs, chopped 2
Onion, finely chopped 1
Sardine or Anchovy paste
Paprika
Olives, radishes or sweet pickles.

Make six rather thin, flat patties from ground meat and boil or fry. Arrange on thick slices of bread. On each, place a leaf of lettuce, a thick slice of tomato and top with mayonnaise. At corners of the slice of bread, arrange four toast points. The photograph shows chopped, hard cooked egg mixed with mayonnaise on one toast point; chopped onion dusted with paprika; sweet pickle relish; and sardine paste on the last. Garnish plate with curled celery hearts, olives and sweet pickles. Any desired combination of relishes and garnishes may be used.

Tempting . . . . delicious . . . . serve Magic Hermits today

The Chatelaine approves

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

STILL another dietitian of national repute has added her endorsement to Magic Baking Powder. This time, Miss Helen G. Campbell, Director of the Chatelaine Institute, whose "Meals of the Month" listings in the Chatelaine Magazine are looked forward to and used regularly by housewives in all parts of Canada.

Miss Campbell says "Good baking goes hand in hand with good materials. This recipe, using Magic Baking Powder, has been tested and approved in the Chatelaine Institute kitchen."

A recent survey revealed the fact that 3 out of every 4 Canadian housewives, who bake at home, use Magic Baking Powder because it gives consistently better baking results. Use it for all your home baking, then you, too, can always be sure of complete baking satisfaction.

MAGIC HERMITS

¾ cup butter
1½ cups brown sugar
2 eggs
1 cup chopped raisins
1 cup chopped walnuts
1 cup chopped dates
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon cinnamon
2 cups pastry flour*
½ teaspoon Magic Baking Powder
2 tablespoons milk or water
½ teaspoon Magic Soda

**If bread flour is used, replace two tablespoonfuls of each cup with 2 tablespoonfuls of corn starch.*

Mix and sift together the dry ingredients. Cream butter, add sugar and well-beaten eggs and vanilla. Then add one-third of the flour mixture, fruit and nuts. Add more flour and liquid alternately until all are used up. Mix thoroughly. Drop by spoonsfuls on a greased shallow pan and bake in a moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes.

This recipe and dozens of other equally delightful ones are listed in the new FREE Magic Cook Book. If you bake at home, send the coupon and a copy will be mailed to you.

Tested and Approved by SERIAL NO. 6 The Chatelaine Institute MAINTAINED BY The Chatelaine Magazine

Magic Baking Powder is the only baking powder that has been tested and approved by The Chatelaine Institute maintained by The Chatelaine Magazine.

Look for this mark on every tin. It is a guarantee that Magic does not contain alum or any other harmful ingredient.

WHM-10

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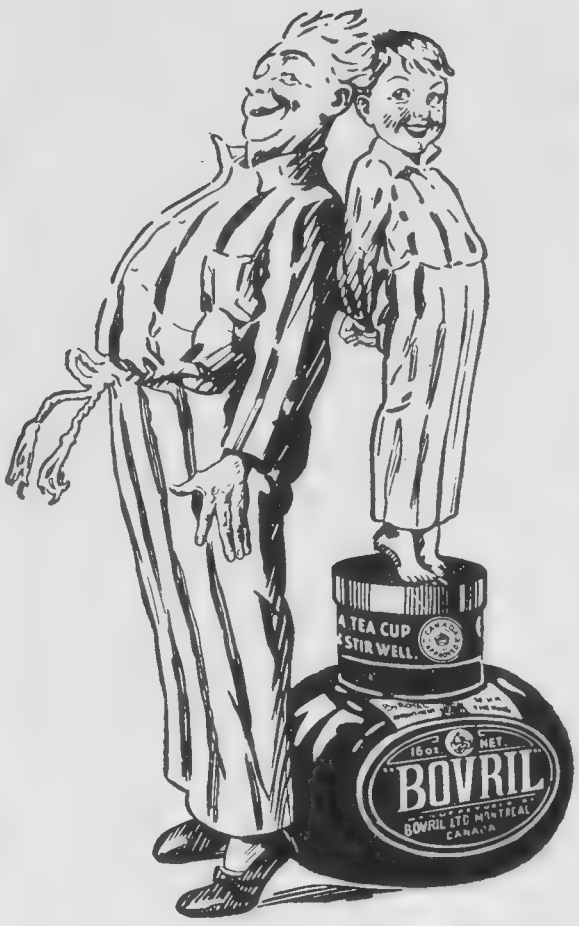

Children need Bovril to build up their growing bodies. Bovril is the best of the Beef in its most concentrated form.

It assists development, increases stamina and vital energy because of the unique power of Bovril to promote digestion; it has been scientifically proved that Bovril also increases the nourishment gained from ordinary food.

Give your children Bovril regularly every day for a month and notice the difference.

But be Sure it is

BOVRIL

SEE THE NAME ON THE LABEL

74M

Better Cookery

Fancy cups for nuts or candies, colored candles, suitable paper napkins, place cards, menu cards, little toy figures of people and animals, tiny pots for trees or flowers, little bits of landscape for centrepieces, pine cones, little figures made from gum drops—there is no limit to the ingenious ideas which may be worked out. A simple family meal may be given names and garnishings which will turn it into a jolly festival. Aside from birthdays, which may come in the fall, the next occasion we have to celebrate, is

HALLOWE'EN

If your party is for the young and limber who like to dance and dash about with food, plan a Black Cat dance and a buffet supper. A good idea for matching partners, since cats have nine lives anyway, is to cut cardboard cats in two and find partners by fitting heads and tails. Be sure that you have an extra man for a tag dance and let the "stag cat" claim his partner by meow-ing in a sufficiently plaintive tone to attain a partner.

The buffet supper will leave all possible space for dancing and it is the simplest to serve. If the dance is informal you may use crepe paper cloth and napkins, if it is formal use a lovely lace runner and individual mats for your neatly arranged silver trays of sandwiches, cakes, etc.

At one end of the room have a table for serving cider punch from a pumpkin shell. This may be presided over by an assistant hostess dressed in orange-colored apron with black cat heads pasted on it, and Prince Pussy who is fashioned of black crepe paper moss to represent fur, with a black cat cut-out face. Be sure that he wears a charming orange bow tie. The punch bowl is a glass bowl covered with crepe paper to represent a pumpkin, and at the beginning of the evening it may be covered with a cardboard roof, from the chimney of which a black cat emerges. The vogue for serving light wafers with punch at dances is a good one in these days of fast dance stepping when an extra bite is needed to restore energy.

If the children are kept busy with a party, there will be less time and inclination for annoying or destructive pranks. A menu may be planned which will include the many spirits which are abroad that night. It might be

Bats' Wings and Toadstools
Hobgoblin Brew
Sorcery Stew — Gnomes' Footballs
Witches' Broomsticks
Jack O' Lantern Salad
Fairies' Delight — Amulets
Black Cat Flip

BATS' WINGS AND TOADSTOOLS

Make the required number of canapes, by toasting or browning in butter in the frying pan, round slices of bread. Make the bats' wings of pieces of anchovies or sardines, and in the centre place a mushroom for the toadstool.

HOBGOBLIN BREW

Soup of any kind desired.

SORCERY STEW

Creamed chicken with mushrooms, or creamed oysters, or for the ordinary family meal, a good stew of inexpensive meat, with or without vegetables.

GNOMES' FOOTBALLS

These may be dumplings with the stew, or potato ball, either French

[Continued on page 65]

All the work is done for you if you use

"CAMP" COFFEE

"Made in a moment—no coffee pot needed."

She greets him with a cheery smile

What keeps her so fresh?—**WRIGLEY'S.** She knows that if you keep your mouth fresh, you *feel* fresh. The pure, cool flavor of **WRIGLEY'S** Chewing Gum refreshes the mouth as nothing else can.

CL51 INEXPENSIVE SATISFYING

EVERYTHING IS AS GOOD AS A FEAST—WITH H.P. SAUCE

fried, or steamed or boiled, and rolled in melted butter with chopped parsley.

Witches' Broomsticks

These may be long narrow strips of buttered bread or toast, or cheese straws, or long finger rolls or bread-sticks, to accompany either the stew, creamed dish or the salad.

Jack O' Lantern Salad

Jack O' Lanterns may be made by hollowing out apples or oranges, and pasting features on them, cut from black paper, then filling the lantern with the salad.

Fairies' Delight

The dessert may be some form of orange jelly dessert—a plain mold of orange jelly, surrounded with bits of orange and dates, and mounds of whipped cream. Or slices of ice cream or Bavarian cream may have faces on them made of date strips for ears, raisins for eyes, bits of cherry for nose and mouth.

Amulets

These charms to protect one from the spirits of mischief, may be cookies of any kind, preferably cut in circles with a hole in the middle.

Black Cat Flip

This will be tea or coffee, cocoa, or a hot fruit drink.

Candle Salad

Candles are as seasonable for Hallowe'en as for Christmas or birthdays.

On a lettuce leaf or shredded lettuce, place a slice of pineapple. On the centre, stand half of a straight banana, drip salad dressing down the sides to represent the melted wax, put half of a red cherry on top for the candle flame.

Goblin's Cake

Make a black chocolate cake such as the following: Mix and let stand while mixing the rest of the cake, ½c. cocoa, 1 t. soda, and ½ c. boiling water.

Brown sugar 1½c.	Flour 1¾c.
Butter ½ c.	Baking powder 2 t.
Eggs, separated, 2	Salt ½ t.
Sour milk ½ c.	Vanilla 1 t.

Cream the brown sugar and butter, add the beaten egg yolks, then the sour milk alternately with the sifted flour, salt and baking powder, the vanilla, the cocoa mixture and the stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in a flat pan in a moderate oven for about three-quarters of an hour. Cover with an orange frosting, made by moistening confectioner's sugar with orange juice. Add a little orange color paste if necessary. If wished, the cake may be cut in squares r circles, and features put on top with bits of date, or painted on with chocolate frosting.

Small Cakes

Little cup cakes may be made in muffin pans, then frosted and decorated with faces, or with other Hallowe'en symbols.

The simplest decoration is made by fastening witch or black cat stickers to tooth picks, and inserting in the tops of pieces of pumpkin pie, or little individual ones, or any chosen dessert.

Pop corn balls, doughnuts, and sweet cider or coffee, are good party refreshments when something simple is desired.

Almond Meringue Tarts

Eggs, separated, 3	Candied Cherries, chopped, ½ c.
Sugar 1 c.	Almond Extract ½ t.
Sifted Bread Crumbs 1¼ c.	Whipping cream 1 pt.
Baking powder 1 t.	Sugar ½ c.
Almonds, finely chopped 1 c.	Almond extract ¼ t.

Method: Beat egg yolks, adding half of sugar. Beat whites until stiff but not dry, and gradually beat in balance of sugar. Carefully fold yolks into whites. Mix baking powder with the very fine sifted crumbs (see instructions below) and gently fold with almond extract into egg mixture.

Butter 16 gem pans lightly and scatter the chopped almonds and cherries in bottoms of pans. Fill them about two-thirds full of the meringue. Bake in a slow oven, 325 F. for 20 minutes.

When cool, carefully remove tarts from pans. It will be found that the meringue has formed a delicate shell on top of the tarts, while the fruit and nuts are held in the moist cake below. When ready to serve, carefully remove the meringue tops with the aid of a sharp knife, place a spoon of whipped cream, which has been sweetened and flavored, on the lower

[Continued on page 66]

Almond Meringue Tarts

Children Love Them

RICE KRISPIES arouses the child's curiosity when you pour on the milk or cream. RICE KRISPIES has solved many a mother's problem in trying to get her child to take more milk.

If you have not already tried RICE KRISPIES as a solver of the milk problem, get a package from your grocer and have the children listen to those toasted rice bubbles snap and crackle in milk or cream. There never was such a crunchy-crisp cereal.

And what a delicious taste! The choicest rice. All its wonderful flavor. All its nourishing goodness! Children love RICE KRISPIES from the first spoonful.

Serve for breakfast. Enjoy for lunch with fruits or honey added. Have for the children's evening meal. Healthful and easy to digest. Ideal when you're hungry for a late bedtime snack.

By all means, try RICE KRISPIES in cookery. Take the place of nutmeats. Make tasty macaroons, candies, etc.

Order from your grocer. In the red-and-green package. Served by hotels, restaurants. Made by Kellogg in London, Canada. The only cereal so crisp it actually crackles in cream!

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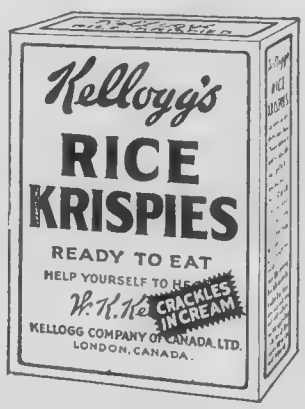
RICE KRISPIES



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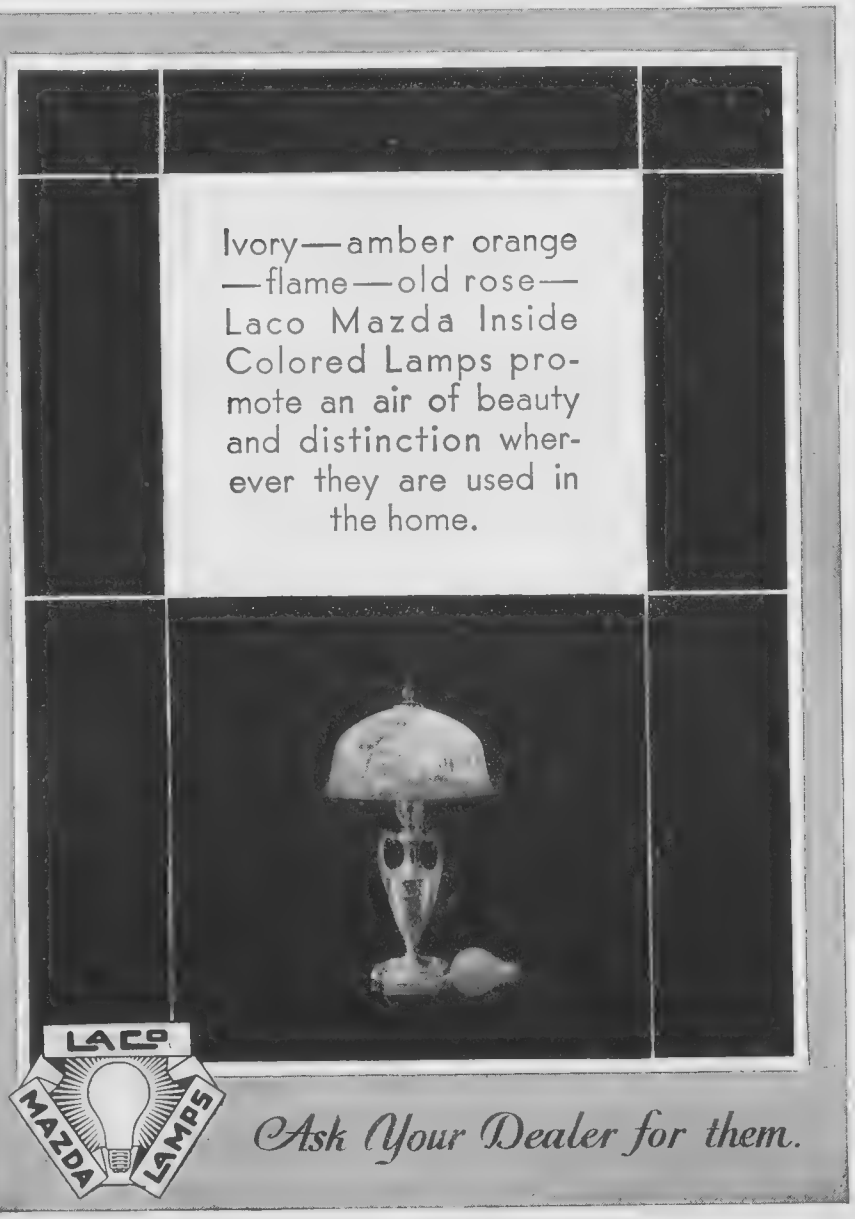
Write Robin Hood Mills, Limited, Moose Jaw, Sask., asking for your FREE copy of the popular baking book— **"77 WINNING RECIPES"**



part of each tart, replace meringue shell and decorate with whipped cream, candied cherries and whole almonds. This is a particularly delicate and delicious dessert for party service and entertaining. This recipe makes 12 to 16 tarts depending on the size of the pans.

Iced Surprise

In pretty dishes, put soft custard. On top of it, place a small serving of plain ice cream. Cover with crushed fresh or canned fruit, sweetened if necessary.

Hearty Sandwiches

If men are included in the party, the refreshments will be somewhat different, than if only women or children are present. They will enjoy hearty sandwiches, plenty of them, with a cup or two of good coffee. Nothing more is necessary.

Hot Ham and Egg Sandwiches

Toast several slices of bread, for each serving, spread a slice of toast with butter, a little mustard, lay on it a thin slice of hot fried or broiled ham, another slice of buttered toast, then a hot fried egg on top, and serve at once.

If You Like Chocolate

People who like the taste of chocolate are usually very fond of it. It is one of our most useful flavors, for many purposes. History tells us that in the early part of the sixteenth century, when Cortez conquered Mexico, he took back to Spain with him among other souvenirs of the resources of the new country, some cocoa beans.

Chocolate is made from the ground roasted bean, from which the outer husk has been removed. Cocoa is the same thing, with considerable of the fat, which we know as cocoa butter, removed. Chocolate is usually found in the form of a cake, while cocoa is in powder form. In using a recipe calling for unsweetened chocolate, when making such things as cakes or cookies, owing to the lessened amount of fat, ½ tb. of additional butter should be used for each third of a cup of cocoa, which is equivalent to one ounce (or square) of chocolate. Each half pound of unsweetened chocolate is marked into one-ounce squares.

Chocolate is added to any mixture, either by being first melted over hot water, or melted in some liquid.

To many people, the finest cake of all is a chocolate cake, whether baked in a shallow pan or in rich thick layers with plenty of frosting between them and on top. Others enjoy a chocolate frosting and filling on a cake of some other kind.

Devil's Food

Sugar 1 c.	Flour, sifted, 1⅓ c.
Butter ¼ c.	Baking powder 1½ t.
Eggs 2.	Salt ½ t.
Sour milk, thick, ½ c.	Chocolate 2 squares
Vanilla 1 t.	Boiling water ½ c.
	Soda 1 t.

Melt the chocolate, pour into it the boiling water, stir till well mixed, then add the soda, stir till thick and let cool. Sift the flour before measuring, then sift again two or three times with the baking powder and salt. Cream the butter, add the sugar and continue creaming, add the eggs, then the flour alternately with the sour milk, the chocolate and the vanilla, and bake in two nine-inch layer-cake pans, which have been greased. About 25 minutes will be required in a moderate oven. Put boiled frosting between and on top.

More Women Enjoy Cooking than ever before

Many housewives are enthusiastic cooks now! Today cooking is more interesting—more varied—than in grandmother's time. Furthermore, housewives have discovered how sure and simple it is to bring a new flavour to commonplace week-day meals, by adding Lea & Perrins' Sauce during the cooking. Try it—and you too will join the Lea & Perrins' army of satisfied and satisfying cooks.

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE M-12

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We will mail you 2 weeks' supply of Liquid Veneer and tell you how to get, Entirely Free, a Liquid Veneer

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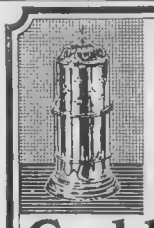

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Don't hesitate. No risk or expense.

FREE Coupon brings *Free Test Package.* Snip off a lock of hair. Try it first this safe way. Convince yourself.

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Name .....
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Color of your hair? .....

The Reign of Molly Anne

Continued from page 13

me—well enough to let me come and see them?" His eyes were fast upon her own.

"I think I know one who might."

"Who?"

"Well, I would."

"*Would* you really?"

"I'd like you to visit me now," said Anne.

"Then I will." His voice thrilled. "You're the very first of our neighbors I've ever visited."

"Suppose you tell me your name."

"I'm Paul Whitmore."

"And I'm Anne Chiswick. I didn't know there was a boy in the big house. You see I'm just a new neighbor."

Paul nodded.

"I know. I used to see an old, old lady in the other garden—the one before this one, you know. I've never seen you before."

"You're a very quiet little boy. Where have you kept yourself all this time?"

"I'm at school," he explained. "I only came home last week. It's much more fun at school," he added thoughtfully, "but I can't stay there in the summer. So I come home to stay with Daddy then."

PAUL visited her every afternoon. They had gay little teas in the summer house, but at five o'clock he always slipped back because Molly Anne waked up from her nap then. Anne could imagine her always waking precisely at five. Ruth would never miss him because she read stories while Molly Anne slept, but he wanted to be back before they stirred again.

From his chatter Anne got to know Molly Anne. For two generations she had tyrannized over the Whitmores, father and son. The big house had been hers to run so long that it seemed more hers than theirs. Anne could guess that. Narrow, thwarted, bereft of all that was tender, in her devotion to the brick and wood of a house, she had grown harsh. Anne could see her working off her enormous energy in the pursuit of dust, ruling the house with an iron hand, taking a secret delight in the discomfort of others. Of course she would hate a child about the house. He was alien to every thought and desire. The third generation emphasized her waning strength, he shouted to her that her grip was weakening upon them. The child would be a man when she was gone beyond reach of him. No wonder she hated Paul.

Anne's heart ached for him. The woman, unconsciously, was doing the very thing that would prolong her harsh influence long after she was gone, she was wrecking Paul's innocent desire for friendship, thwarting his instinctive search for affection. Sometimes she lay awake in the night thinking of him. Absurd dreams came to her of rescuing him and his father from the clutches of Molly Anne. She had discovered, indirectly, why they had their dinners in the pension. Paul's father preferred dining there to facing the dreariness of his dining-room. She realized that that reserved, secluded air of Major Whitmore's was of Molly Anne's handiwork.

They enjoyed their secret friendship. In the dining-room Paul shot her glances unacknowledging in their casualness, but bright and keen.

THE peace of her garden was invaded. Anne frowned while somewhere an owl hooted woefully. It was an eerie sound, haunting and persistent, and the bird moved about hooting here, hooting there. For an instant she did not recognize a new sound from her neighbor's garden. But it came again just as a small white figure topped the wall and shot over onto the grass. It was Paul! Sobbing he ran into the garden house and buried his head in the cushions of her chair. Anne ran swiftly to him and touched him.

"Paul, dear, what is the matter?" He threw his arms convulsively around her waist, and she felt that he was shaking with terror.

"She's a wicked, wicked woman," he shouted. "Wicked, wicked!" She led him, still sobbing, into the house and drew his wet, contracted face up in her hands.

"Now tell me," she said firmly. "Stop crying and tell me what she did."

"She found out I came over here," he gulped, "and she came and waked me up and beat me with an umbrella."

"Paul!"

"She said awful things. I can't remember them all." He shuddered and buried his head in her shoulder.

"Is your father at home?"

He nodded.

"Why didn't you tell him?"

"She told me not to. She said my father hated me and that I was a nuisance to him—a damned nuisance."

"Paul! Paul!"

She rocked him, drawing his thin little body close against her, soothed him, sang snatches of forgotten songs to him until he fell into an uneasy, fretful sleep. When she had tucked him into bed and left a light burning for him she started down the steps, her eyes ablaze. With flashing fingers she sought and found his 'phone number and demanded Major Whitmore.

"Yes?" The voice was round and surprised.

"Major Whitmore, this is Miss Chiswick—a neighbor—speaking.

"Yes, Miss Chiswick."

"Will you please come over immediately. This is urgent. I've got to talk to you. It's about Paul."

"What has he been doing, Miss Chiswick."

"It's not what Paul's been doing," she said stormily. "It's what he's being done by. Will you come."

"Certainly, at once."

"I'm at number—"

"Yes, I know, Miss Chiswick. I'll come at once."

When he was sitting in her drawing-room she hardly knew how to begin.

"Paul is here," she announced, hoping she could hang onto her temper.

"Here?" Why, he went to bed as usual a few hours ago."

"Yes. But did you know that Molly Anne woke him up to beat him with an umbrella."

"Miss Chiswick!"

"And that he fled out of the house because he was afraid to go to you?"

He gazed at her unbelievingly.

"I have heard it said of you, Major Whitmore, that you know every hand in your factory. Do you know Paul?"

She expected him to flare. Instead what she saw on his face was acute misery.

"Do you know that the child is being slowly destroyed by that woman—as surely as if she were poisoning him? Why do you let her tyrannize over him?"

"Molly Anne?" A little twisted smile came over his face. "She has tyrannized over me all my life."

"And over Paul's mother?"

The same look of misery returned.

"Paul's mother never lived in the house. I took her abroad when we

[Continued on page 68]

the old country for Christmas

FARES NOW AS LOW AS $136 RETURN

YOU can go home for Christmas NOW, even if the money you have set aside is less than you thought necessary. Fares on the luxurious Canadian Pacific Steamships are specially reduced, yet the comfort, service and cuisine is the same as before. Living costs are lower than they have been for years. You can go now for much less money.

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If you are a little anxious about your own child — be on the safe side and give Virol. Virol strengthens weak and ailing children and fortifies against infection.

Sold in tins 16-oz., 8-oz., and 4-oz., at all good stores. 18

The Reign of Molly Anne

Continued from page 67

married. Paul was born in England," he explained as though fending for time.

Anne was sorry for him, but she was possessed of the passion of a crusader. She could be cruel now.

"Because you were afraid to take her home?"

He stared at her.

"And have you kept Paul in a school because it was a question of which should leave the house—the child or Molly Anne?"

She was pitiless, even though he had covered his eyes with his hand.

"I thought I was doing the best thing by the child. He has had the best that schools could provide. I did not know he was unhappy. I have tried . . . . . "

Anne's eyes were blurred with tears. She longed to take him in her arms, as she had taken Paul. He was quite as helpless. She had a sudden fierce longing to defend them both from Molly Anne.

"I'm sorry. I've been impertinent. But, you see, that poor child came in to me tonight shaking with terror."

"I should have watched him, Miss Chiswick. Molly Anne has grown to be almost an inquisitioner, but I've never stopped to think that she might treat Paul that way. She was a servant in the house before I was born and when my mother died she was made housekeeper. I've never known anything else. She's an old woman now and ailing. But I didn't think she would dare . . . . . "

"Leave Paul with me tonight," she said softly.

He was looking at her with the same appeal in his eyes that Paul had when he was hurt and appalled.

"I have wanted to thank you, Miss Chiswick, for your kindnesses to Paul."

"Has he told you about our visits?"

"He doesn't think he has." He smiled, "But even I could see that something had come over him. I came home unexpectedly one day and looked for him. I came home once or twice again—just to see . . . . . "

He paused awkwardly.

Paul, all over again. Anne smiled. Just a boy . . . just a boy, she kept repeating. It seemed that they had a great deal to say about Paul. It was nearly midnight before Major Whitmore let himself in at the forbidding brown door.

ANNE heard Paul's step upon the kitchen floor and she turned, tea towel in hand, expecting a whoop of greeting. He stood rigidly looking at her out of a white face.

"Molly Anne is dead," he announced in a little frozen voice. "An' I'm not sorry. She was wicked."

"Paul!" said Anne, aghast at the news, "you mustn't speak ill of her now that she's dead."

"*She* did. About my own mother. She said she was an—an intruder. And lots of other things."

"When did she die, Paul?"

"Just now. She got awful mad at me—and shouted and shouted—an' then she choked and I ran away. Ruth called out and screamed and said she was dead."

Anne fought with a sense of horror.

"Then I think you had better stay with me for a few days, don't you, Paul?" she said quietly.

He sighed with unnatural relief.

"Oh, *please!*" he said and burst into a storm of frightened weeping.

PAUL was tucked away in bed and Anne sat in her favorite spot at the bottom of the garden. Over the red brick wall she saw Major Whitmore pacing up and down upon the smooth and lonely lawn.

"Well, I suppose he has a right to walk on his own lawn—now," she said to herself.

But he was crossing the lawn and staring over the wall.

"May I come over?" he called, "by Paul's way?"

"Oh, please do!" cried Anne. To her surprise he came over as nimbly as Paul. But she imagined there might be other pleasantly surprising things about Major Whitmore. Before Molly Anne's final fit of fury they had come to having dinner together at the pension. And few though those nights had been, they were memorable, Anne decided.

"How is Paul?" he asked as he carried a chair out of the garden house and set it down beside her.

"Bright as a button. Is everything —over—in your house?"

"Yes. I have a curious feeling. I've never known the house without Molly Anne. I've always accepted her as an institution, like rain, or Hades, or taxes —inevitable."

He was glancing about at Anne's handiwork.

"Your garden is lovely," he broke in upon himself, as though glad to change the subject. "May I look around?" They walked around together, peering at the things in the half light. He was putting off talk of Paul. He wandered on about many things and she responded in an intimacy that seemed to be long established. This was like resuming a friendship of childhood—with a Paul grown up. Presently, though he was still talking, she did not even hear what he said. She stared at him, shadowy, close at hand. She succumbed to a curious emotion. It was so sweet, this. Paul's father's voice going on and on, and Paul lying relaxed, breathing smoothly, his hand under his cheek, under her roof.

"Don't you think so, Miss Chiswick?"

"I beg your pardon!" She was in confusion and laughed apologetically. "I was thinking."

"I was speaking about Paul."

"Oh, yes, what will you do now?"

"There are just six weeks until the fall term."

"Then you are sending him back."

"What else can I do? I'm afraid I'm a thoroughly useless fellow and I'm quite without anyone to take hold for me. If I'd had any womenfolk to interest themselves before now I might have realized—about Paul."

"Take him away. Go north with him. Get to know him *well*," she said eagerly. "Don't take him back into that house. Leave him with me until you are ready to go. Can't you do that? And then you may think of a plan to keep him with you. Go somewhere, go anywhere, but don't bring him back for a while where everything speaks of Molly Anne."

He leaned forward in the dusk, peering at her. He reached for her clasped hands as she leaned forward, pleading, persuasive. He was drawing her to her feet. It all seemed so natural. Anne felt no wonder. His arm felt so secure about her shoulders.

"Will you marry us, Anne Chiswick?"

He kissed her—and kissed her again —and still she was mute.

"You haven't answered me," he reminded her gently.

"Oh, haven't I?" asked Anne in surprise.

"Tales of Hoffman"

Continued from page 30

In jail! To be deported on the next boat! To be so near, yet not to see the boy! Where, oh where was that guardian angel? Could nothing be done? Hoffman racked his brain. Suddenly an idea flashed into his mind. Yorkton—friends—Dr. Patrick—was he still alive? It was really only ten years since Hoffman had met him, but it seemed like ten centuries.

He called the turnkey. "If you please, could I send a wire to a friend in Yorkton who would vouch for me?"

The official was skeptical. Some of these birds had nerve; still—he had no right to refuse. Off went a wire to Dr. Patrick; in no time at all back came an answer with a kick to it that made the official in charge sit up with a jerk. Wires began to hum; perhaps a few were pulled, who knows? The turnkey began to treat the prisoner as though he were human; anyway the next train east carried a burly passenger with no luggage to speak of, but wearing a radiant smile that refused to come off. He stepped off the train at Yorkton to receive a welcome that must have touched his heart. Friends at last! Presently, off went another wire to another Frank, in California this time; a few days more and there was a reunion in the good doctor's home in Yorkton that must have gladdened the hearts of the angels. Father and son had found each other at last. The long, long trail had wound its way into the land of dreams come true.

Now the story is permitted to end happily. Dr. John MacKay of Manitoba College, Winnipeg, heard the story and became interested; and with his encouragement Dr. Hoffman decided to adopt the Tartar title of missionary in earnest. He completed the necessary studies in St. Andrew's College, Saskatoon, received the Divinity degree and was ordained as pastor to his scattered fellow-countrymen in Saskatchewan. And what a pastor he is! Young and old, rich and poor, southern plainsman and northern homesteader; Catholic and Protestant, alike have learned to trust and love their devoted and tireless "Bishop."

ONE last episode must be added to these Tales of Hoffman. In 1923 Dr. Hoffman married Miss Janet Cryle, at that time matron of the Wakaw, Saskatchewan, Mission Hospital. When war broke out, Miss Cryle, who is of Scottish birth, entered service as a member of the renowned Territorial Force Nursing Service. On May fourth, she was one of a party of sixty-six nurses travelling, in contravention of regulations governing the transport of nurses, on a troop ship, the "Transylvania," from Marseilles to Saloniki. One day out of Marseilles, a beautiful yacht entranced the eyes of all on deck. Everyone was admiring the beauty of the little craft when bang! a torpedo from an Austrian submarine, masked by the yacht, caught her on the port bow. She began to settle at once. Two Japanese destroyers which were present finally captured the sub, but not before she had got a second torpedo into the doomed troopship. She sank quickly, carrying down four hundred and thirteen soldiers. The Commander of the sub, it came out later, was the Austrian Admiral Horthy. Meanwhile the nurses were having a bad time. Though first to be sent into the boats, they soon found that they leaked so badly that only the air chambers kept them afloat. After four hours of clinging to the water-logged craft, they were finally rescued.

Nine years later, Mrs. Hoffman accompanied her husband on his mission to Vienna. On September first a formal court was held at Godallo, the summer resort of Buda Pesth. The Hoffman's had the honour of being presented to the regent at this function.

The regent was Admiral Horthy!

Following the introduction, Dr. Hoffman mentioned to the Admiral that he had met the lady before; and on that occasion he had been the means of causing her acute distress, albeit in the discharge of his duty. When the details were explained to the mystified regent, his retort was a model of gallantry.

"Madam," he protested, in a manner as gracious as Hoffman's own, "We did not know that *you* were on board."

DR. HOFFMAN was recounting some of his adventures to a group of Canadian ladies and gentlemen not long ago. As he finished telling of the various crises in his adventures one of the party ejaculated:

"What amazing luck! What uncanny coincidences!"

Said Dr. Hoffman, and the words reveal both his simple creed and the source of his strength of character:

"It was the hand of God."

Courtesy Canadian National Railways

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The ROYAL CROWN SOAPS LTD - WINNIPEG

Color Can Date Your Room

Continued from page 26

silver depth. Have I drawn a picture in any way true to the completely peaceful calm beauty of this bedroom?

Another of these clever one-color rooms I can illustrate for you. It is the dining-room from the House of Today, the complete house which was designed for the T. Eaton Company by the most eminent of French artists. Here, the color range ran from a gorgeous terra cotta hue to the pale apricot tints at the other end of its color chart. The walls, painted, were in that peculiar salmon-tinted tone that can so nicely rise from a certain terra cotta. As I remember it, silver was the relieving note—in ceiling, cabinet linings and accessories. Severe, such a room can be—but with a rich severity.

From One Fabric

STANDING at its open side to study it, I saw that an entire room had been evolved from a single piece of chintz. True, this chintz appeared on only two pieces of furniture — a chesterfield of small close lines and a rather slimly proportioned armchair. But I could not find a detail in that room which didn't have an echo in the design of that chintz.

The color scheme, if I tell you it was red, white and blue, might sound harsh, commonplace, and impossible as a scheme of furnishing. But let me hasten to say that the red was softened to rich and beautiful rose tones or light cherry red, that the white was sometimes oyster color, and that the blue was the lovely soft gray blue that is the lighter of the two Wedgewood tones of blue that you doubtless know well.

It was a living-room, this, with much the dignity of a drawing-room, and furnished in the spirit of the late eighteenth century . . . a room that we in our century find very lovely.

Delightful Detail

MOST of the polished woods of the room were light and dark mahogany, and Chippendale marked most of their designs. There was a mahogany chest and mirror; various occasional tables; bookcases at the ends of the long sofa (covered in gray-blue damask) that found its place beneath the row of casement windows at one end of the room. Accessories included two white alabaster lamps with parchment shades that were scarcely off the white tone; a white urn filled with flowers. Brass and green-toned sconces; charming little prints, colorful but not too large; an extraordinarily handsome brass clock occupying the place of honor above the mantel.

Very different, this room, from those developed in all the tones and tints of one color. An adaptation, frankly, of all the loveliness of another day—yet a room that would be absolutely at home in a modern house and as the background of modern life.

All of which, if it proves anything, would seem to indicate that if we do it well, we can do almost anything, just at present, with color. It is, as a matter of fact, the medium that comes most readily to our hands and the one with which we can get most effect in our struggle to put all the beauty and harmony and interest possible into the rooms that form the background of our family life.

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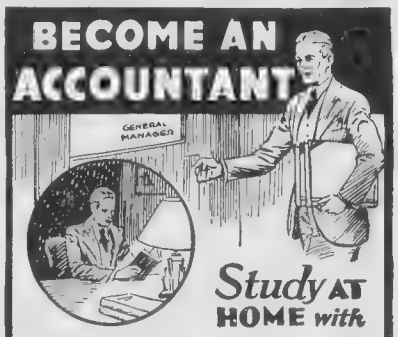

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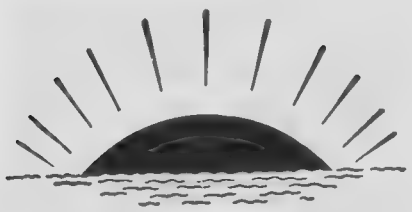

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WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISERS, PLEASE MENTION THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

For This Relief Much Thanks

Continued from page 9

keep his luncheon engagement at Mrs. Winton's with a heart so light that the pavement was to his feet as the air under the wings of a bird. The simile held good from the first, but it reinforced itself when he had stopped at the bank and gotten rid of the treasure; and from thence to the house of anticipation in the Highlands the speedometer on his roadster seemed to belie the haste in his heart.

At the table in the bungalow in Douglas Road Tenbroeck borrowed authority of the future and broke the trousseau-finishing strain arbitrarily, like a man and a master.

"You two are simply wearing yourselves to frazzles over the fuss and feathers, and I'm not going to have it," he declared. "We are booked to take a day off tomorrow, and go somewhere, and you may make your arrangements accordingly. Savez?"

"How like a man!" said Mrs. Winton. "Of course, we can't go!" And Kate affirmed it.

"You can go, and you must," insisted Tenbroeck; and thereupon ensued a knocking down of obstacles; a cheerful game of verbal tenpins in which a wilful man scored twice to two weary women's once. It was settled finally in terms of accommodation. The dressmakers and seamstresses were to be given day-long allotments, and the trio was to go up the canyon to Idaho Springs for a quiet day of rest.

"If you can leave your precious business, I suppose our trumpery affairs can be abandoned," said Kate. "But I give you fair warning: you are setting a bad precedent."

Tenbroeck laughed joyously. It was easy to laugh now.

"Oh, I've got a substitute," he retorted; and therewith he told the story of the loss and recovery of the $10,000 to a chorus of sympathetic ejaculations from the women.

"And you've been carrying that terrible burden for three whole days—alone!" said Kate reproachfully, when he had finished. "What am I here for?"

"Not to suffer vicariously for my idiotic carelessness," Tenbroeck asserted. "Besides, I was fairly ashamed to tell any one; shouldn't have told Jamieson, if he hadn't made it plain that I couldn't help him without making him in some sense a sharer in my own woes."

It was rather late in the afternoon when Tenbroeck left the bungalow in Douglas Road, and Kate went with him to the door.

"Is it quite prudent? This thing you are going to do for Mr. Jamieson, Charles?" she asked. "Quite honest," she wanted to say; and Tenbroeck instantly translated the euphemism.

"It's safe enough; only that wasn't what you meant to say. I'll confess it doesn't seem quite as honest to me now as it did at the first blush. But it's entirely harmless. The Englishmen will buy the mine and go their ways, and Jamieson will pocket a fee, and nobody will be hurt."

Kate drew a long breath. "It is the most generous thing I ever heard of, and I love you for it, Charles; but—"

"But you think I was a bit impulsive. It's true; that is my major weakness, as you know better than any one else in the world. But I believe I can trust Jamieson. Why, I fairly had to bully him into consenting to do it. He made all manner of objections." [Continued on page 72]

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EVERYBODY envies baby his soft, velvety skin, and yet baby, too, has his troubles from chafing, skin irritations and eczema.
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STANFIELD'S *Ladies* UNDERWEAR

For This Relief Much Thanks

Continued from page 71

"I hope it will come out all right," she said, a little dubiously. "I know how you felt about it—that you just *must* do something for him. But I wish it could have been something else."

"I don't know but I do—now," Tenbroeck rejoined; and that thought kept even pace with the generous impulse when he went to keep the appointment with Jamieson in the evening.

THE details arranged themselves easily, though he found Jamieson with a fresh accession of reluctance and had once more to argue the facility of the thing. Inevitably, the argument reacted upon the maker of it, and the prudent underthought became less insistent. The plan of campaign was exceedingly simple. Jamieson was to meet the Englishmen at the train—with Tenbroeck's card-case for his credentials—and was to place himself at their service, being governed thereafter by the exigencies of the case. The exigencies would be wholly of business, and Jamieson's information about the mine seemed to be all that the most careful purchaser could ask. So much Tenbroeck ascertained in a brief cross-examination of the substitute. At the close of the interview it was Jamieson himself who gave the final *coup de grace* to the prudent under-thought by raising the precise question of probity suggested by Kate Winton.

"It seems perfectly feasible to me now, Tenbroeck, and I believe I can carry it through. But there is one point that troubles me. I shall be earning this money under false pretences."

Whereupon Tenbroeck humbled himself, and entered into another argument to disprove Kate's scruples, his own, and those of the proxy expert. It was dishonest only in terms of enallage; a mere substitution of personalities. What the English investors wanted was an expert opinion on the Vindex, and this they would get; a sounder opinion than the real Charles Tenbroeck could give them. What more could they ask?"

"Oh, I've got to do it, I suppose," said the scrupulous one. "But I shall shake in my shoes till it's all over. Did you say you were going out of town for the day?"

"Yes. That'll give you a clear field all around. You can take them to the hotel when you get back and close your deal. Is there anything else I can do to help you out?"

"Nothing, I believe," Jamieson's hand was on the door-knob, but he turned back with a queer nervous twitching at the corners of his mouth. "Say, Tenbroeck, you're no end of a good fellow! If I wasn't such a hardened vagrant I couldn't — oh, damn it all, man, can't you see what a corner you're crowding me into?"

Tenbroeck met him half way and wrung the hand of restitution yet once again.

"You go across to your den and go to bed. You're a bit shaken up by the prospect of earning a little money, that's all. Go to bed and rest your nerve; you'll need it all tomorrow. Good-night and good luck to you."

THE day of the excursion to Idaho Springs dawned bright and flawless, as Colorado summer days are wont to dawn: and during its speeding Tenbroeck renewed his youth, and Kate lost some of the pallor which wedding preparations entail. They spent the morning at the baths, dined at the hotel, and idled afterward of set purpose until train time, going early to the station so that there might be no semblance of haste in the day of tranquillity.

While they were waiting for the train Tenbroeck went out on the platform to smoke, and the first man he recognized in the outdoor contingent was one John Hargin. The old prospector was sitting on a baggage-truck, smoking a short clay pipe; and his greeting ignored the $10,000 interlude as if it had never been.

"Howdy, Mr. Tenbroeck? Been layin' off to go down to Denver to see you for a week back. Some feller was tellin' me you was wantin' to buy that there prospect of mine up in Boulder County."

"Wanting to buy it? I thought I had bought it. Why didn't you wait a minute or two longer last Tuesday and get your money?" Tenbroeck said it in good faith, forgetting for the moment that his loss would have intervened.

The grizzled old man shut one eye and stared hard with the other. "Last Tuesday? Was I dickering with you last Tuesday?"

"Of course you were. Didn't you come to my office and agree to sell me your interest in the "Mysie" for $10,000?"

The old man winked hard at that and shook his head. "I ain't going to counterdict you, Mr. Tenbroeck, 'cause I don't believe you tell lies. I *was* in Denver Tuesday, certainly. Also, I was drunk—as usual. But I was a heap drunker 'n I sent out to be if ever I offered you the Mysie for that money. She's worth twice that, and you know it, Mr. Tenbroeck."

"Do you mean to say you weren't in my office in the Baralone Building Tuesday?"

"I ain't sayin' nothin' about it. If you say I was, I was; and that settles it. But I don't recollect the first living thing about it."

"Well, you were; and you didn't act like a drunken man, either."

"That's nothin'. Everybody says I'm soberer when I'm drunk. Be in your office tomorrow?"

"Yes."

"All right, I'll swear off and sign the pledge for a day, and come down and talk business with you. There comes your train."

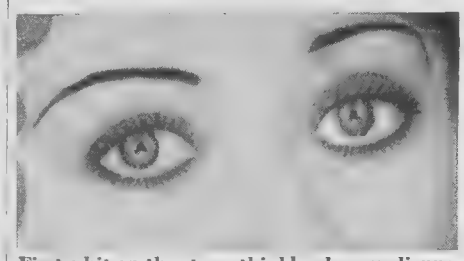
Tenbroeck was unusually silent during the ride down the canyon, and after a half dozen ineffectual attempts to make him talk, Kate let him alone. If Mrs. Winton had been out of the way he would have told Kate about the Hargin episode; but as it was, he kept his own counsel and tried to invent explanations of the antiphlogistic sort.

The effort was not altogether successful; was prolonged in fact, beyond the arrival at Denver and through the evening which he spent at the cottage in Douglas Road. For this cause he cut the evening short, meaning to go straightway to his room and to bed. But at the Opera House corner he changed his mind and parked his car to go to the Baralone Building for his mail. When he had gone up the five flights to his corridor there was a double surprise awaiting him.

From the angle beyond the elevator well he could see the length of the passage. A broad beam of light from his own transom cut the obscurity of the hallway, and from behind the closed door came the sound of voices in sober conference. That was surprise number one, and the other was

[Continued on page 73]

REMEMBER THESE EYES?



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*Joan Blondell

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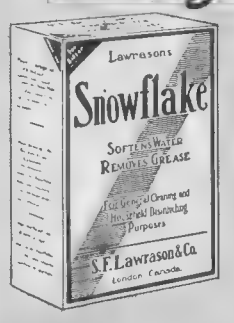

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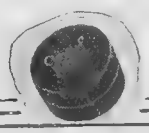

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The Western Home Monthly

For This Relief Much Thanks

Continued from page 72

still more disconcerting. At the instant when he was wondering if Jamieson had boldly lengthened his inch of privilege into a goodly ell, a pair of muscular arms went about him from behind, and a hand was clapped over his mouth.

"Hist!—not a sound, for your life, Mr. Tenbroeck," whispered a voice at his ear. "Come along with us and be quiet."

He suffered himself to be dragged in a sort of coma of bewilderment into the room next to his own. There was a door of communication between, and a narrow slit had been sawn in one of the panels. Through this slit came a thin wedge of light from the room beyond, and Tenbroeck saw that his captors were two.

"Don't speak," said the voice at his ear. "It's all right, but we couldn't let you flush the covey. Kneel down and squint through that crack."

Tenbroeck knelt, and saw enough to give him a sudden qualm of disquietude. Four gentlemen, indubitably English, sat around the office table, which was littered with papers. Jamieson, his whole demeanor changed from abject disheartenment to confident ease, was tilting comfortably in Tenbroeck's own particular pivot-chair. But the qualm of disquietude hinged chiefly upon the opened desk and the widespread double doors of the safe. Curiously enough, he charged the unlocked safe and desk to his own carelessness, and saw, in the lighted room, only a confirmation of his suspicions that Jamieson had taken an ell for his inch, but the qualm remained.

"It's all right," he whispered to the man crouched beside him. "Mr. Jamieson has my authority. You are an officer, I take it."

"It ain't all right. You listen a minute."

Tenbroeck did listen, and what he heard sent cold chills creeping up and down his spine. Jamieson, posing as Charles Tenbroeck, was selling the Englishmen, not the Vindex, but a worthless mine in Boulder Canon whose stock had gone to the wall.

"We came over purposing to buy the Vindex, Mr. Tenbroeck"—it was the Honorable Arthur Montague who was speaking—"but this mine of yours that you have been showing us today is by far the better bargain. You admit that, and Mr. Vandergriff, of New York, said we could rely entirely on your judgment. You needn't be reluctant; we are not committed in any way to the Vindex people, and you are not doing them an injustice, as you seem to fear. Shall I give you a draft on London? We can have it cashed in the morning, you know."

"As you please," said Jamieson, nonchalantly. "You may add the exchange. It's cheap enough at $140,000. If I had the capital I'd never part with it, I assure you. I'd develop it myself."

And the Englishman took out his check-book and began to write. At that moment Tenbroeck felt himself shoved forcibly aside and the door of communication crashed open. There was a swift transformation scene in the lighted room. The surprise was complete, and the man in the tilting pivot-chair was handcuffed before he could spring to his feet. He smiled grimly when he saw Tenbroeck, and laughed outright when the four elderly victims began to start up like flushed partridges, to a gasping chorus of "What's this? what's this?"

Jamieson rose and stood between the two officers.

"Mr. Charles Tenbroeck, who was good enough to lend me his identity for a few hours, will explain," he said, with brazen hardihood. Then he glanced at Tenbroeck, saw that the trap was not of his setting, and fell back into the chair to cover his face with his manacled hands. There was silence for a full minute, a silence big with terrible possibilities for Tenbroeck, and then Jamieson stood up again, with his assurance gone and the queer nervous twitches tugging at the corners of his mouth.

"I beg your pardon all around, gentlemen. It was a big game and not so clumsily played. I knew Mr. Tenbroeck was going to be out of town, and I had keys to his door and his desk. The rest was easy." He made shift to take a card-case from his pocket and to toss it across to Tenbroeck. "I found that in your desk, among other things; also the combination to your safe, which you were careless enough to write out and label. Now I'm ready." This last to the officers.

Then Charles Tenbroeck found his manhood and came between.

"Not just yet, if you please. May I have a word with your prisoner?"

"Not out of our sight, Mr. Tenbroeck. He's a smooth one, he is."

Tenbroeck drew the manacled one aside while the officers guarded the door and the Englishmen were gathering up their papers.

"Keep a stiff upper lip, Jamieson," he whispered, "and I'll pull you out of this if it costs me all I can earn in a year. It's more than half my fault, and you've stood by me like a man. It makes me chilly to think what would have happened if you'd kept still and let them find that card-case on you."

Jamieson laughed. "Do you remember how we used to yell 'Leg-pull!' at college when somebody put up a job on the crowd? Well, that's what this was from the start. I've been opening your mail and reading your letters. I rigged up as old Jack Hargin and sold you the Mysie, and it was I who picked your pocket of the ten thousand in the corridor so I could have it to turn back to you—a sprat thrown out to catch this British whale. You take a fool's advice and leave me to the 'tender mercies.' You couldn't pull me out with a derrick."

Tenbroeck was shocked and looked it. "Then there are other things?—behind this?"

"A string of 'em as long as your arm. I'm good for twenty years if the darbies hold."

Tenbroeck saw the Englishmen to their hotel, and then made a round of the newspaper offices. By this means he had the telling of the story to Kate in speech of his own devising. It was told on the eve of their wedding day, and Kate's eyes were misty when he finished.

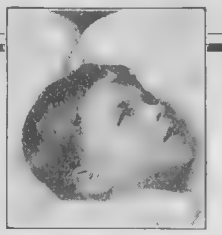
"He wasn't all bad, after all," she said, softly. "Oh, Charles! think what a terrible thing it would have been if he had made you tell the whole truth! Have you done anything for him?"

"I've retained the best criminal lawyer in the State, and he says he thinks he can get the fellow off with something less than twenty years."

"I'm so glad you did it. Have you seen the man—Jamieson—since?"

Tenbroeck smiled. "No; but he sent me a line by the lawyer. It's a quotation from Hamlet: 'For this relief much thanks; 'tis bitter cold and I am sick at heart'."

those SLEEP-DISTURBING COUGHS of children



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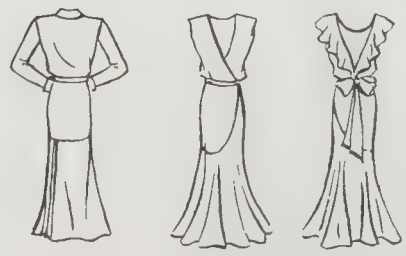
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

The Western Home Monthly

Winnipeg, Man.



Deep Apple Pie!

*Try this favorite recipe by *ANN ADAM*

**Ann Adam is Cookery Editor of Canadian Home Journal and an authority on cooking and recipes.*

Ann Adam's Recipe for a Quickly Made, Flaky Paste

Sift 1 teaspoon salt with 2 cups flour. Chop 2/3 cup Swift's Silverleaf lard (hard and cold) into it with a knife, fork or dough blender, reducing fat to size of small peas. Put 1 tablespoon lemon juice or vinegar into a measuring cup and fill nearly half way with cold water—add water as needed, very carefully, using just enough liquid to make paste that will roll, remembering that too much makes it tough. (The acid increases tenderness.) Blend lightly and chill well. Roll and use as required.

There are two flavorings for the fruit that I can recommend—a little cinnamon mixed with the sugar—or some ground nutmeg with a little lemon rind. A few dots of butter over the top of the fruit, for richness.

Mound fruit high, with a support for the paste in centre of dish. Fit pastry (with eyelets cut in it) loosely and trim it. Add a narrow paste border. Thrust a stiff paper funnel through hole in paste to allow juice to bubble up and settle back into pie instead of boiling over. Bake in hot oven, 475° F., for first ten minutes, then reduce heat to moderate, 350° F., to finish baking

Serve with cream or a chilled custard sauce.

Make up enough for several pies—wrap it in wax paper and keep it thoroughly chilled until it is all used. Good to the last crumb!

DEEP dish apple pie—always a general favorite—And when made this Ann Adam way—with Swift's Silverleaf Pure Lard, ensuring light melt-in-your-mouth wholesome pastry—its deliciousness is indescribable.

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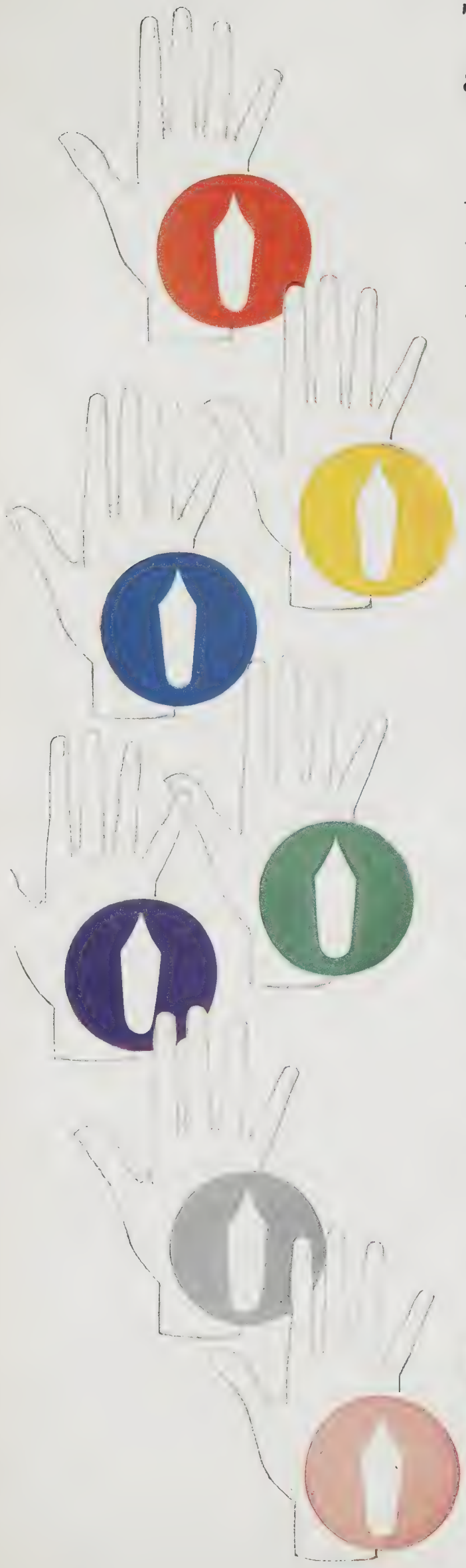

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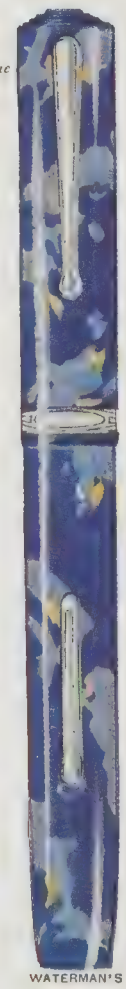
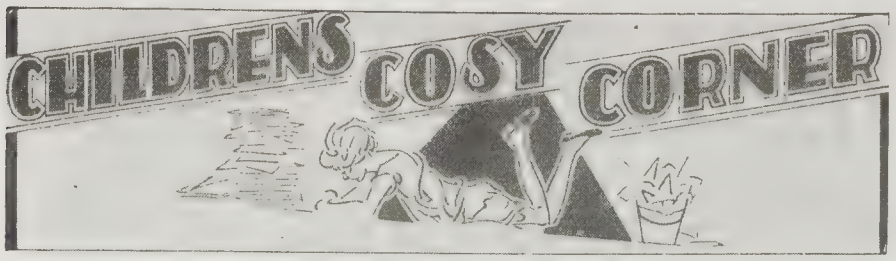




By Bobby Burke

Morning Hymn

Father we thank Thee for the light,
And for the blessings of the night.
For rest and food and loving care
And all that makes the world so fair.

Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good;
In all we do, in work and play,
To grow more loving every day.

(Sent in by Jean Smallwood, of Corning, Sask., and also by Delia Grenier, of Hesketh, Alta., and a gold button goes to each of these Cornerites.)

The Swing

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do.

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all,
Over the countryside.

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown,
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down.

Robert Louis Stevenson

(Sent in by Lorna Erickson, South Westminster, B.C., and a gold button goes to Lorna.)

The following story was written by a 14 year old girl, who lives in far off Auckland. New Zealand. She won a prize for this story in a daily paper and I am sure you will be interested in reading what she has written. The Maoris are the natives of New Zealand who in the early days of the settlement of that country resented the white settlers coming.

The Red-Haired Chief

The Robins came to New Zealand not long after the first organized batch of settlers. The little family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Robin, and the twins, Joan and Jeremy, who were thirteen. There might have been an elder brother with them, too, but Tom Robin had run away from home five years before the family came to New Zealand, when he was sixteen. The twins' father and mother seldom spoke of him, but Joan had once heard that he had red hair, like hers, and a great desire to command—which was hers also.

Joan and Jeremy delighted in the new life. Their parents worked from morning to night, cutting a home out of the virgin bush, and cultivating their piece of land. The twins helped too, but they were not always very useful.

One morning Mrs. Robin gave them some lunch, and let them go into the bush for the day, warning them not to wander too far from home. There had been no trouble from the Maoris for some time, and though there had been rumors of a hostile tribe to the north, nothing had been seen of them.

The twins set off gaily. They knew they could find their way home easily, and they went on and on, now and then stopping to gaze into the little streams that ran through the gullies, or to pick tiny bush flowers. When they stopped for lunch, they were two or three miles from home.

"Never mind," Jem said, when Joan remarked on the distance they had come. "Let's go just to the foot of those hills over there. It won't take long."

It took longer than they had thought, however. They had reached an open space among the trees, and Joan was about to suggest that they turn back, when she noticed a twig farther on, where the bush was thicker, though there was no wind at the moment, that was bending in a strange way. A faint rustle reached her ears. "Jem," she whispered, "There's somebody down there. Look!" Jem, too, saw the twig. They crouched behind a clump of bushes, and presently a Maori stepped into the open. He had evidently not seen them, but seemed to be waiting for somebody. He gave a low call, and in a moment he was joined by two others. They all passed close to the twins' hiding place, and moved off into the bush in the direction from which Joan and Jem had come.

"It's a scouting party!" whispered Jem. They knew what that meant. Soon their home would be surrounded by hostile natives.

"We'd better try to warn Mum and Dad," replied Joan. "We might slip past them and get ahead if we hurry. Come on!"

Together they turned towards home. It was hard work running among the trees, and the noise their feet made on the dried leaves seemed terribly loud. They had lost sight of the Maoris, and were beginning to think that they had passed them, when there was a shout. In a moment they were surrounded by three warriors. Joan and Jem struggled widly, but it was no use. Their captors seized them firmly, and after some consultation all three turned and bore the children in the opposite direction to their home. After walking for what seemed to the twins like hours, a well-defined path was reached. They were led along this, and came at last to a Maori pa. A big fire was burning brightly near the whares. The twins were led into the largest of the huts, where a white man, with flaming red hair, sat in the midst of a group of Maories. Joan and Jem stared at him. Surely they had seen that face before! The Maories uttered exclamations, gazing first at Joan, and then at their chief. For they were, most strangely alike! And suddenly he spoke, in English. "What are your names?"

"I am Joan Robin, and this is my brother Jem," Joan said. "Who are you?"

With a cry he sprang up and embraced the two. It was Tom Robin!

When he had heard their story he called a council, and explained to the tribe that the people they had been about to attack were his friends. The Maoris, who adored their white chief, were soon smiling broadly on Joan and Jeremy.

Tom explained to the twins that he had come to New Zealand on a whaler. It had been wrecked on the coast, and he, the only survivor, had been found by the Maoris, and taken care of. The natives had seen few white men, and never one with such red hair They had thought him a kind of god, and had made him their chief.

When all the explanations were over, the twins persuaded their newly-found brother to visit their parents. When they arrived, Mr. and Mrs. Robin, who had been anxious about Joan and Jem, received all three joyfully. And what a happy evening the family spent, all together again, sitting round a big fire, while they exchanged the thrilling stories of the past five years!

Betty Rollett, aged 14 years.

Our Competitions

"Songs of Summer" what a lot of singers we have to be sure—but so few Cornerites have expressed these songs. It isn't easy to do—for I have often listened to a bird song and tried and tried to think of something that would express it in words or notes or whistles, and if that is so of bird song, how much more so of the humming, buzzing noises of insects, but a few of you have listened with your sharp ears and thought with your bright brains and here we are with a collection of sounds. What shall we do? Send them to an orchestra leader and get him to write a Song of Summer about them? What a funny song it would be, they would have to use sand paper and whistles and all sorts of queer things in that orchestra, wouldn't they?

The prize is won by a Cornerite who failed to attach name and address. The songs are neatly bound in cardboard, the title "Songs of Summer" is set to music and the first song is The Song of the Electric Clock. Whoever sent this in kindly send Bobby Burke their address and the prize will be forwarded.

A gold button was won by John Zabiaka, of Fork River, Man.

FOR OCTOBER

We want a Christmas story, and if you don't write it now, it won't be ready in time for our Christmas number. There will be a prize, of one dollar (just because you need money at Christmas time) for the best story, fifty cents for the next best, and gold buttons for the three next. This must be an entirely original story, interesting, and something that you know all the other Cornerites will enjoy. It can be a fairy story or just an everyday story of everyday people, whichever you like, only it must be interesting. Send it in before November 1, and the prize list will appear in the December number. It will be hard work to think of Christmas so far ahead, but we know how you all look forward to it, so come along!

Something Received

Sylvia Hepburn, of Alcondale, Alta., wins a star on her button for the following story. Send your button back, Sylvia and we will have a star put on it.

Ronnie Learns To Obey

Ronnie slammed the door and ran out calling back "I won't." Ronnie's mother had just told him to rake the yard for her. He walked out to the gate and stood there, with his hands in his pockets frowning. His hair was towsled and a very angry looking little boy looked out at the street. A door opened and Jackie Brown came out of his house across the street, with a rake in his hand. "Hello, Ronnie," he said merrily.

"What are you going to do" asked Ronnie. "Gee, I'm going to clean-up the back yard" Jackie cried gleefully. "Dad was going to do it but I asked to instead."

Jackie went to work and Ronnie went to see his chum Donald.

"No Ronnie, Donald can't come to play today, he's helping me with the house cleaning" Mrs. Raymond told him. Ronnie could hear Donald whistling happily.

He started back home and met Elsie and her brother Dick, carrying some flowers from the greenhouse. "Say we're busy today, Ronnie" Dick cried out. "We're having great fun fixing the garden up."

They passed on and a very sorry and ashamed little boy asked his mother if he could clean up the cellar and attic as well as raking the dead leaves from the yard.

Ronnie's mother smiled when she heard a very happy boy singing in the garden at work.

More Appropriate

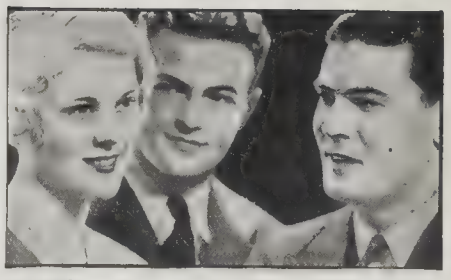
Joe: "I wonder why some dentists call their places dental parlours?"

Abe: "I don't know, but it seems to me 'drawing rooms' would be more appropriate."—*Indian Dental Journal.*

The Wisdom of Tommy

Father: "Now, Tommy, I have not been satisfied with your progress at school for some time now. I want you to try to get above bottom place, for once."

Tommy: "I can't, father. All the other places are taken."—*Meccano Magazine.*



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Life As It Is

"TIME travels at divers paces with divers persons," we read in Shakespeare, who knew more than most of us the meanings of life. No one can make time stand still, and though it can seem to go slowly, or to pass rapidly, none of us can stretch our waking hours to make them contain more minutes than the clock measures with its moving hands. Nor can we, like the legendary Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, take a nap and wake to find ourselves living in the next century. We have to live our lives here and now, and make the best of them. As "the years that bring the philosophic mind" carry us on, we learn that each day is a new day, and that, in spite of the great deal of truth there is in those other words from Shakespeare, that "there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so," we cannot in this life escape a certain amount of worry, just as we cannot expect to have no mishaps. That is the way life is.

Ourselves and Others

"WHEN you disagree, never use the word 'always' or the word 'never'" is a piece of excellently good advice which The Philosopher once heard given to a newly-married couple. Most people are willing to admit that sometimes they have acted not altogether as well as they might have acted and to agree that sometimes they are in the wrong. But everybody knows that he is not always guilty of any particular fault and that sometimes he is in the right. Not only husbands and wives in their relations with each other, but all of us in our relations with one another would do well to remember the old and homely proverb about the pot and the kettle. And countries as well as individuals are too often guilty of that excessive self-concern which makes them conscious only of their own problems and hardships and wrongs and grievances as they themselves see them. If all the nations could be inoculated successfully against that propensity, more than half the reason for the existence of the League of Nations would disappear.

Wrong Idea of Marriage

MOST journeyers through life have known of married couples who did not appear to have the right idea of what marriage is. Sometimes the husband is to blame, sometimes the wife, sometimes both. The Philosopher has specially in mind the case of a husband who allowed the habit of finding fault with his wife to grow upon him. His trouble was, of course, the belief that it was his right and his duty to criticize and correct his wife—an entirely wrong idea of the marriage contract by which he had simply pledged himself to protect and cherish his wife and bear with her faults, as she had pledged herself to him for better and for worse. Marriage had made him a partner, not a school teacher. Marriage is a partnership of two adults, each with all the rights of individual personality and neither with any right to draw up rigid plans and specifications and undertake to make the other over in accordance with them.

CONTENTS

Editorial

EDITORIAL ... 3
THE PHILOSOPHER ... 78
WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING ... 80

Fiction

FOR THIS RELIEF MUCH THANKS—Francis Lynde ... 7
THE REIGN OF MOLLY ANNE—Blodwen Davies 12
THE SHIP OF MISSING MEN—Maurice W. Deed 14
THE TRUANCY OF NELLY—Norman H. Crowell ... 18
THE MIGHTY HUNTER'S BRIDE REBELS—Isabel Turnbull Dingman ... 19
THE BLACK BOX OF SILENCE (Second Instalment)—Francis Lynde ... 20

Articles

HOW DETECTIVES WORK IN EUROPE—Blanche Holmes 4
FIRST CALL FOR THE OLYMPIC—Stephen Ford 10
"TALES OF HOFFMAN"—R. W. Hardy ... 16
THE SPIRIT OF THE VALLEY—C. B. Robertson 17
THE BIRTH OF THE NEWSPAPER—June Carson 50

Regular Departments

LEGAL INFORMATION ... 54
YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM 55
DOLLARS AND CENTS. 56
CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—Bobby Burke ... 77

Shadowland Section

OUR CANADIAN ALBUM—MR. WALTER HUSTON ... 37
RAMBLES IN HOLLYWOOD WITH E. G. BAYNE ... 38
SHADOWLAND ODDMENTS ... 40, 41
HOLLYWOOD'S DEBT TO GERMANY—Dennison Thornton 42
CRITICISMS: FAVORABLE AND OTHERWISE—Jerome Carver ... 43

Women and the Home

HOME FURNISHINGS—Katherine M. Caldwell ... 26
FASHIONS ... 61, 74
BETTER COOKERY Gertrude Dutton ... 62

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WINNIPEG Bannatyne and Dagmar MANITOBA

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"The Gift of the Gab"

WHILE listening recently to a discussion of certain national and world problems, The Philosopher could not help remarking to himself, in the privacy of his inner consciousness, that too often the ability to speak forcefully and interestingly is accepted as proof of knowledge and intelligent thinking. There are persons with the gift of expression who by practice have developed a high degree of skill in using that gift, and so find it much easier to be forceful and interesting in discussing a subject unintelligently than to perform the labor of truly mastering the subject and thinking out conclusions of real value.

Real and Unreal Persons

NOT many of us are always able to distinguish the differences, such as they may be, between the four main versions there are of each one of us. First, there is Mr. Everyman's idea of himself. Then, there is his idea of how he appears to other people. There is also the idea which others really have of him. And there is Mr. Everyman, as he really is. No statement of such differences could be framed which would apply to every person, or even to any one person all through his life. But, speaking broadly, there are these four versions of each one of us. The Philosopher realized this from a new point of view after an experience he had several years ago. He had become friendly with a man whose ideas and likings and dislikes agreed with his. But, after a while, The Philosopher was told in a way that made it appear credible, something which made him think that the man he had been regarding as a friend was in reality an enemy. And then, after several months had passed, The Philosopher got proof that what he had been told was false. But that false story had created in his mind an imaginary person whom he had been regarding during those months with disappointment and resentment. Is it not often the case that a person who is regarded as an enemy is, in like manner, an imaginary individual and not the real person at all?

Idealists and Realists

ARE you an idealist or a realist? The idealist lives in a glow of enthusiasm which makes him reluctant to see facts as they are, when they do not correspond with what his idealism makes him believe. The realist sees things as they are, and does not let his own prejudices or desires gild them or discolor them. A politician, to be successful, must compromise, hold his tongue on occasion, take part in bargaining, sometimes accept strange bedfellows, speak empty words when he judges the speaking of empty words the wisest thing to do and always be discreet and skilful in calculating the political effect of what he says and does. And the idealist may, or may not, see him as a wise, high-minded and sincerely public-spirited man. Sometimes, but not always, the idealist, seeing things only as they should be, can hinder the work of the realist—who, sometimes, in his desire to combat evil things as they are, shuts his eyes to some good things as they are.

The Monthly goes NATIONAL

With just such simplicity is announced the greatest step in Canadian magazine history. Success in covering the territory originally served will be equally as marked in the appeal to all Canada. Already Eastern Canada has taken to «The Western Home Monthly,» news-stand sales and subscriptions received showing a marked appreciation of «Canada's Greatest Magazine.» Editorially, in fiction and article, it has for years been national in scope. All Canada will now have a magazine of unique reader interest.

HISTORY OF THE MAGAZINE

Thirty-one years and eight months ago, which in Canadian magazine history is a long time, «The Monthly» started its career. It aimed to serve the readers in Western Canada in such a manner as to merit wholehearted support. That this was accomplished is witnessed in the number of subscribing homes in Western Canada --- a greater per capita coverage for the field served, than that of any other magazine published on the American continent. As the Western Canadian is magazine minded, so we believe, are all Canadians. Hence the expansion in the East.

FUTURE POLICY

Now that «The Monthly» has definitely decided to become national in distribution it sets about the task in the same determined manner that has characterized it from its inception. New features will be added to the magazine with the changing times. The same high grade articles and fiction will continue, with a constant editorial policy for the upbuilding of the national and international spirit. The August issue of the magazine appeared on fifteen hundred eastern newsstands. A check up of newsdealers one week from the day of delivery showed a high percentage of sales. The current printing order of «The Monthly» is over 130,000 copies. Subscriptions from all points in Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritimes are being received in large numbers. The Canadian from coast to coast has taken the magazine unto himself. Enthusiasm runs high, and there seems every reason to justify an objective of 180,000 paid subscribers by October, 1932.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

PUBLISHED AT WINNIPEG

"CANADA'S GREATEST MAGAZINE"

What the World is Saying

This'll Be An Improvement

Thistle control is needed in more provinces than one.—Winnipeg Tribune.

One Reason Why We Don't Want To Live There

This city's production of gangsters and racketeers is increasing rapidly. At the present rate there will soon be few innocent bystanders to get shot.—The New Yorker.

"Never mind, Mrs. McGillicudy; only the purest ingredients go into these flakes."

Sometimes In A Soaprano Voice

A person who sings in the bath gives evidence of a cheerful voice.—Ottawa Citizen.

It Would Be Our Only Chance With Him

Good footwork, according to Mr. Jack Dempsey, in his recently published recollections, is essential in a fight.—Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.

Except Swimming

There is sound truth in the old adage that in order to learn anything well you must begin at the bottom.—Kitchener Record.

And The World Has Other Worries, Too

No matter how many beautiful Balkan princesses they marry off, there's always another to hurry up a beau for.—Lethbridge Herald.

Not Enough For An Artificial Gold Rush

Artificial gold, it is stated, has been produced in Sheffield, but not enough for anybody to get excited about.—Glasgow Herald.

Blisters, Like Misters, Prefer Blondes

A medical journal states that blonde sun-bathers blister more quickly than brunettes.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

The Tee-total Figures Not Given

The report of the United States census, now complete, casts no light on the workings of prohibition.—Quebec Telegraph.

Will The Sound Films Be "Preachies?"

A Cheltenham vicar says that the church of the future will use the cinema.—London Morning Post.

Why Not Print Them On Fly Paper?

The Post Office Department is considering designs for new issues of air mail stamps.—Ottawa Journal.

Sounds Like A Lot Of Bunk

A returning tourist tells of seeing in Europe a bed ten feet long and twenty feet wide.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

Unheard, Of Course, Amid The Jazz Din

"Bomb Thrown Into New York Dance Hall Explodes Without Harm."—Headlines in Chicago Tribune.

He Thinks It Psilly, No Doubt

Among the mysteries of psychology, according to Uncle Ezra, is why it is spelled with a "p."—Selkirk Herald.

Lots Of Girls Of Today Are

"A Girl Of Today," writing in a current magazine says that she wishes she was fifty.—Victoria Colonist.

Wanted To Make A Sensation, Of Course

It is said that on a Florida beach a young woman had the daring actually to appear in a skirt.—Buffalo Express.

A Bigamist?

A carrier pigeon with a gold ring on each leg was noted by a naturalist near Grimsby a few days ago.—Hamilton Spectator.

Boyhood's Dream Came True!

"The world's largest apple pie ever made" was baked in Birmingham last week. It was twelve feet across.—London Daily Mail.

Must Mean The Cigars' Underwear

Half the cigars now made in Canada have imported wrappers. This does not mean the cellophane wrappers.—Montreal Gazette.

But Can He Produce His Seat Check?

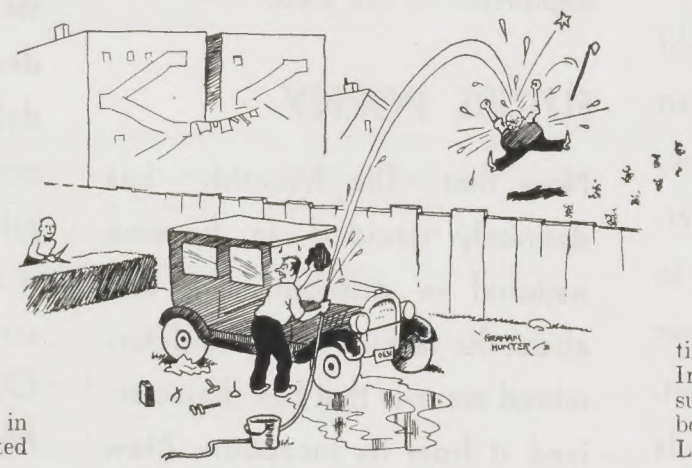
Alfonso has issued another denial that he gave up the Spanish throne.—Halifax Mail.

But How Can The Eater Keep It Secret?

A leading doctor writes that eating onions is the secret of good health.—London Daily Express.

All We Want To Know Now Is: What From?

A cable despatch from Paris says that ex-King Alfonso is going on a vacation.—Toronto Globe.



"I think I've located that little squeak, Harry!"

Many Have Known Only The Margins

People who have had contact only with the outer edges of the stock market system do not understand its inner workings.—St. John Times-Globe.

They Roll Their R's, Of Course

Pupils in a certain infants' school in London learn their letters while playing with balls, each of which has a letter printed on it.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

He Was A This Year's Model, Of Course

A correspondent who is visiting America writes that while he was in Hollywood he saw a cinema star out walking with her husband.—London Sunday Pictorial.

Probably A Doctor's Prescription

Excavators in Egypt have discovered in the hands of a mummy a small papyrus script which the experts have been unable to decipher.—London Spectator.

Rome Will Not Be Rebuilt In A Day

The city re-planning scheme approved by Mussolini for Rome will take fifteen years to carry to completion, it is announced.—London Times.

Quite So, Indeed

If Wilbur Voliva's prophecy that the world will come to an end in 1935 comes true, it will be one of the worst things that ever happened to this country. —Detroit News.

The Trouble Is, It Won't

The mosquito is not the only long-distance insect flier. It is said that the common house-fly can fly ninety-five miles in a single day.—Fort William Times-Journal.

Why Not? It Was Safer Than Walking Across

A member of the Natural History Society reports having seen a tortoiseshell butterfly of a size rarely found in Manitoba fly across Portage Avenue.—Winnipeg Free Press.

Let Us Hope It Will Never Get On Foot

"I believe," says a fashion writer, "that an era of brightly colored boots and shoes in many hues is at hand for men." Let us hope there is nothing to it, except in his mind.—London Passing Show.

Where Real Estate Is Movable Property

A beach was sold in Florida last August. That is considered the best month of the year in which to sell a Florida beach, before a fall hurricane heaves it over to the opposite coast.—Los Angeles Examiner.

We Needn't Worry Yet About Vegastroke

Astronomers says that though the star Vega, which is approaching us at the rate of 500 miles a minute, radiates more than fifty times the heat and light of our sun, it is so remote that it will hardly appear perceptibly larger or brighter in a hundred years than it is now.—Calgary Herald.

He Should Make It: "Ex-Imperator"

It appears that the former Kaiser, in writing his signature, continues to put "R. et I." after his name, like King George, meaning "Rex et Imperator," that is, "King and Emperor." Evidently nothing can cure him of being theatrical.—Kamloops Sentinel.

The Question Is, How Much Tobacco?

The statement made in one of the London papers that "not many years ago we read of an Eskimo in northern Manitoba bartering four wives for a pound of tea and some tobacco," may be true, but we never heard of such a thing.—Neepawa Press.

Would Be Surprising In Any Other Land

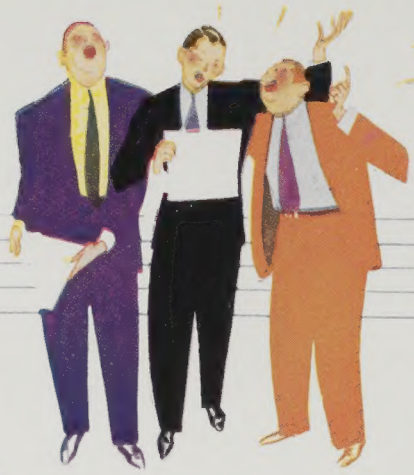
Owing to the difference between summer-time in Northern Ireland and summer-time in the Irish Free State, it happened regularly during the summer months that certain trains crossing the border arrived earlier than they started.—Regina Leader.

Absence Made The Hair Grow Blonder

It is reported from New York that the film star, Miss Bebe Daniels, has arrived back in America from a visit in England, with her hair changed from a dark hue to one of silvery gold sheen, and that the change will open a wider range of film roles for her. —Medicine Hat News.

"I find it hard to amuse the young folks of today!"

"WE WANT PIE!"



I NEVER forget that every woman cooks to please one very important man. So wherever I go, from Nova Scotia to British Columbia, I always ask, "What's *your* husband's favorite?"

If all these answers could be joined in a chorus, there'd be one grand and glorious shout for pie!

So here are two perfectly marvelous pies—

The first pie is a glorious new wrinkle—a butterscotch pie that's built up like a three-layer cake, with puffy peaks of golden meringue on top. Flat rounds of flaky Crisco crust do well by the smooth rich filling, for a sweet-tasting Crisco crust brings out the most delicate flavor.

The second pie will make you eat your words if you've ever said an apple pie is an old story. Spicy, juicy wedges of apple taste wonderful in a *cheese*-flavored Crisco crust. Your husband will love this version of good old apple pie!

Because cooking is Greek to your husband don't think he can't pass judgment on pie-crust. He loves the kind Crisco makes . . . rich and tender . . . flaky to the last crinkle . . . every crumb tastes good—because Crisco itself tastes as sweet and fresh as *new*-churned butter!

Don't spoil these delicious pie-fillings with a crust tainted by a strong-tasting or tallowy fat. A cheap fat can ruin good-tasting ingredients!

I always stock up with a 3-lb. tin of Crisco because it keeps sweet—right on my pantry shelf. Grocers often run specials on the 3-lb. size. Then I've always enough Crisco on hand to make delicious cakes and pies!

I've discovered, too, that good bakers use Crisco to make their products taste like *home!*

Do send for my booklet, "12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes." Address me, Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XCC-101, 170 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada.

WINIFRED S. CARTER

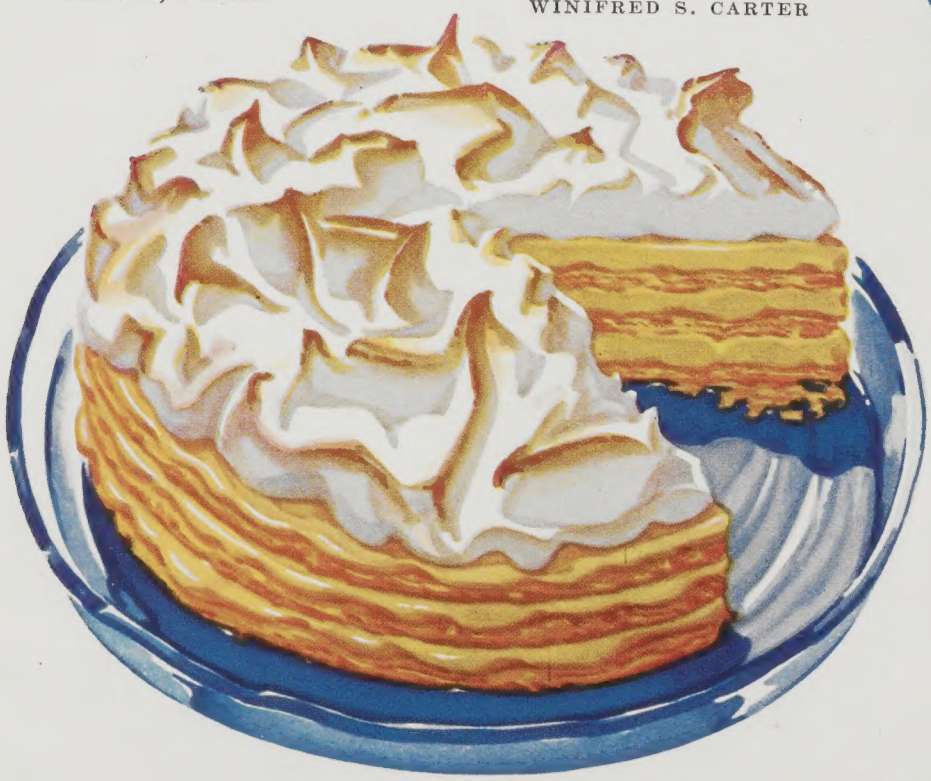
CRISCO PASTRY (Master Recipe)

2 cups flour ⅔ cup Crisco ¾ teaspoon salt 6 to 8 tablespoons water

To make a crumbly Crisco crust—Sift flour and salt. Do not chill Crisco. Cut it into the flour as finely as possible. Add cold water (not iced) using just enough to hold dry ingredients together.

To make a flaky Crisco crust—Sift flour and salt. Chill Crisco at least half an hour before using. Cut Crisco quite coarsely into flour. Add *ice*-cold water, just enough to hold dry ingredients together.

From this point on, the method is exactly the same for both kinds of pastry. Here it is: Roll pastry ⅛ inch thick on lightly floured board. For *baked* shell cover inverted pie-plate. Trim dough so that there will be enough to fold under to make a firm double edge. Prick bottom and sides with fork to prevent bubbles and distortion while shell is baking in hot oven (450° F.) for 15 minutes. For *two-crust* pie, bake 10 minutes in hot oven (450° F.) then reduce heat to moderate (350° F.). Bake until filling is done.



CORONATION BUTTERSCOTCH PIE

2 tablespoons Crisco 3 egg yolks ½ teaspoon salt
½ cup flour 1¼ cups brown sugar 2 cups milk (hot)
Crisco pastry (master recipe above)

MERINGUE: 3 egg whites, 6 tablespoons sugar.

Mix sugar, flour and salt. Add milk and cook until mixture thickens. Just before removing from stove stir in beaten yolks and Crisco. Let stand while preparing delicious, sweet-tasting Crisco pastry. (See master recipe on this page.) Divide the dough into 3 parts and roll each out to a sheet. Cut into rounds, 8 or 9 inches in diameter. Place separately on baking sheets, pricking each well. Bake in a hot oven (425° F.) until delicately brown. Put pie together like a layer cake with filling on top also. Cover with meringue made by beating egg whites thoroughly with 6 tablespoons sugar. Brown slightly in a slow oven (325° F.). Serve as soon as cool.

GARDEN OF EDEN PIE

5 or 6 large, tart apples ⅛ teaspoon salt
¾ cup sugar 1 teaspoon cinnamon
2 tablespoons flour 2 tablespoons Crisco
Crisco cheese pastry

Pare, core and slice apples. Lay apples in pie-plate lined with delicious cheese-flavored Crisco pastry. Mix sugar, flour, salt and cinnamon. Sprinkle over apples. Dot with bits of fluffy Crisco. Cover with remaining pie-crust, pressing edges firmly together. Slash top crust. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) for 10 minutes until edges begin to brown. Reduce to moderate heat (350° F.). Bake about 30 minutes longer.

CRISCO CHEESE PASTRY: 2 cups flour, ½ cup Crisco, ¾ teaspoon salt, 1 cup grated Canadian cheese, 6 to 8 tablespoons cold water.

Sift flour and salt. Cut Crisco in with 2 knives until size of small peas. Mix in cheese lightly with fork. Add only enough water to hold dry ingredients together. Roll out on lightly floured board. Brush bottom crust with melted Crisco to prevent soaking. Slash top crust to allow steam to escape.

All Measurements Level—Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by The Procter & Gamble Company of Canada, Ltd.

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Try it for cakes, too! Crisco is now so fluffy you can cream it in 10 quick stirs . . [CRISCO IS MADE IN CANADA]

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